D. Gover

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Revised and Corrected by the Author.

VOL. III.

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα.
Homer.

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10 OCT 1963

1

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM

Lord Cowper,

Baron of

WINGHAM.

My Lord,

AFTER having long celebrated the ſuperiour Graces and Excellencies, among Men, in an Imaginary Character, I do my ſelf the

Honour to ſhew my Veneration of tranſcendent Merit under my own Name, in this Addreſs to your Lordſhip. The juſt Application of thoſe high Accompliſhments of which you are Maſter, has been an Advantage to all your Fellow Subjects; and it is from the common Obligation you have laid upon all the World, that I, though a private Man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the Liberty to acknowledge, your great Talents and publick Virtues.

It gives a pleaſing Proſpect to your Friends, that is to ſay, to the Friends of your Country, that you have paſſed through the Higheſt Offices, at an Age when others uſually do but form to themſelves the Hopes of them. They may expect to ſee you in the Houſe of Lords as many Years as you were aſcending to it. It is our common Good,

Good, that your admirable Eloquence can now no 'longer be employed but in the Expreſſion of your own Sentiments and Judgment. The skilful Pleader is now for ever chang'd into the juſt Judge; which later Character your Lordſhip exerts with ſo prevailing an Impartiality, that you win the Approbation even of thoſe who diſſent from you, and you always obtain Favour, becauſe you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain Dignity peculiar to your preſent Situation, and makes the Equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a Degree towards the Magnanimity of a Peer of *Great Britain.*

Forgive me, My Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I ſhall never hereafter behold you,

but I ſhall behold you, as lately, defending the Brave, and the Unfortunate.

When we attend to your Lordſhip, engaged in a Diſcourſe, we cannot but reflect upon the many Requiſites which the vain-glorious Speakers of Antiquity have demanded in a Man who is to excel in Oratory; I ſay, My Lord, when we reflect upon the Precepts by viewing the Example, though there is no Excellence propoſed by thoſe Rhetoricians wanting, the whole Art ſeems to be reſolved into that one Motive of Speaking, Sincerity in the Intention. The graceful Manner, the apt Geſture, and the aſſumed Concern, are impotent Helps to Perſuaſion, in Compariſon of the honeſt Countenance of him who utters what he really means. From hence it is, that all the Beauties which others attain

tain with Labour, are in your Lordſhip but the natural Effects of the Heart that dictates.

It is this noble Simplicity which makes you ſurpaſs Mankind in the Faculties, wherein Mankind are diſtinguiſhed from other Creatures, Reaſon and Speech.

If theſe Gifts were communicated to all Men in Proportion to the Truth and Ardour of their Hearts, I ſhould ſpeak of you with the ſame Force as you expreſs your ſelf on any other Subject. But I reſiſt my preſent Impulſe, as agreeable as it is to me; though, indeed, had I any Pretenſions to a Fame of this Kind, I ſhould, above all other Themes, attempt a Panegyrick upon my Lord *Cowper*: For the only ſure Way to a Reputation for Eloquence, in an Age wherein that perfect Orator lives, is to

chuſe

chuſe an Argument, upon which he himſelf muſt of Neceſſity be ſilent. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

THE [N° 115.

TATLER:

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

VOL. III.

——— *Novum intervenit Vitium & Calamitas,*
Ut neque ſpectari, neque cognoſci potuerit:
Ita Populus Studio ſtupidus in Funambulo
Animum occupârat. Ter. de Hecyra.

From *Saturday Dec.* 31. to *Tueſday Jan.* 3. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 2.

I Went on *Friday* laſt to the Opera, and was ſurpriſed to find a thin Houſe at ſo noble an Entertainment, till I heard that the Tumbler was not to make his Appearance that Night. For my own Part, I was fully ſatisfied with the Sight of an Actor, who, by the Grace and Propriety of his Action and Geſture, does Honour to an humane Figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will eaſily imagine I mean Signior *Nicolini*, who ſets off the Character he bears in an Opera by his Action, as much as he does the Words of it by his Voice. Every Limb, and every Finger, contributes to the Part

he acts, inſomuch that a deaf Man might go along with him in the Senſe of it. There is ſcarce a beautiful Poſture in an old Statue which he does not plant himſelf in, as the different Circumſtances of the Story give Occaſion for it. He performs the moſt ordinary Action in a Manner ſuitable to the Greatneſs of his Character, and ſhows the Prince even in the giving of a Letter, or the diſpatching of a Meſſage. Our beſt Actors are ſomewhat at a Loſs to ſupport themſelves with proper Geſture, as they move from any conſiderable Diſtance to the Front of the Stage; but I have ſeen the Perſon of whom I am now ſpeaking, enter alone at the remoteſt Part of it, and advance from it with ſuch Greatneſs of Air and Meen, as ſeemed to fill the Stage, and at the ſame Time commanded the Attention of the Audience with the Majeſty of his Appearance. But notwithſtanding the Dignity and Elegance of this Entertainment, I find for ſome Nights paſt, that *Punchinello* has robbed this Gentleman of the greater Part of his Female Spectators. The Truth of it is, I find it ſo very hard a Task to keep that Sex under any Manner of Government, that I have often reſolved to give them over intirely, and leave them to their own Inventions. I was in Hopes, that I had brought them to ſome Order, and was employing my Thoughts on the Reformation of their Petticoats, when on a ſudden I received Information from all Parts, that they run gadding after a Puppet Show. I know very well, that what I here ſay, will be thought by ſome malicious Perſons to flow from Envy to Mr. *Powell*; for which Reaſon, I ſhall ſet the late Diſpute between us in a true Light. Mr. *Powell* and I had ſome Difference about Four Months ago, which we managed by Way of Letter, as learned Men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear ſuch Sarcaſms as he was pleaſed to throw upon me, and anſwered them with the

ſame Freedom. In the midſt of this our Miſunderſtanding and Correſpondence, I happened to give the World an Account of the Order of *Eſquires*; upon which, Mr. *Powell* was ſo diſingenuous, as to make one of his Puppets (I wiſh I knew which of them it was) declare by Way of Prologue, That one *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, a Pretended *Eſquire*, had wrote a ſcurrilous Piece to the Diſhonour of that Rank of Men; and then, with more Art than Honeſty, concluded, that all the *Eſquires* in the Pit were abuſed by his Antagoniſt as much as he was. This publick Accuſation made all the *Eſquires* of that County, and ſeveral of other Parts, my profeſſed Enemies. I do not in the leaſt queſtion, but that he will proceed in his Hoſtilities; and I am informed, That Part of his Deſign in coming up to Town, was to carry the War into my own Quarters. I do therefore ſolemnly declare, (notwithſtanding that I am a great Lover of Art and Ingenuity) that if I hear he opens any of his People's Mouths againſt me, I ſhall not fail to write a Critick upon his whole Performance; for I muſt confeſs, that I have naturally ſo ſtrong a Deſire of Praiſe, that I cannot bear Reproach, tho' from a Piece of Timber. As for *Punch*, who takes all Opportunities of beſpattering me, I know very well his Original, and have been aſſured by the Joyner who put him together, that he was in long Diſpute with himſelf, whether he ſhould turn him into ſeveral Pegs and Utenſils, or make him the Man he is. The ſame Perſon confeſſed to me, that he had once actually laid aſide his Head for a Nut-cracker. As for his Scolding Wife, (however ſhe may value her ſelf at preſent) it is very well known, that ſhe is but a Piece of Crabtree. This Artificer further whiſpered in my Ear, that all his Courtiers and Nobles were taken out of a Quickſet-Hedge not far from *Iſlington*; and that Dr. *Fauſtus* himſelf, who is now ſo great a Con-

jurer, is ſuppoſed to have learned his whole Art from an old Woman in that Neighbourhood, whom he long ſerved in the Figure of a Broom-ſtaff.

But perhaps it may look trivial to inſiſt ſo much upon Men's Perſons; I ſhall therefore turn my Thoughts rather to examine their Behaviour, and conſider, whether the ſeveral Parts are written up to that Character which Mr. *Powell* piques himſelf upon, of an able and judicious Dramatiſt. I have for this Purpoſe provided my ſelf with the Works of above Twenty *French* Criticks, and ſhall examine, (by the Rules which they have laid down upon the Art of the Stage) whether the Unity of Time, Place and Action, be rightly obſerved in any one of this celebrated Author's Productions; as alſo, whether in the Parts of his ſeveral Actors, and that of *Punch* in Particular, there is not ſometimes an Impropriety of Sentiments, and an Impurity of Diction.

White's Chocolate-houſe, January 2.

I came in here to Day at an Hour when only the Dead appear in Places of Reſort and Gallantry, and ſaw hung up the Eſcutcheon of Sir *Hannibal*, a Gentleman who uſed to frequent this Place, and was taken up and interred by the Company of Upholders, as having been ſeen here at an unlicenſed Hour. The Coat of the Deceaſed is, Three Bowls and a Jack in a green Field; the Creſt, a Dice-Box, with the King of Clubs and Pam for Supporters. Some Days ago the Body was carried out of Town with great Pomp and Ceremony, in order to be buried with his Anceſtors at the *Peak*. It is a Maxim in Morality, that we are to ſpeak nothing but Truth of the Living, nothing but Good of the Dead. As I have carefully obſerved the firſt during his Life-time, I ſhall acquit my ſelf as to the latter now he is deceaſed.

He

He was Knighted very young, not in the ordinary Form, but by the common Conſent of Mankind.

He was in his Perſon between round and ſquare; in the Motion and Geſture of his Body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a Reſpect for Superiors. He was in his Diſcourſe bold and intrepid; and as every one has an Excellence as well as a Failing which diſtinguiſhes him from other Men, Eloquence was his predominant Quality, which he had to ſo great a Perfection, that it was eaſier to him to ſpeak than to hold his Tongue. This ſometimes expoſed him to the Deriſion of Men who had much leſs Parts than himſelf: And indeed his great Volubility and inimitable Manner of Speaking, as well as the great Courage he ſhewed on thoſe Occaſions, did ſometimes betray him into that Figure of Speech which is commonly diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of Gaſconade. To mention no other, he profeſſed in this very Place ſome few Days before he died, That he would be One of the Six that would undertake to aſſault me; for which Reaſon I have had his Figure upon my Wall till the Hour of his Death: And am reſolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an Intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the Subject of my Adverſaries, I ſhall here publiſh a ſhort Letter which I have received from a Well-wiſher, and is as follows:

Sage SIR,

YOU cannot but know, there are many Scriblers and others who revile you and your Writings. It is wondered that you do not exert your ſelf, and cruſh them at once. I am,

SIR,

(With great Reſpect)

Your moſt humble Admirer,

In Anſwer to this, I ſhall act like my Predeceſſor *Æſop*, and give him a Fable inſtead of a Reply.

It happened one Day, as a ſtout and honeſt Maſtiff (that guarded the Village where he lived againſt Thieves and Robbers) was very gravely walking, with one of his Puppies by his Side, all the little Dogs in the Street gather'd about him, and barked at him. The little Puppy was ſo offended at this Affront done to his Sire, that he asked him, Why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to Pieces? To which the Sire anſwered, with a great Compoſure of Mind, *If there were no Curs, I ſhould be no Maſtiff.*

The TATLER. [N° 116.

—— *Pars minima eſt ipſa Puella ſui.* Ovid.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 3. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 5. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding on the Cauſe of the Petticoat, I gave Orders to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as ſhe went out of the Puppet-Show about Three Nights ago, and was now ſtanding in the Street with a great Concourſe of People about her. Word was brought me, that ſhe had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſon of her Petticoat, which was too large for the Entrance of my Houſe, tho' I had ordered both the Folding-Doors to be thrown open for its Reception. Upon this, I deſired the Jury of Matrons, who ſtood at my Right Hand, to inform themſelves of her Condition, and know whether the:

there were any private Reaſons why ſhe might not make her Appearance ſeparate from her Petticoat. This was managed with great Diſcretion, and had ſuch an Effect, that upon the Return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I iſſued out an Order forthwith, That the Criminal ſhould be ſtripped of her Incumbrances, till ſhe became little enough to enter my Houſe. I had before given Directions for an Engine of ſeveral Legs, that could contract or open it ſelf like the Top of an Umbrello, in order to place the Petticoat upon it, by which Means I might take a leiſurely Survey of it, as it ſhould appear in its proper Dimenſions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the cloſing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be ſet upon the Table, and dilated in ſuch a Manner as to ſhow the Garment in its utmſt Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it deſcribed ſo immoderate a Circle, that the lower Part of it bruſh'd upon my Face as I ſate in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Perſon that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great Surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young Damſel, with ſo pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the Crowd, and ſeated her upon a little Crock at my Left Hand. My pretty Maid, ſaid I, Do you own your ſelf to have been the Inhabitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Senſe, and told me with a Smile, That notwithſtanding it was her own Petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an Example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other Reaſon, but that ſhe had a Mind to look as big and bulky as other Perſons of her Quality; That ſhe had kept out of it as long as ſhe could, and till ſhe began to appear little in the Eyes of all her Acquaintance; That if ſhe

laid it aſide, People would think ſhe was not made like other Women. I always give great Allowances to the Fair Sex upon Account of the Faſhion, and therefore was not diſpleaſed with the Defence of my pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Veſt which ſtood before us to be drawn up by a Pully to the Top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be ſpread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in ſuch a Manner, that it formed a very ſplendid and ample Canopy over our Heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its Form not unlike the Cupolo of St. *Paul*'s. I enter'd upon the whole Cauſe with great Satisfaction as I ſate under the Shadow of it.

The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to ſay againſt the popular Cry which was raiſed againſt it. They anſwered the Objections with great Strength and Solidity of Argument, and expatiated in very florid Harangues, which they did not fail to ſet off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the Metaphor) with many Periodical Sentences and Turns of Oratory. The chief Arguments for their Client were taken, firſt, from the great Benefit that might ariſe to our Woollen Manufactury from this Invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above Four Yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our Heads had more in the Semi-diameter; ſo that by allowing it Twenty four Yards in the Circumference, the Five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which (according to Sir *William Petty*) ſuppoſing what ought to be ſuppoſed in a well-govern'd State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff, would amount to Thirty Millions of thoſe of the ancient Mode. A prodigious Improvement of the Woollen Trade! and what could not fail to ſink the Power of *France* in a few Years.

To

To introduce the Second Argument, they begged Leave to read a Petition of the Rope-Makers, wherein it was repreſented, That the Demand for Cords, and the Price of them, were much riſen ſince this Faſhion came up. At this, all the Company who were preſent lifted up their Eyes into the Vault; and I muſt confeſs, we did diſcover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A Third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the *Greenland* Trade, which likewiſe repreſented the great Conſumption of Whale-bone which would be occaſioned by the preſent Faſhion, and the Benefit which would thereby accrue to that Branch of the *Britiſh* Trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the Weight and Unweildineſs of the Garment, which they inſinuated might be of great Uſe to preſerve the Honour of Families.

Theſe Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the Company in a long and elaborate Diſcourſe) had I not conſidered the great and additional Expence which ſuch Faſhions would bring upon Fathers and Husbands; and therefore by no Means to be thought of till ſome Years after a Peace. I further urged, that it would be a Prejudice to the Ladies themſelves, who could never expect to have any Money in the Pocket, if they laid out ſo much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married Women, and by that Means give a Check to Matrimony, an Inſtitution always encouraged by wiſe Societies.

At the ſame Time, in Anſwer to the ſeveral Petitions produced on that Side, I ſhewed one ſubſcribed by the Women of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, humbly ſetting forth, That ſince the Introduction of this Mode, their reſpective Ladies had (inſtead of beſtowing on them their Caſt-

Gowns) cut them into Shreds, and mixed them with the Cordage and Buckram, to compleat the Stiffening of their Under-Petticoats. For which, and ſundry other Reaſons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture: But to ſhew that I did not make that Judgment for the Sake of filthy Lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and ſent it as a Preſent to a Widow-Gentlewoman, who has five Daughters, deſiring ſhe would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and ſend me back the Remainder, which I deſign to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my Waſtcoat-Sleeves, and other Garnitures ſuitable to my Age and Quality.

I would not be underſtood, that (while I diſcard this monſtrous Invention) I am an Enemy to the proper Ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the Hand of Nature has poured on them ſuch a Profuſion of Charms and Graces, and ſent them into the World more amiable and finiſhed than the reſt of her Works; ſo I would have them beſtow upon themſelves all the additional Beauties that Art can ſupply them with, provided it does not interfere with, diſguiſe, or pervert, thoſe of Nature.

I conſider Woman as a beautiful Romantick Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx ſhall caſt its Skin at her Feet to make her a Tippet; the Peacock, Parrat and Swan, ſhall pay Contributions to her Muff; the Sea ſhall be ſearched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every Part of Nature furniſh out its Share towards the Embelliſhment of a Creature that is the moſt conſummate Work of it. All this I ſhall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been ſpeaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 117.

Durate, & vosmet Rebus ſervate ſecundis. Virg.

From *Thurſday Jan.* 5. to *Saturday Jan.* 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

WHen I look into the Frame and Conſtitution of my own Mind, there is no Part of it which I obſerve with greater Satisfaction, than that Tenderneſs and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happineſs of Mankind. My own Circumſtances are indeed ſo narrow and ſcanty, that I ſhould taſt but very little Pleaſure, could I receive it only from thoſe Enjoyments which are in my own Poſſeſſion; but by this great Tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my Thoughts and Reflections, I am happier than any ſingle Perſon can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Succeſs, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only reliſhes ſuch a Proportion of theſe Bleſſings as is veſted in himſelf, and is his own private Property. By this Means, every Man that does himſelf any real Service, does me a Kindneſs. I come in for my Share in all the Good that happens to a Man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many Gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I ſo much rejoice, as the Deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of Dangers, Difficulties, and Diſtreſſes. And becauſe the World does not ſupply Inſtances of this Kind to furniſh out ſufficient Entertainments for ſuch an Humanity and Benevolence of Temper, I have ever delighted in reading

reading the Hiſtory of Ages paſt, which draws together into a narrow Compaſs the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly ſown in thoſe Tracts of Time which lie within our own Knowledge and Obſervation. When I ſee the Life of a great Man, who has deſerved well of his Country, after having ſtruggled through all the Oppoſitions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Luſtre, and ſhining forth in all the Splendor of Succeſs, I cloſe my Book, and am an happy Man for a whole Evening.

But ſince in Hiſtory, Events are of a mixed Nature, and often happen alike to the Worthleſs and the Deſerving, inſomuch that we frequently ſee a virtuous Man dying in the Midſt of Diſappointments and Calamities, and the Vicious ending their Days in Proſperity and Peace; I love to amuſe my ſelf with the Accounts I meet with in fabulous Hiſtories and Fictions: For in this Kind of Writings we have always the Pleaſure of ſeeing Vice puniſhed, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole Circle of his Exiſtence, we ſhould have the Satisfaction of ſeeing it cloſe with Happineſs or Miſery, according to its proper Merit: But tho' our View of him is interrupted by Death before the finiſhing of his Adventures, (if I may ſo ſpeak) we may be ſure that the Concluſion and Cataſtrophe is altogether ſuitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, conſider'd as an Hero, or a Knight-Errant, is comprehended within the Limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our Satisfaction; ſo that Inventions of this Kind are like Food and Exerciſe to a good-natured Diſpoſition, which they pleaſe and gratify at the ſame Time that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen. The greater the Affliction is in which we ſee our Favourites in theſe Relations engaged, the greater is the Pleaſure we take in ſeeing them relieved.

Among

Among the many feigned Hiſtories which I have met with in my Reading, there is none in which the Hero's Perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whoſe Name I have forgot. It ſo happens, that the Hero's Miſtreſs was the Siſter of his moſt intimate Friend, who for certain Reaſons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in Queſt of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's Death, immediately repaired to his Miſtreſs, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his Arrival in her Garden, he diſcover'd at a Diſtance a Man claſped in her Arms, and embraced with the moſt endearing Tenderneſs. What ſhould he do? It did not conſiſt with the Gentleneſs of a Knight-Errant either to kill his Miſtreſs, or the Man whom ſhe was pleaſed to favour. At the ſame Time, it would have ſpoiled a Romance, ſhould he have laid violent Hands on himſelf. In ſhort, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long Series of Exploits, found out by Degrees, that the Perſon he ſaw in his Miſtreſs's Arms was her own Brother, taking Leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace ſhe gave him nothing elſe but the affectionate Farewel of a Siſter: So that he had at once the Two greateſt Satisfactions that could enter into the Heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Miſtreſs faithful, whom he had believed inconſtant.

There are indeed ſome Diſaſters ſo very fatal, that it is impoſſible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this Kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we ſee *Ovid* has found an Expedient even in this Caſe. He deſcribes a Beautiful and Royal Virgin walking on the Sea-ſhore, where ſhe was diſcovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and unſucceſsful Importunity. To miti-

gate

gate her Sorrow, he offers her whatever ſhe would wiſh for. Never certainly was the Wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a Stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had ſhe deſired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beaſt, Fiſh or Fowl, ſhe would have been a Loſer by it: Or had ſhe deſired to have been made a Sea-Nymph, or a Goddeſs, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Diſgrace. Give me therefore, ſaid ſhe, ſuch a Shape as may make me incapable of ſuffering again the like Calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already ſuffered. To be ſhort, ſhe was turned into a Man, and by that only Means avoided the Danger and Imputation ſhe ſo much dreaded.

I was once my ſelf in Agonies of Grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a Diſtraction of Mind, that I thought my ſelf even out of the Poſſibility of receiving Comfort. The Occaſion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a Part of the Army which was then quartered at *Dover*, I fell in Love with an agreeable young Woman, of a good Family in thoſe Parts, and had the Satisfaction of ſeeing my Addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the Perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting our ſelves upon the Top of the Cliff with the Proſpect of the Sea, and trifling away the Time in ſuch little Fondneſſes as are moſt ridiculous to People in Buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in Love.

In the Midſt of theſe our innocent Endearments, ſhe ſnatched a Paper of Verſes out of my Hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a ſudden the Ground, tho' at a conſiderable Diſtance from the Verge of the Precipice, ſunk under her, and threw her down from ſo prodigious an Height upon ſuch a Range of Rocks, as would have daſhed her into Ten Thouſand Pieces, had her Body been made of Adamant. It is much eaſier for my Reader to imagine my State of Mind upon

upon ſuch an Occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to my ſelf, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! When I awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee my ſelf drawn out of an Affliction which the very Moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The Impreſſions of Grief and Horrour were ſo lively on this Occaſion, that while they laſted, they made me more miſerable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Perſon, (which happened a few Months after, at a Time when the Match between us was concluded) inaſmuch as the imaginary Death was untimely, and I my ſelf in a Sort an Acceſſary; whereas her real Deceaſe had at leaſt theſe Alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the Deſcription of *Dover-Cliff* in *Shakeſpear*'s Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a freſh Senſe of my Eſcape. The Proſpect from that Place is drawn with ſuch proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, muſt have a good Head, or a very bad One.

(fearful
Come on, Sir, here's the Place; ſtand ſtill! How
And dizzy 'tis to caſt ones Eyes ſo low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the Midway Air,
Show ſcarce as groſs as Beetles. Half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire. Dreadful Trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his Head.
The Fiſhermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice, and yond' tall anchoring Bark
Diminiſh'd to her Boat; her Boat; a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for Sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my Brain turn

The

The TATLER. [N° 118.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti,
Tempus abire tibi. —— Hor.

From *Saturd. Jan.* 7. to *Tueſd. Jan.* 10. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 8.

I Thought to have given over my Proſecution of the Dead for this Seaſon, having by me many other Projects for the Reformation of Mankind; but I have received ſo many Complaints from ſuch different Hands, that I ſhall diſoblige Multitudes of my Correſpondents, if I do not take Notice of them. Some of the Deceaſed, who I thought had been laid quietly in their Graves, are ſuch Hobgoblins in publick Aſſemblies, that I muſt be forced to deal with them as *Evander* did with his triple-lived Adverſary, who, according to *Virgil*, was forced to kill him thrice over before he could diſpatch him.

Ter Letho ſternendus erat. ——

I am likewiſe informed, That ſeveral Wives of my Dead Men have, ſince the Deceaſe of their Husbands, been ſeen in many publick Places without Mourning, or Regard to common Decency.

I am further adviſed, That ſeveral of the Defunct, contrary to the Woollen Act, preſume to dreſs themſelves in Lace, Embroidery, Silks, Muſlins, and other Ornaments forbidden to Perſons in their Condition. Theſe and other the like Informations moving me thereunto, I muſt deſire, for Diſtinction-ſake, and to conclude this Subject for ever, that when any of theſe Poſthumous Perſons appear, or are ſpoken of, that their Wives

Wives may be call'd Widows; their Houſes, Sepulchres; their Chariots, Hearſes; and their Garments, Flannel: On which Condition, they ſhall be allowed all the Conveniencies that Dead Men can in Reaſon deſire.

As I was writing this Morning on this Subject, I receiv'd the following Letter:

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *From the Banks of* Styx.

'I Muſt confeſs I treated you very ſcurrilouſly 'when you firſt ſent me hither; but you have 'diſpatched ſuch Multitudes after me to keep 'me in Countenance, that I am very well reconcil'd both to you and my Condition. We live 'very lovingly together; for as Death makes us 'all equal, it makes us very much delight in one 'another's Company. Our Time paſſes away 'much after the ſame Manner as it did when we 'were among you: Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping, are our chief Diverſions. Our *Quid Nunc*s 'between Whiles go to a Coffee-houſe, where 'they have ſeveral warm Liquors made of the 'Waters of *Lethe*, with very good Poppy Tea. 'We that are the ſprightly Genius's of the Place, 'refreſh our ſelves frequently with a Bottle of 'Mum, and tell Stories till we fall aſleep. You 'would do well to ſend among us Mr. *Dodwell*'s 'Book againſt the Immortality of the Soul, 'which would be of great Conſolation to our 'whole Fraternity, who would be very glad to 'find that they are dead for good and all, and 'would in particular make me reſt for ever,

Yours,

John Partridge

P. S. Sir *James* is juſt arrived here in good Health.

The foregoing Letter was the more pleaſing to me, becauſe I perceive ſome little Symptoms in it

it of a Reſuſcitation; and having lately ſeen the Predictions of this Author, which are written in a true Proteſtant Spirit of Prophecy, and a particular Zeal againſt the *French* King, I have ſome Thoughts of ſending for him from the Banks of *Styx*, and reinſtating him in his own Houſe, at the Sign of the *Globe* in *Salisbury-ſtreet*. For the Encouragement of him and others, I ſhall offer to their Conſideration a Letter which gives me an Account of the Revival of one of their Brethren.

SIR, *Dec.* 31.

'I Have peruſed your *Tatler* of this Day, and 'have wept over it with great Pleaſure: I 'wiſh you would be more frequent in your Fa- 'mily-Pieces. For as I conſider you under the 'Notion of a great Deſigner, I think theſe are 'not your leaſt valuable Performances. I am 'glad to find you have given over your Face- 'painting for ſome Time, becauſe, I think, you 'have employed your ſelf more in Groteſque Fi- 'gures than in Beauties; for which Reaſon, I 'would rather ſee you work upon Hiſtory-Pieces, 'than on ſingle Portraicts. Your ſeveral Draughts 'of Dead Men appear to me as Pictures of Still- 'Life, and have done great Good in the Place 'where I live. The 'Squire of a neighbouring 'Village, who had been a long Time in the 'Number of Non-Entities, is entirely recovered 'by them. For theſe ſeveral Years paſt, there 'was not an Hare in the County that could be 'at Reſt for him; and I think, the greateſt Ex- 'ploit he ever boaſted of, was, That when he 'was High-Sheriff of the County, he hunted a 'Fox ſo far, that he could not follow him any 'further by the Laws of the Land. All the 'Hours he ſpent at Home, were in ſwelling him- 'ſelf with *October*, and rehearſing the Wonders 'he did in the Field. Upon reading your Papers,

'he

'he has ſold his Dogs, ſhook off his dead Com-
'panions, looked into his Eſtate, got the Multi-
'plication-Table by Heart, paid his Tythes, and
'intends to take upon him the Office of Church-
'warden next Year. I wiſh the ſame Succeſs
'with your other Patients, and am, *&c.*

Ditto, January 9.

When I came Home this Evening, a very tight middle-aged Woman preſented to me the following Petition:

To the Worſhipful Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq; Cenſor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of *Penelope Prim*, Widow;

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioner was bred a Clear-
'ſtarcher and Sempſtreſs, and for many
'Years worked to the *Exchange*, and to ſeveral
'Aldermens Wives, Lawyers Clerks, and Mer-
'chants Apprentices.

'That through the Scarcity cauſed by Regra-
'ters of Bread-Corn, (of which Starch is made)
'and the Gentries immoderate frequenting the
'Opera's, the Ladies, to ſave Charges, have
'their Heads waſhed at Home, and the Beaus
'put out their Linen to common Landreſſes.
'So that your Petitioner hath little or no Work
'at her Trade: For Want of which ſhe is re-
'duced to ſuch Neceſſity, that ſhe and her Seven
'Fatherleſs Children muſt inevitably periſh, un-
'leſs relieved by your Worſhip.

'That your Petitioner is informed, That in
'Contempt of your Judgment pronounced on
'*Tueſday* the 3d Inſtant againſt the new-faſhion-
'ed Petticoat, or old-faſhioned Fardingal, the
'Ladies deſign to go on in that Dreſs. And
'ſince it is preſumed your Wo ſhip will not ſup-
'preſs them by Force, your Petitioner humbly

'deſires

'desires you would order, That Ruffs may be 'added to the Dreſs; and that ſhe may be 'heard by her Council, who has aſſured your 'Petitioner, he has ſuch cogent Reaſons to offer 'to your Court, that Ruffs and Fardingals are in-'ſeparable; and that he queſtions not but Two 'Thirds of the greateſt Beauties about Town 'will have Cambrick Collars on their Necks be-'fore the End of *Eaſter*-Term next. He further 'ſays, That the Deſign of our Great Grandmo-'thers in this Petticoat, was to appear much 'bigger than the Life; for which Reaſon, they 'had falſe Shoulder-Blades, like Wings, and the 'Ruff above-mention'd, to make their upper and 'lower Parts of their Bodies appear propor-'tionable; whereas the Figure of a Woman in 'the preſent Dreſs, bears (as he calls it) the Figure 'of a Cone, which (as he adviſes) is the ſame 'with that of an Extinguiſher, with a little 'Knob at the upper End, and widening down-'ward, till it ends in a Baſis of a moſt enormous 'Circumference.

'Your Petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, 'That you would reſtore the Ruff to the Far-'dingal, which in their Nature ought to be as 'inſeparable as the Two *Hungarian* Twins.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray.

I have examined into the Allegations of this Petition, and find, by ſeveral ancient Pictures of my own Predeceſſors, particularly that of Dame *Deborah Bickerſtaff*, my Great Grandmother, that the Ruff and Fardingal are made Uſe of as abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the Symmetry of the Figure; and Mrs. *Pyramid Bickerſtaff*, her ſecond Siſter, is recorded in our Family-Book, with ſome Obſervations to her Diſadvantage, as the firſt Female of our Houſe that diſcovered, to any beſides her Nurſe and her Husband, an Inch below her Chin or above her Inſtep. This convinces me

of

of the Reaſonableneſs of Mrs. *Prim*'s Demand; and therefore I ſhall not allow the reviving of any one Part of that ancient Mode, except the Whole is complied with. Mrs. *Prim* is therefore hereby impowered to carry Home Ruffs to ſuch as ſhe ſhall ſee in the above-mentioned Petticoats, and require Payment on Demand.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has under Conſideration the Offer from the Corporation of* Colcheſter *of Four hundred Pounds* per Annum, *to be paid Quarterly, provided that all his dead Perſons ſhall be obliged to wear the Bays of that Place.*

The TATLER. [N° 119

In Tenui Labor. —— Virg.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 10. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 12. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I Have lately applied my ſelf with much Satisfaction to the curious Diſcoveries that have been made by the Help of Microſcopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of Pleaſure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of Sight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the viſible Creation, and began to want Objects for her Enquiries, when the preſent Age, by the Invention of Glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our Forefathers. I was Yeſterday amuſing my ſelf with Speculations of this Kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that ſwim in

thoſe little Seas of Juice that are contain'd in the ſeveral Veſſels of an Humane Body. While my Mind was thus filled with that ſecret Wonder and Delight, I could not but look upon my ſelf as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleaſed with the Thought of the great Heathen Anatomiſt, who calls his Deſcription of the Parts of an Humane Body, *An Hymn to the Supreme Being*. The Reading of the Day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it ſuch; for I am ſtill in Doubt, whether it paſſed in my ſleeping or waking Thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius ſtood at my Bed's Head, and entertained me with the following Diſcourſe; for upon my Riſing, it dwelt ſo ſtrong upon me, that I writ down the Subſtance of it, if not the very Words.

If (ſaid he) you can be ſo tranſported with thoſe Productions of Nature which are diſcovered to you by thoſe artificial Eyes that are the Works of Humane Invention, how great will your Surprize be, when you ſhall have it in your Power to model your own Eye as you pleaſe, and adapt it to the Bulk of Objects, which, with all theſe Helps, are by infinite Degrees too minute for your Perception. We who are unbodied Spirits can ſharpen our Sight to what Degree we think fit, and make the leaſt Work of the Creation diſtinct and viſible. This gives us ſuch Idea's as cannot poſſibly enter into your preſent Conceptions. There is not the leaſt Particle of Matter which may not furniſh one of us ſufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can ſtill divide it, and ſtill open it, and ſtill diſcover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its Parts, and meet with Beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallick Mixtures, and ſeveral Kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were loſt in ſuch an endleſs Fund of Matter. I find you are ſurprized at this Diſcourſe; but

but as your Reaſon tells you there are infinite Parts in the ſmalleſt Portion of Matter, it will likewiſe convince you, that there is as great a Variety of Secrets, and as much Room for Diſcoveries, in a Particle no bigger than the Point of a Pin, as in the Globe of the whole Earth. Your Microſcopes bring to Sight Shoals of living Creatures in a Spoonful of Vinegar; but we who can diſtinguiſh them in their different Magnitudes, ſee among them ſeveral huge *Leviathans* that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their Paſtime as in the Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but ſmile at this Part of his Relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the Hiſtory of ſeveral Inviſible Giants, accompanied with their reſpective Dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe little Beings are of an humane Shape. You may aſſure your ſelf (ſaid he) that we ſee in theſe little Animals different Natures, Inſtincts and Modes of Life, which correſpond to what you obſerve in Creatures of bigger Dimenſions. We deſcry Millions of Species ſubſiſted on a green Leaf, which your Glaſſes repreſent only in Crowds and Swarms. What appears to your Eye but as Hair or Down riſing on the Surface of it, we find to be Woods and Forreſts, inhabited by Beaſts of Prey, that are as dreadful in thoſe their little Haunts, as Lyons and Tygers in the Deſerts of *Libya*. I was much delighted with his Diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, That I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural Hiſtory of Imperceptibles, containing a true Account of ſuch Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of Sight. Such Diſquiſitions (anſwered he) are very ſuitable to reaſonable Creatures; and you may be ſure, there are many curious Spirits among us who employ themſelves in ſuch Amuſements. For as our Hands, and all our Senſes, may be formed to what Degree of Strength and Delicacy we

pleaſe,

pleaſe, in the ſame Manner as our Sight, we can make what Experiments we are inclin'd to, how ſmall ſoever the Matter be in which we make them. I have been preſent at the Diſſection of a Mite, and have ſeen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been ſhown a Forreſt of numberleſs Trees, which has been pick'd out of an Acorn. Your Microſcope can ſhow you in it a compleat Oak in Miniature; and could you ſuit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains another Tree; and ſo proceed from Tree to Tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your Diſquiſitions. It is almoſt impoſſible (added he) to talk of Things ſo remote from common Life, and the ordinary Notions which Mankind receive from blunt and groſs Organs of Senſe, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often ſeen a Dog open'd, to obſerve the Circulation of the Blood, or make any other uſeful Enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I ſhould tell you, that a Circle of much greater Philoſophers than any of the Royal Society, were preſent at the cutting up of one of thoſe little Animals which we find in the Blue of a Plumb: That it was ty'd down alive before them; and that they obſerved the Palpitations of the Heart, the Courſe of the Blood, the Working of the Muſcles, and the Convulſions in the ſeveral Limbs, with great Accuracy and Improvement. I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, for my own Part, I go along with you in all your Diſcoveries with great Pleaſure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the Groſs of Mankind, who are more ſtruck with the Deſcription of every Thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the beſt Judge of humane Nature ſetting forth his Wiſdom, not in the Formation of theſe minute Animals, (tho' indeed no leſs wonderful than the other) but in that of the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth*, the *Horſe* and the *Crocodile*.

Crocodile. Your Obſervation (ſaid he) is very juſt; and I muſt acknowledge for my own Part, that although it is with much Delight that I ſee the Traces of Providence in theſe Inſtances, I ſtill take greater Pleaſure in conſidering the Works of the Creation in their Immenſity, than in their Minuteneſs. For this Reaſon, I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my Sight ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote Spaces, and take a View of thoſe Heavenly Bodies which lie out of the Reach of Humane Eyes, though aſſiſted by Teleſcopes. What you look upon as one confuſed White in the Milky-Way, appears to me a long Tract of Heavens, diſtinguiſhed by Stars that are ranged in proper Figures and Conſtellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a Starry Night, I am entertained with a Variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and riſing up to ſuch an immenſe Diſtance, that no created Eye can ſee an End of them.

The latter Part of his Diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an Aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome Time before I took Notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up and drew my Curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw no Body, and cannot tell to this Moment whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.

The TATLER. [Nº 120.

——Velut Silvis, ubi passim
Palantes Error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit. Hor.

From *Thursd. Jan.* 12. to *Saturd. Jan.* 14. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INstead of considering any particular Passion or Character in any one Set of Men, my Thoughts were last Night employed on the Contemplation of Humane Life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the same Desires, and engaged in the same Pursuits, according to the different Stages and Divisions of Life. Youth is devoted to Lust, middle Age to Ambition, old Age to Avarice. These are the Three general Motives and Principles of Action both in good and bad Men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their Names, and refine their Natures, according to the Temper of the Person whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Lust becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, True Honour; and Avarice, the Care of Posterity. This Scheme of Thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to Rest, and afterwards formed it self into a pleasing and regular Vision, which I shall describe in all its Circumstances, as the Objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous Manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of so prodigious an Extent, and cut into such a Variety of Walks and Allies, that all Mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down

down ſome Time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, that was filled with Multitudes of both Sexes. There diſcovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into Three different Parts of the Forreſt. On a ſudden, the whole Multitude broke into Three Parts, according to their different Ages, and marched in their reſpective Bodies into the Three great Roads that lay before them. As I had a Mind to know how each of theſe Roads terminated, and whither it would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined my ſelf with the Aſſembly that were in the Flower and Vigour of their Age, and called themſelves, *The Band of Lovers.* I found to my great Surpriſe, that ſeveral old Men beſides my ſelf had intruded into this agreeable Company; as I had before obſerved, there where ſome young Men who had united themſelves to the Band of Miſers, and were walking up the Path of Avarice; tho' both made a very ridiculous Figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The Walk which we marched up, for Thickneſs of Shades, Embroidery of Flowers, and Melody of Birds, with the diſtant Purling of Streams, and Falls of Water, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our Senſes, and intoxicated our Minds with Pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every Man fingled out ſome Woman to whom he offered his Addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a Lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate Thickets, Mazes and Labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with Roſes and Brambles, Brakes of Thorns, and Beds of Flowers, rocky Paths and pleaſing Grotto's, that it was hard to ſay, whether it gave greater Delight or Perplexity to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their Purſuits. Some of their Miſtreſſes, who only ſeemed to retire for the Sake of Form and Decency, led them into Plantations that were diſpoſed into regular Walks; where, after they had wheeled about in ſome Turns and Windings, they ſuffered themſelves to be overtaken, and gave their Hands to thoſe who purſued them. Others withdrew from their Followers into little Wilderneſſes, where there were ſo many Paths interwoven with each other in ſo much Confuſion and Irregularity, that ſeveral of the Lovers quitted the Purſuit, or broke their Hearts in the Chace. It was ſometimes very odd to ſee a Man purſuing a fine Woman that was following another, whoſe Eye was fixed upon a Fourth, that had her own Game in View in ſome other Quarter of the Wilderneſs. I could not but obſerve Two Things in this Place which I thought very particular, That ſeveral Perſons who ſtood only at the End of the Avenues, and caſt a careleſs Eye upon the Nymphs during their whole Flight, often catched them, when thoſe who preſſed them the moſt warmly through all their Turns and Doubles, were wholly unſucceſsful: And that ſome of my own Age, who were at firſt looked upon with Averſion and Contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderneſs, and by lodging their Women in the particular Corners and Allies of it, catched them in their Arms, and took them from thoſe whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called, *The Labyrinths of Coquets*; where many were enticed to the Chaſe, but few returned with Purchaſe. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a celebrated Beauty, by ſmiling upon one, Caſting a Glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the ſeveral Follies of thoſe that admired her, drawing into the Labyrinth a whole Pack of Lovers, that loſt themſelves

ſelves in the Maze, and never could find their Way out of it. However, it was ſome Satisfaction to me, to ſee many of the Fair Ones who had thus deluded their Followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt Partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed Paſſages that ſeemed to bound our Walk, when on the other Side of them, I ſaw the ſame great Road running on a little Way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I ſtood here for ſome Time, and ſaw moſt of the Multitude who had been diſperſed amongſt the Thickets, coming out Two by Two, and marching up in Pairs towards the Temples that ſtood before us. The Structure on the Right Hand was (as I afterwads found) conſecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a Ring, or ſome other Token, from a Perſon who was placed as a Guard at the Gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roſes and Myrtles on his Head, and on his Shoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unſpotted all over excepting only, that where it was claſped at his Breaſt, there were Two golden Turtle-Doves that buttoned it by their Bills, which were wrought in Rubies. He was called by the Name of *Hymen*, and was ſeated near the Entrance of the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of ſeveral Trees, that were embraced by Woodbines, Jeſſamines, and Amaranths, which were as ſo many Emblems of Marriage, and Ornaments to the Trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that Reaſon am a Stranger to all the Myſteries that were performed in it. I had however the Curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral Couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following Manner. There were two great Gates on the Back

ſide of the Edifice, at which the whole Crowd was let out. At one of theſe Gates were Two Women, extremely beautiful, tho' in a different Kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed Air, the other a Sort of Smile and ineffable Sweetneſs in her Countenance. The Name of the firſt was *Diſcretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All who came out of this Gate, and put themſelves under the Direction of theſe Two Siſters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in Delights, and were furniſhed with every Thing that could make them the proper Seats of Happineſs. The Second Gate of this Temple let out all the Couples that were unhappily Married, who came out linked together with Chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The Entrance to this Gate was poſſeſſed by three Siſters, who joined themſelves with theſe Wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their Miſeries. The youngeſt of the Siſters was known by the Name of *Levity*, who with the Innocence of a Virgin, had the Dreſs and Behaviour of a Harlot. The Name of the Second was *Contention*, who bore on her Right Arm a Muff made of the Skin of a Porcupine; and on her Left carried a little Lap-Dog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her.

The eldeſt of the Siſters, who ſeem'd to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a tawny *Cupid*, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his Shoulder, the End of which was faſhioned into the Horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow and her Complexion pale. Her Eyes were piercing, but had odd Caſts in them, and that particular Diſtemper, which makes Perſons who

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are troubled with it, ſee Objects double. Upon Enquiry, I was informed that her Name was *Jealouſy*.

Having finiſhed my Obſervations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the Left Hand, and was called, *The Temple of Luſt*. The Front of it was raiſed on *Corinthian* Pillars, with all the meretricious Ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſt and matron-like *Ionic*. The Sides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque Figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monſters made up of half Man half Beaſt. The Gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a Mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the Windows were blinded, and let in only a Kind of Twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious Number of dark Corners and Apartments, into which the whole Temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed Noiſe of Clamour and Jollity: On one Side of me, I heard Singing and Dancing; on the other, Brawls and Claſhing of Swords. In ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the Place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the Gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamant. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleaſure which led to it: All who paſſed thro' the Ceremonies of the Place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd *Remorſe*, that held a Scourge of Scorpions in his Hand, and drove them into the only Outlet from that Temple. This was a Paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy Spectacle to behold the Pains and Difficulties which both Sexes ſuffered who walked through it. The Men, tho' in the Prime of their Youth, appeared weak and infee-

bled with old Age: The Women rung their Hands, and tore their Hair; and ſeveral loſt their Limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the Perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining Part of this Viſion, and the Adventures I met with in the Two great Roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the Subject of another Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this Morning received the following Letter from the Famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

SIR,

ON Monday *next will be acted for my Benefit, the Comedy of* Love for Love: *If you will do me the Honour to appear there, I will publiſh on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the Requeſt of* Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq; and queſtion not but it will bring me as great an Audience, as ever was at the Houſe ſince the* Morocco *Ambaſſador was there.* I am,

(With the greateſt Reſpect)

Your moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

Thomas Dogget.

Being naturally an Encourager of Wit, as well as bound to it in the Quality of Cenſor, I returned the following Anſwer.

Mr. Dogget,

I *AM very well pleaſed with the Choice you have made of ſo excellent a Play, and have always looked upon you as the beſt of Comedians; I ſhall therefore come in between the Firſt and Second Act, and remain in the Right Hand Box over the Pit till the End of the Fourth, provided you take Care that every Thing be rightly prepared for my Reception.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 121.

—— Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus Paſſer Ocellos. Juv.

From *Saturd. Jan.* 14. to *Tueſd. Jan.* 17. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 16.

I Was recollecting the Remainder of my Viſion, when my Maid came to me, and told me, there was a Gentlewoman below who ſeemed to be in great Trouble, and preſſed very much to ſee me. When it lay in my Power to remove the Diſtreſs of an unhappy Perſon, I thought I ſhould very ill employ my Time in attending Matters of Speculation, and therefore deſired the Lady would walk in. When ſhe entered I ſaw her Eyes full of Tears. However, her Grief was not ſo great as to make her omit Rules; for ſhe was very long and exact in her Civilities, which gave me Time to view and conſider her. Her Clothes were very rich, but tarniſhed; and her Words were fine, but ill applied. Theſe Diſtinctions made me without Heſitation (tho' I had never ſeen her before) ask her if her Lady had any Commands for me? She then began to weep afreſh, and with many broken Sighs told me, That their Family was in very great Affliction--- I beſeeched her to compoſe her ſelf, for that I might poſſibly be capable of aſſiſting them---- She then caſt her Eye upon my little Dog, and was again tranſported with too much Paſſion to proceed; but with much ado, ſhe at laſt gave me to underſtand, That *Cupid*, her Lady's Lap-Dog, was dangerouſly ill, and in ſo bad a Condition, that her Lady neither ſaw Company, nor went abroad, for which Rea-

ſon ſhe did not come her ſelf to conſult me; that as I had mentioned with great Affection my own Dog, (here ſhe courtſied, and looking firſt at the Cur, and then on me, ſaid, indeed I had Reaſon, for he was very pretty) her Lady ſent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her Sorrow, but ſend her my Advice. I muſt confeſs, I had ſome Indignation to find my ſelf treated like ſomething below a Farrier; yet well knowing, that the beſt, as well as moſt tender Way, of dealing with a Woman, is to fall in with her Humours, and by that Means to let her ſee the Abſurdity of them. I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, ſaid I, can you give me any methodical Account of this Illneſs, and how *Cupid* was firſt taken? Sir (ſaid ſhe) we have a little ignorant Country Girl who is kept to tend him: She was recommended to our Family by one, that my Lady never ſaw but once, at a Viſit; and you know, Perſons of Quality are always inclined to Strangers; for I could have helped her to a Couſin of my own, but-- Good Madam (ſaid I) you neglect the Account of the ſick Body, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, Sir (ſaid ſhe), begging your Pardon: But it is the General Fault of Phyſicians, they are ſo in haſte, that they never hear out the Caſe. I ſay, this ſilly Girl, after waſhing *Cupid*, let him ſtand half an Hour in the Window without his Collar, where he catched Cold, and in an Hour after began to bark very hoarſe. He had however a pretty good Night, and we hoped the Danger was over; but for theſe Two Nights laſt paſt, neither he nor my Lady have ſlept a Wink. Has he (ſaid I) taken any Thing? No (ſaid ſhe), but my Lady ſays, he ſhall take any Thing that you preſcribe, provided you do not make Uſe of Jeſuits Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid* (continued ſhe) has always been Phtiſical, and as he lies under ſomething like a Chin-Cough, we

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are afraid it will end in a Conſumption. I then asked her if ſhe had brought any of his Water to ſhow me. Upon this, ſhe ſtared me in the Face, and ſaid, I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you are not ſerious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this Occaſion, pray let us have it; for my Miſtreſs is not to be comforted. Upon this, I pauſed a little without returning any Anſwer, and after ſome ſhort Silence, I proceeded in the following Manner: I have conſidered the Nature of the Diſtemper, and the Conſtitution of the Patient, and by the beſt Obſervation that I can make on both, I think it is ſafeſt to put him into a Courſe of Kitchen Phyſick. In the mean time, to remove his Hoarſeneſs, it will be the moſt natural Way to make *Cupid* his own Druggiſt; for which Reaſon, I ſhall preſcribe to him, Three Mornings ſucceſſively, as much Powder as will lie on a Groat, of that noble Remedy which the Apothecaries call *Album Græcum*. Upon hearing this Advice, the young Woman ſmiled, as if ſhe knew how ridiculous an Errand ſhe had been employed in; and indeed I found by the Sequel of her Diſcourſe, That ſhe was an arch Baggage, and of a Character that is frequent enough in Perſons of her Employment, who are ſo uſed to conform themſelves in every Thing to the Humours and Paſſions of their Miſtreſſes, that they ſacrifice Superiority of Senſe to Superiority of Condition, and are inſenſibly betrayed into the Paſſions and Prejudices of thoſe whom they ſerve, without giving themſelves Leave to conſider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her Eyes were thus open, to ſee her give a new Turn to her Diſcourſe, and from ſympathizing with her Miſtreſs in her Follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, what a Life ſhe makes us lead for the Sake of this little ugly Cur: If he dies, we are the moſt unhappy

py Family in Town. She chanced to loſe a Parrat laſt Year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her Service; for ſhe turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her Ten Years, becauſe ſhe neglected to give him Water, tho' every one of the Family ſays, ſhe was as innocent of the Bird's Death, as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, ſhe told me this very Morning, That if *Cupid* ſhould die, ſhe would ſend the poor innocent Wench I was telling you of, to *Bridewell*, and have the Milk-Woman tried for her Life at the *Old-Baily*, for putting Water into his Milk. In ſhort, ſhe talks like any diſtracted Creature.

Since it is ſo, young Woman (ſaid I), I will by no Means let you offend her, by ſtaying on this Meſſage longer than is abſolutely neceſſary, and ſo forced her out.

While I am ſtudying to cure thoſe Evils and Diſtreſſes that are neceſſary or natural to Humane Life, I find my Task growing upon me, ſince by theſe accidental Cares, and acquired Calamities, (if I may ſo call them) my Patients contract Diſtempers to which their Conſtitution is of it ſelf a Stranger. But this is an Evil I have for many Years remarked in the fair Sex; and as they are by Nature very much formed for Affection and Dalliance, I have obſerved, That when by too obſtinate a Cruelty, or any other Means, they have diſappointed themſelves of the proper Objects of Love, as Husbands, or Children, ſuch Virgins have exactly at ſuch a Year grown fond of Lap-dogs, Parrats, or other Animals. I know at this Time a celebrated Toaſt, whom I allow to be one of the moſt agreeable of her Sex, that in the Preſence of her Admirers, will give a Torrent of Kiſſes to her Car, any one of which a Chriſtian would be glad of. I do not at the ſame Time deny, but there are as great Enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A *Roman* Emperor had ſo very great an Eſteem for an Horſe

of

of his, that he had Thoughts of making him a Conſul; and ſeveral Moderns of that Rank of Men whom we call Country 'Squires, won't ſcruple to kiſs their Hounds before all the World, and declare in the Preſence of their Wives, that they had rather ſalute a Favourite of the Pack, than the fineſt Woman in *England*. Theſe voluntary Friendſhips between Animals of different Species, ſeem to ariſe from Inſtinct; for which Reaſon, I have always looked upon the mutual good Will between the 'Squire and the Hound, to be of the ſame Nature with that between the Lion and the Jackall.

The only Extravagance of this Kind which appears to me excuſable, is one that grew out of an Exceſs of Gratitude, which I have ſomewhere met with in the Life of a *Turkiſh* Emperor. His Horſe had brought him ſafe out of a Field of Battle, and from the Purſuit of a victorious Enemy. As a Reward for ſuch his good and faithful Service, his Maſter built him a Stable of Marble, ſhod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annex'd to the Stable ſeveral Fields and Meadows, Lakes, and running Streams. At the ſame time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the moſt beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To theſe were added a ſuitable Train of Domeſticks, conſiſting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, *&c.* accommodated with proper Liveries and Penſions. In ſhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the Eaſe and Happineſs of his Life who had preſerved the Emperor's.

By reaſon of the extreme Cold, and the Changeableneſs of the Weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free Uſe of the Fardingal, till the 20th *of* February *next enſuing.*

The TATLER. [Nº 122.

Cur in Theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti? Mart.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 17. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 19. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 18.

I Find it is thought neceſſary, that I (who have taken upon me to cenſure the Irregularities of the Age) ſhould give an Account of my own Actions when they appear doubtful, or ſubject to Miſconſtruction. My appearing at the Play on *Monday* laſt, is looked upon as a Step in my Conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be miſled by my Example. It is true in Matter of Fact, I was preſent at the ingenious Entertainment of that Day, and placed my ſelf in a Box which was prepared for me with great Civility and Diſtinction. It is ſaid of *Virgil*, when he enter'd a *Roman* Theatre, where there were many Thouſands of Spectators preſent, That the whole Aſſembly roſe up to do him Honour; a Reſpect which was never before paid to any but the Emperor. I muſt confeſs, That univerſal Clap, and other Teſtimonies of Applauſe, with which I was received at my firſt Appearance in the Theatre of *Great Britain*, gave me as ſenſible a Delight, as the above-mentioned Reception could give to that Immortal Poet. I ſhould be ungrateful at the ſame Time, if I did not take this Opportunity of acknowledging the great Civilities that were ſhown me by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who made his Compliments to me between the Acts, after a moſt ingenuous and diſcreet Manner; and at the ſame Time communicated to me, that the Company of Upholders deſired to receive me at their Door at the End of the *Hay-market*,

market, and to light me home to my Lodgings. That Part of the Ceremony I forbad, and took particular Care during the whole Play to obſerve the Conduct of the *Drama*, and give no Offence by my own Behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my Character, to lay down the proper Duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual Spectator in publick Diverſions of this Nature. Every one ſhould on theſe Occaſions ſhow his Attention, Underſtanding and Virtue. I would undertake to find out all the Perſons of Senſe and Breeding by the Effect of a ſingle Sentence, and to diſtinguiſh a Gentleman as much by his Laugh, as his Bow. When we ſee the Footman and his Lord diverted by the ſame Jeſt, it very much turns to the Diminution of the one, or the Honour of the other. But tho' a Man's Quality may appear in his Underſtanding and Taſt, the Regard to Virtue ought to be the ſame in all Ranks and Conditions of Men, however they make a Profeſſion of it under the Name of Honour, Religion, or Morality. When threrefore we ſee any Thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that ſtrikes at the Duties of Civil Life, or expoſes what the beſt Men in all Ages have looked upon as ſacred and inviolable, it is the certain Sign of a profligate Race of Men, who are fallen from the Virtue of their Forefathers, and will be contemptible in the Eyes of their Poſterity. For this Reaſon I took great Delight in ſeeing the generous and diſintereſted Paſſion of the Lovers in this Comedy (which ſtood ſo many Trials, and was proved by ſuch a Variety of diverting Incidents) received with an univerſal Approbation. This brings to my Mind a Paſſage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in Love with the Virtue of a *Roman* Audience. He there deſcribes the Shouts and Applauſes which the People gave to the Perſons who acted the Parts

Parts of *Pilades* and *Oreſtes*, in the nobleſt Occaſion that a Poet could invent to ſhow Friendſhip in Perfection. One of them had forfeited his Life by an Action which he had committed; and as they ſtood in Judgment before the Tyrant, each of them ſtrove who ſhould be the Criminal, that he might ſave the Life of his Friend. Amidſt the Vehemence of each aſſerting himſelf to be the Offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a Thunder of Applauſe, and by that Means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themſelves on the like Occaſion. Methinks, a People of ſo much Virtue were deſervedly placed at the Head of Mankind: But alas! Pleaſures of this Nature are not frequently to be met with on the *Engliſh* Stage.

The *Athenians*, at a Time when they were the moſt polite, as well as the moſt powerful, Government in the World, made the Care of the Stage one of the chief Parts of the Adminiſtration: And I muſt confeſs, I am aſtoniſhed at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that People upon ſome Expreſſions in a Scene of a famous Tragedy; an Account of which we have in one of *Seneca*'s Epiſtles. A covetous Perſon is repreſented ſpeaking the common Sentiments of all who are poſſeſſed with that Vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have tranſlated literally.

Let me be called a baſe Man, ſo I am called a rich one. If a Man is rich, who asks if he is good? The Queſtion is, How much we have; not from whence, or by what Means, we have it. Every one has ſo much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own Part, let me be rich. Oh ye Gods! or let me die. The Man dies happily, who dies increaſing his Treaſure. There is more Pleaſure in the Poſſeſſion of Wealth,

Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the firſt Words of this Speech; but when the Actor came to the Cloſe of it, they could bear no longer. In ſhort, the whole Aſſembly roſe up at once in the greateſt Fury, with a Deſign to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the Work it ſelf with Infamy. In the Midſt of the Tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be compoſed for a little while, and they ſhould ſee the Tragical End which this Wretch ſhould come to immediately. The Promiſe of Puniſhment appeaſed the People, who ſat with great Attention and Pleaſure to ſee an Example made of ſo odious a Criminal. It is with Shame and Concern that I ſpeak it; but I very much queſtion, whether it is poſſible to make a Speech ſo Impious, as to raiſe ſuch a laudable Horror and Indignation in a Modern Audience. It is very natural for an Author to make Oſtentation of his Reading, as it is for an old Man to tell Stories; for which Reaſon I muſt beg the Reader will excuſe me, if I for once indulge my ſelf in both theſe Inclinations. We ſee the Attention, Judgment, and Virtue of a whole Audience, in the foregoing Inſtances. If we would imitate the Behaviour of a ſingle Spectator, let us reflect upon that of *Socrates*, in a Particular which gives me as great an Idea of that extraordinary Man, as any Circumſtance of his Life; or what is more, of his Death. This venerable Perſon often frequented the Theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a Deſire to ſee him. On which Occaſions it is recorded of him, That he ſometimes ſtood to make himſelf the more conſpicuous, and to ſatisfie the Curioſity of the Beholders. He was one Day preſent at the firſt Repreſentation of a Tragedy

gedy of *Euripides*, who was his intimate Friend, and whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in ſeveral of his Plays. In the Midſt of the Tragedy, which had met with very great Succeſs, there chanc'd to be a Line that ſeemed to encourage Vice and Immorality.

This was no ſooner ſpoken, but *Socrates* roſe from his Seat, and without any Regard to his Affection for his Friend, or to the Succeſs of the Play, ſhowed himſelf diſpleaſed at what was ſaid, and walked out of the Aſſembly. I queſtion not but the Reader will be curious to know what the Line was that gave this Divine Heathen ſo much Offence. If my Memory fails me not, it was in the Part of *Hippolitus*, who when he is preſſed by an Oath, which he had taken to keep Silence, returned for Anſwer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a Perſon of a vicious Character made ſuch a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper Repreſentation of the Baſeneſs of his Thoughts: But ſuch an Expreſſion out of the Mouth of the virtuous *Hippolitus*, was giving a Sanction to Falſhood, and eſtabliſhing Perjury by a Maxim.

Having got over all Interruptions, I have ſet apart to Morrow for the cloſing of my Viſion.

The

The TATLER. N° 123.

Audire atque Togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut Argenti pallet Amore. Hor.

From *Thurſd. Jan.* 19. to *Saturd. Jan.* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

WITH much Labour and Difficulty I paſſed through the firſt Part of my Viſion, and recovered the Centre of the Wood, from whence I had the Proſpect of the Three great Roads. I here joined my ſelf to the middle-aged Party of Mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct Line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue.* It was planted on each Side with Lawrels, which were intermixed with Marble Trophies, Carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Stateſmen, Philoſophers, and Poets. The Perſons who travelled up this great Path, were ſuch whoſe Thoughts were bent upon doing eminent Services to Mankind, or promoting the Good of their Country. On each Side of this great Road were ſeveral Paths, that were alſo laid out in ſtraight Lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered Walks, and received into them Men of retired Virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame End of their Journey, tho' they choſe to make it in Shade and Obſcurity. The Edifices at the Extremity of the Walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the *Temple of Honour* by reaſon of the *Temple of Virtue*, which ſtood before it.

At

At the Gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that *of Honour*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful Triumphal Arch, and had no other Entrance into it. When the Deity of the Inner Structure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a Body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a Globe in the midſt of a Golden Zodiac holding the Figure of a Sun in one Hand, and a Moon in the other. Her Head was veiled, and her Feet covered. Our Hearts glowed within us as we ſtood amidſt the Sphere of Light which this Image caſt on every Side of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this Band of Adventurers, I repaired to another Pile of Building that ſtood within View of the *Temple of Honour*, and was raiſed in Imitation of it, upon the very ſame Model; but at my Approach to it, I found, that the Stones were laid together without Mortar, and that the whole Fabrick ſtood upon ſo weak a Foundation, that it ſhook with every Wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity*. The Goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many Tapers, that burned Day and Night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open Day-light. Her whole Art, was to ſhow her ſelf more beautiful and Majeſtick than ſhe really was. For which Reaſon, ſhe had painted her Face, and wore a Cluſter of falſe Jewels upon her Breaſt: But what I more particularly obſerved, was, the Breadth of her Petticoat, which was made altogether in the Faſhion of a modern Fardingal. This Place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-Thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a Rabble of thoſe who have only Titles to make them great Men. Female Votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were

were more in Number than the Sand upon the Sea-ſhore. I made it my Buſineſs in my Return towards that Part of the Wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their Journey with the Band of virtuous Perſons, and travelled ſome Time in their Company: But upon Examination I found, that there were ſeveral Paths which led them out of the great Road into the Sides of the Wood, and ran into ſo many crooked Turns and Windings, that thoſe who travelled thro' them often turned their Backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then croſſed the ſtraight Road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little Space, till the crooked Path which they were engaged in again led them into the Wood. The ſeveral Alleys of theſe Wanderers had their particular Ornaments: One of them I could not but take Notice of, in the Walk of the miſchievous Pretenders to Politicks, which had at every Turn the Figure of a Perſon, whom by the Inſcription I found to be *Machiavel*, pointing out the Way with an extended Finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the ſame Manner as before, with a Deſign to obſerve carefully every Thing that paſſed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the Occurrences in that Aſſembly, which was made up of Perſons of my own Age. This Body of Travellers had not gone far in the Third great Road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep Valley, in which they journied ſeveral Days with great Toil and Uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary Refreſhments of Food and Sleep. The only Relief they met with, was in a River that ran through the Bottom of the Valley on a Bed of Golden Sand: They often drank of this Stream, which had ſuch a particular Quality in it, that tho' it refreſhed them for a Time, it rather

rather inflamed than quenched their Thirſt. On each Side of the River was a Range of Hills full of precious Ore; for where the Rains had waſhed off the Earth, one might ſee in ſeveral Parts of them long Veins of Gold, and Rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, That the Deity of the Place had forbad any of his Votaries to dig into the Bowels of theſe Hills, or convert the Treaſures they contained to any Uſe, under Pain of Starving. At the End of the Valley ſtood *The Temple of Avarice*, made after the Manner of a Fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our Approach they all fell a Barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old Woman who had called her ſelf by the forged Name of *Competency* offered her ſelf for our Guide. She carried under her Garment a Golden Bow, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her Hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the Gates flew open for our Reception. We were led through an Hundred Iron Doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper End of it ſat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy Beard, and a meagre ſtarved Countenance, encloſed with Heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of Money, but half naked and ſhivering with Cold. On his Right Hand was a Fiend called *Rapine*, and on his Left a particular Favorite to whom he had given the Title of *Parſimony*. The Firſt was his Collector, and the other his Caſhier.

There were ſeveral long Tables placed on each Side of the Temple, with reſpective Officers attending behind them. Some of theſe I enquired into. At the firſt Table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing a Solicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every Body that paſſed by, I kept my Eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a Perſon that had a Pen in his Hand, with a Multiplication Table and an Al-

manack before him, which as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was Maſter of. The Solicitor would often apply himſelf to his Ear, and at the ſame Time convey Money into his Hand, for which the other would give him out a Piece of Paper or Parchment, ſigned and ſealed in Form. The Name of this dextrous and ſucceſsful Solicitor was *Bribery*. At the next Table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it ſate a Perſon in a Bob-Wig, counting over a great Sum of Money. He gave out little Purſes to ſeveral, who after a ſhort Tour brought him, in Return, Sacks full of the ſame Kind of Coin. I ſaw at the ſame Time a Perſon called *Fraud*, who ſate behind a Counter with falſe Scales, light Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures; by the skilful Application of which Inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe Heap of Wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral Officers, or deſcribe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many old Men Panting and breathleſs, repoſing their Heads on Bags of Money; nay many of them actually dying, whoſe very Pangs and Convulſions (which rendered their Purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp 'em the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one Hand all Things, even to the Garments and Fleſh of many miſerable Perſons who ſtood before them, and with the other Hand, throwing away what they had ſeized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſudden the whole Aſſembly fell a trembling, and upon Enquiry, I found, that the great Room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many Times a Day appeared to them, and terrified them to Diſtraction.

In the midſt of their Terror and Amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my Acquaintance with this Phantom, which had

had rendered the Sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a Figure in my Eye, as the God of this loathſome Temple. The miſerable Votaries of this Place, were, I found, of another Mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatned by the Apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the Room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmoſt Fear and Trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the Paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy People to be of the ſame Nature with thoſe unaccountable Antipathies which ſome Perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenſy, not unlike that which throws a Man into Terrors and Agonies at the Sight of ſo uſeful and innocent a Thing as Water. The whole Aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my Devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs my ſelf to the Phantom.

'Oh *Poverty!* (ſaid I) my firſt Petition to thee 'is, That thou wouldſt never appear to me 'hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, 'that thou wouldſt not bear a Form more terrible 'than that in which thou appeareſt to me at pre'ſent. Let not thy Threats and Menaces betray 'me to any Thing that is ungrateful or unjuſt. 'Let me not ſhut my Ears to the Cries of the 'Needy. Let me not forget the Perſon that has 'deſerved well of me. Let me not, for any Fear 'of thee, deſert my Friend, my Principles, or my 'Honour. If Wealth is to viſit me, and to come 'with her uſual Attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, 'do thou, Oh *Poverty!* haſten to my Reſcue; 'but bring along with thee the Two Siſters, in 'whoſe Company thou art always chearful, *Li*'*berty* and *Innocence*.

The Concluſion of this Viſion muſt be defer'd to another Opportunity.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 124.

—— Ex humili ſumma ad Faſtigia Rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari. Juv.

From *Saturday Jan.* 21. to *Tueſday Jan.* 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, January 23.

I Went on *Saturday* laſt to make a Viſit in the City; and as I paſſed through *Cheapſide*, I ſaw Crowds of People turning down towards the *Bank*, and ſtruggling who ſhould firſt get their Money into the new-erected Lottery. It gave me a great Notion of the Credit of our preſent Government and Adminiſtration, to find People preſs as eagerly to pay Money, as they would to receive it; and at the ſame Time a due Reſpect for that Body of Men who have found out ſo pleaſing an Expedient for carrying on the Common Cauſe, that they have turned a Tax into a Diverſion. The Chearfulneſs of Spirit, and the Hopes of Succeſs, which this Project has occaſioned in this great City, lightens the Burden of the War, and puts me in Mind of ſome Games which they ſay were invented by wiſe Men who were Lovers of their Country, to make their Fellow-Citizens undergo the Tediouſneſs and Fatigues of a long Siege. I think there is a Kind of Homage due to Fortune, (if I may call it ſo) and that I ſhould be wanting to my ſelf if I did not lay in my Pretences to her Favour, and pay my Compliments to her by Recommending a Ticket to her Diſpoſal. For this Reaſon, upon my Return to my Lodgings, I ſold off a Couple of Globes and a Teleſcope, which, with the Caſh I had by me,

raiſed the Sum that was requiſite for that Purpoſe. I find by my Calculations, that it is but an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand to One againſt my being worth a Thouſand Pounds *per Annum* for Thirty two Years; and if any Plumb in the City will lay me an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Pounds to Twenty Shillings (which is an even Bett) that I am not this fortunate Man, I will take the Wager, and ſhall look upon him as a Man of ſingular Courage and Fair-dealing, having given Orders to Mr. *Morphew* to ſubſcribe ſuch a Policy in my Behalf, if any Perſon accepts of the Offer. I muſt confeſs, I have had ſuch private Intimations from the Twinkling of a certain Star in ſome of my Aſtronomical Obſervations, that I ſhould be unwilling to take Fifty Pounds a Year for my Chance, unleſs it were to oblige a particular Friend. My chief Buſineſs at preſent is, to prepare my Mind for this Change of Fortune: For as *Seneca*, who was a greater Moraliſt, and a much richer Man than I ſhall be with this Addition to my preſent Income, ſays, *Munera iſta Fortunæ putatis? Inſidiæ ſunt. What we look upon as Gifts and Preſents of Fortune, are Traps and Snares which ſhe lays for the Unwary.* I am arming my ſelf againſt her Favours with all my Philoſophy; and that I may not loſe my ſelf in ſuch a Redundance of unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Wealth, I have determined to ſettle an Annual Penſion out of it upon a Family of *Palatines*, and by that Means give theſe unhappy Strangers a Taſt of *Britiſh* Property. At the ſame Time, as I have an excellent Servant Maid, whoſe Diligence in attending me has increaſed in Proportion to my Infirmities, I ſhall ſettle upon her the Revenue ariſing out of the Ten Pounds, and amounting to Fourteen Shillings *per Annum*, with which ſhe may retire into *Wales*, where ſhe was born a Gentlewoman, and paſs the remaining Part of her Days in a Condition ſuitable to her Birth and Quality.

Quality. It was impoſſible for me to make an Inſpection into my own Fortune on this Occaſion, without ſeeing at the ſame Time the Fate of others who are embarked in the ſame Adventure. And indeed it was a great Pleaſure to me to obſerve, That the War, which generally impoveriſhes thoſe who furniſh out the Expence of it, will by this Means give Eſtates to ſome, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately ſeen ſeveral in Liveries, who will give as good of their own very ſuddenly; and took a particular Satisfaction in the Sight of a young Country Wench, whom I this Morning paſſed by as ſhe was whirling her Mop, with her Petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any Truth in my Art, is within Ten Months of being the handſomeſt great Fortune in Town. I muſt confeſs, I was ſo ſtruck with the Foreſight of what ſhe is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and ſaid to her, Pray, young Lady, permit me to paſs by. I would for this Reaſon adviſe all Maſters and Miſtreſſes to carry it with great Moderation and Condeſcention towards their Servants till next *Michaelmas*, leſt the Superiority at that Time ſhould be inverted. I muſt likewiſe admoniſh all my Brethren and Fellow-Adventurers, to fill their Minds with proper Arguments for their Support and Conſolation in caſe of ill Succeſs. It ſo happens in this Particular, that though the Gainers will have Reaſon to rejoice, the Loſers will have no Reaſon to Complain. I remember, the Day after the Thouſand Pound Prize was drawn in the Penny Lottery, I went to viſit a ſplenatick Acquaintance of mine, who was under much Dejection, and ſeemed to me to have ſuffered ſome great Diſappointment. Upon Enquiry, I found he had put Two-pence for himſelf and his Son into the Lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the Thouſand Pound. Hereupon this unlucky Perſon took Occaſion to enumerate the

Misfortunes of his Life, and concluded with telling me, That he never was ſucceſsful in any of his Undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common Reflection upon ſuch Occaſions, That Men of the greateſt Merit are not always Men of the greateſt Succeſs, and that Perſons of his Character muſt not expect to be as happy as Fools. I ſhall proceed in the like Manner with my Rivals and Competitors for the Thouſand Pounds a Year which we are now in Purſuit of; and that I may give general Content to the whole Body of Candidates, I ſhall allow all that draw Prizes to be fortunate, and all that miſs them to be wiſe.

I muſt not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received ſeveral Letters upon this Subject, but find one common Error running through them all, which is, That the Writers of them believe their Fate in theſe Caſes depends upon the Aſtrologer, and not upon the Stars, as in the following Letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himſelf with Hopes of Succeſs, which are altogether groundleſs, ſince he does not ſeem to me ſo great a Fool as he takes himſelf to be.

SIR,

'Coming to Town, and finding my Friend Mr. *Partridge* dead and buried, and you the only Conjurer in Repute, I am under a Neceſſity of applying my ſelf to you for a Favour, which Nevertheleſs I confeſs it would better become a Friend to aſk, than one who is, as I am, altogether a Stranger to you; but Poverty, you know is impudent; and as that gives me the Occaſion, ſo that alone could give me the Confidence to be thus importunate.

'I am, Sir, very poor, and very deſirous to be otherwiſe: I have got Ten Pounds, which I deſign to venture in the Lottery now on foot. What I deſire of you is, that by your Art, you will

'choose such a Ticket for me as shall arise a Benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg Leave 'to inform you, That I am good for nothing, and 'must therefore insist upon a larger Lot than 'would satisfy those who are capable by their 'own Abilities of adding something to what you 'should assign 'em; whereas I must expect an 'absolute, independant Maintenance, because, as 'I said, I can do nothing. 'Tis possible, after 'this free Confession of mine, you may think I 'don't deserve to be rich; but I hope you'll likewise observe, I can ill afford to be poor. My 'own Opinion is, I am well qualified for an 'Estate, and have a good Title to Luck in a Lottery; but I resign my self wholly to your 'Mercy, not without Hopes that you will consider, the less I deserve, the greater the Generosity 'in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with 'an Acquaintance of mine to bury me for my 'Ten Pounds. I once more recommend my self 'to your Favour, and bid you *Adieu.*

I cannot forbear publishing another Letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own Credit, as well as to that of a very honest Footman.

Mr. Bickerstaff, *Jan.* 23. 17$\frac{0}{10}$.

'I AM bound in Justice to acquaint you, That 'I put an Advertisement into your last Paper 'about a Watch which was lost, and was brought 'to me on the very Day your Paper came out by 'a Footman, who told me, That he would have 'brought it, if he had not read your Discourse of 'that Day against Avarice; but that since he had 'read it, he scorned to take a Reward for doing 'what in Justice he ought to do. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

John Hamond.

Quem mala Stultitia, & quæcunq; Inſcitia veri
Cæcum agit, Inſanum Chryſippi Porticus, & Grex
Autumat. Hæc Populos, hæc magnos formula Reges,
Excepto Sapiente, tenet. ——— Hor.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 24. to *Thurſd. Jan.* 26. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 25.

THere is a Sect of ancient Philoſophers, who, I think, have left more Volumes behind them, and thoſe better written, than any other of the Fraternities in Philoſophy. It was a Maxim of this Sect, That all thoſe who do not live up to the Principles of Reaſon and Virtue, are Madmen. Every one, who governs himſelf by theſe Rules, is allowed the Title of Wiſe, and reputed to be in his Senſes; and every one in Proportion, as he deviates from them, is pronounced Frantick and Diſtracted. *Cicero* having choſen this Maxim for his Theme, takes Occaſion to argue from it very agreeably with *Clodius*, his implacable Adverſary, who had procured his Baniſhment. A City (ſays he) is an Aſſembly diſtinguiſhed into Bodies of Men, who are in Poſſeſſion of their reſpective Rights and Privileges, caſt under proper Subordinations, and in all its Parts obedient to the Rules of Law and Equity. He then repreſents the Government from whence he was baniſhed, at a Time when the Conſul, Senate, and Laws, had loſt their Authority, as a Commonwealth of Lunaticks. For this Reaſon, he regards his Expulſion from *Rome*, as a Man would being turned out of *Bedlam*, if the Inhabitants of it ſhould drive him

him out of their Walls as a Perſon unfit for their Community. We are therefore to look upon every Man's Brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general Conduct of his Life, if he has an unjuſtifiable Singularity in any Part of his Converſation or Behaviour: Or if he ſwerves from right Reaſon, however common his Kind of Madneſs may be, we ſhall not excuſe him for its being epidemical, it being our preſent Deſign to clap up all ſuch as have the Marks of Madneſs upon them, who are now permitted to go about the Streets for no other Reaſon, but becauſe they do no Miſchief in their Fits. Abundance of imaginary great Men are put in Straw to bring them to a right Senſe of themſelves: And is it not altogether as reaſonable, that an inſignificant Man, who has an immoderate Opinion of his Merits, and a quite different Notion of his own Abilities from what the reſt of the World entertain, ſhould have the ſame Care taken of him, as a Beggar who fancies himſelf a Duke or a Prince? Or, Why ſhould a Man, who ſtarves in the midſt of Plenty, be truſted with himſelf, more than he who fancies he is an Emperor in the midſt of Poverty? I have ſeveral Women of Quality in my Thoughts, who ſet ſo exorbitant a Value upon themſelves, that I have often moſt heartily pitied them, and wiſhed them, for their Recovery, under the ſame Diſcipline with the Pewterer's Wife. I find by ſeveral Hints in ancient Authors, that when the *Romans* were in the Height of Power and Luxury, they aſſigned out of their vaſt Dominions an Iſland called *Anticyra*, as an Habitation for Madmen. This was the Bedlam of the *Roman* Empire, whither all Perſons who had loſt their Wits uſed to reſort from all Parts of the World in Queſt of them. Several of the *Roman* Emperors were adviſed to repair to this Iſland; but moſt of them, inſtead of liſtening to ſuch ſober Counſels, gave Way to their Diſtraction, till the People

knocked them in the Head as deſpairing of their Cure. In ſhort, it was as uſual for Men of diſtempered Brains to take a Voyage to *Anticyra* in thoſe Days, as it is in ours for Perſons who have a Diſorder in their Lungs to go to *Montpellier*.

The prodigious Crops of Hellebore with which this whole Iſland abounded, did not only furniſh them with incomparable Tea, Snuff, and *Hungary* Water, but impregnated the Air of the Country with ſuch ſober and ſalutiferous Steams, as very much comforted the Heads, and refreſhed the Senſes, of all that breathed in it. A diſcarded Stateſman, that at his firſt Landing appeared ſtark ſtaring mad, would become calm in a Week's Time; and upon his Return Home, live eaſy and ſatisfied in his Retirement. A moaping Lover would grow a pleaſant Fellow by that Time he had rid thrice about the Iſland; and a hair-brained Rake, after a ſhort Stay in the Country, go Home again a compoſed, grave, worthy Gentleman.

I have premiſed theſe Particulars before I enter on the main Deſign of this Paper, becauſe I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to ſay, and paſs only for a Projector in Morality. I could quote *Horace*, and *Seneca*, and ſome other ancient Writers of good Repute, upon the ſame Occaſion, and make out by their Teſtimony, that our Streets are filled with diſtracted Perſons; that our Shops and Taverns, private and publick Houſes, ſwarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable Aſſembly without a Majority of them. But what I have already ſaid, is, I hope, ſufficient to juſtify the enſuing Project, which I ſhall therefore give ſome Account of without any further Preface.

1. It is humbly propoſed, That a proper Receptacle or Habitation be forthwith erected for all ſuch Perſons as, upon due Trial and Examination, ſhall appear to be out of their Wits.

2. That

2. That to ſerve the preſent Exigency, the College in *Moor Fields* be very much extended at both Ends; and that it be converted into a Square, by adding three other Sides to it.

3. That no Body be admitted into theſe Three additional Sides, but ſuch whoſe Phrenſy can lay no Claim to an Apartment in that Row of Building which is already erected.

4. That the Architect, Phyſician, Apothecary, Surgeon, Keepers, Nurſes, and Porters, be all and each of them crack'd, provided that their Phrenſy does not lie in the Profeſſion or Employment to which they ſhall ſeverally and reſpectively be aſſigned.

N. B. *It is thought fit to give the foregoing Notice, that none may preſent himſelf here for any Poſt of Honour or Profit who is not duly qualified.*

5. That over all the Gates of the additional Buildings, there be Figures placed in the ſame Manner as over the Entrance of the Edifice already erected; provided, they repreſent ſuch Diſtractions only as are proper for thoſe additional Buildings; as, of an envious Man gnawing his own Fleſh, a Gameſter pulling himſelf by the Ears, and knocking his Head againſt a Marble Pillar, a covetous Man warming himſelf over a Heap of Gold, a Coward flying from his own Shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general Scheme of my Deſign, I do hereby invite all Perſons who are willing to encourage ſo publick-ſpirited a Project, to bring in their Contributions as ſoon as poſſible, and to apprehend forthwith any Politician whom they ſhall catch raving in a Coffee-houſe, or any Fine thinker whom they ſhall find publiſhing his Deliriums, or any other Perſon who ſhall give the like manifeſt Signs of a crazed Imagination: And I do at the ſame Time give this publick Notice

to all the Madmen about this great City, That they may return to their Senſes with all imaginabel Expedition, leſt if they ſhould come into my Hands, I ſhould put them into a Regimen which they would not like: For if I find any one of them perſiſt in his frantick Behaviour, I will make him in a Month's Time as famous as ever *Oliver*'s Porter was.

The TATLER. [N° 126.

Anguillam Caudâ tenes. T. D'Urfey.

From *Thurſd. Jan.* 26. to *Saturd. Jan.* 28. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 27.

THere is no Sort of Company ſo agreeable as that of Women who have good Senſe without Affectation, and can converſe with Men without any private Deſign of impoſing Chains and Fetters. *Belvidera*, whom I Viſited this Evening, is one of theſe. There is an invincible Prejudice in Favour of all ſhe ſays, from her being a beautiful Woman, becauſe ſhe does not conſider her ſelf as ſuch when ſhe talks to you. This amiable Temper gives a certain Tincture to all her Diſcourſe, and made it very agreeable to me, till we were interrupted by *Lydia*, a Creature who has all the Charms that can adorn a Woman. Her Attractions would indeed be irreſiſtible, but that ſhe thinks them ſo, and is always employing them in Stratagems and Conqueſts. When I turned my Eye upon her as ſhe ſat down, I ſaw ſhe was a Perſon of that Character, which, for the further Information of my Country Correſpondents, I had long wanted an Opportunity of explaining. *Lydia* is a finiſh'd *Coquet*, which is a Sect

Sect among Women of all others the moſt miſchievous, and makes the greateſt Havock and Diſorder in Society. I went on in the Diſcourſe I was in with *Belvidera*, without ſhowing that I had obſerved any Thing extraordinary in *Lydia*: Upon which, I immediately ſaw her look me over as ſome very ill-bred Fellow; and caſting a ſcornful Glance on my Dreſs, gave a Shrug at *Belvidera*. But as much as ſhe deſpiſed me, ſhe wanted my Admiration, and made Twenty Offers to bring my Eyes her Way: But I reduced her to a Reſtleſneſs in her Seat, and impertinent playing of her Fan, and many other Motions and Geſtures, before I took the leaſt Notice of her. At laſt I looked at her with a Kind of Surprize, as if ſhe had before been unobſerved by reaſon of an ill Light where ſhe ſat. It is not to be expreſſed what a ſudden Joy I ſaw riſe in her Countenance, even at the Approbation of ſuch a very old Fellow: But ſhe did not long enjoy her Triumph without a Rival; for there immediately entred *Caſtabella*, a Lady of a quite contrary Character, that is to ſay, as eminent a *Prude* as *Lydia* is a *Coquet*. *Belvidera* gave me a Glance, which methought intimated, that they were both Curioſities in their Kind, and worth remarking. As ſoon as we were again ſeated, I ſtole Looks at each Lady, as if I was comparing their Perfections. *Belvedera* obſerved it, and began to lead me into a Diſcourſe of them both to their Faces, which is to be done eaſily enough; for one Woman is generally ſo intent upon the Faults of another, that ſhe has not Reflection enough to obſerve when her own are repreſented. I have taken Notice, Mr. *Bickerſtaff* (ſaid *Belvedera*), that you have in ſome Parts of your Writings drawn Characters of our Sex, in which you have not, to my Apprehenſion, been clear enough and diſtinct, particularly in thoſe of a *Prude* and a *Coquet*. Upon the Mention of this, *Lydia* was rouzed with the

the Expectation of ſeeing *Caſtabella*'s Picture, and *Caſtabella* with the Hopes of that of *Lydia*. Madam (ſaid I to *Belvidera*), when we conſider Nature, we ſhall often find very contrary Effects flow from the ſame Cauſe. The *Prude* and *Coquet* (as different as they appear in their Behaviour) are in Reality the ſame Kind of Women: The Motive of Action in both is the Affectation of pleaſing Men. They are Siſters of the ſame Blood and Conſtitution, only one chuſes a grave, the other a light, Dreſs. The *Prude* appears more virtuous, the *Coquet* more vicious, than ſhe really is. The diſtant Behaviour of the *Prude*, tends to the ſame Purpoſe as the Advances of the *Coquet*; and you have as little Reaſon to fall into Deſpair from the Severity of the one, as to conceive Hope from the Familiarity of the latter. What leads you into a clear Senſe of their Character is, That you may obſerve each of them has the Diſtinction of Sex in all her Thoughts, Words and Actions. You can never mention any Aſſembly you were lately in, but one aſks you with a rigid, the other with a ſprightly Air, Pray what Men were there? As for *Prudes*, it muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſeveral of them, who, like Hypocrites, by a long Practice of a falſe Part, become ſincere; or at leaſt delude themſelves into a Belief that they are ſo.

For the Benefit of this Society of Ladies, I ſhall propoſe one Rule to them as a Teſt of their Virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern Author, That the great Foundreſs of the Pietiſts, *Madam de Bourignon*, who was no leſs famous for the Sanctity of her Life than for the Singularity of ſome of her Opinions, was uſed to boaſt, That ſhe had not only the Spirit of Continency in herſelf, but that ſhe had alſo the Power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the Scoffers of thoſe Days called, *The Gift of Infrigidation*, and took Occaſion from it to rally her Face, rather

ther than admire her Virtue. I would therefore adviſe the *Prude*, who has a Mind to know the Integrity of her own Heart, to lay her Hand ſeriouſly upon it, and to examine her ſelf whether ſhe could ſincerely rejoice in ſuch a Gift of conveying chaſt Thoughts to all her Male Beholders. If ſhe has any Averſion to the Power of Inſpiring ſo great a Virtue, whatever Notion ſhe may have of her Perfection, ſhe deceives her own Heart, and is ſtill in the State of *Prudery*. Some perhaps will look upon the Boaſt of *Madam de Bourignon* as the utmoſt Oſtentation of a *Prude*.

If you would ſee the Humour of a *Coquet* puſhed to the laſt Exceſs, you may find an Inſtance of it in the following Story, which I will ſet down at length, becauſe it pleaſed me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what Author.

A young *Coquet* Widow in *France* having been followed by a *Gaſcon* of Quality, who had boaſted among his Companions of ſome Favours which he had never received, to be revenged of him, ſent for him one Evening, and told him, It was in his Power to do her a very particular Service. The *Gaſcon*, with much Profeſſion of his Readineſs to obey her Commands, begged to hear in what Manner ſhe deſigned to employ him. You know (ſaid the Widow) my Friend *Belinda*, and muſt often have heard of the Jealouſy of that impotent Wretch her Husband. Now it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the carrying on a certain Affair, That his Wife and I ſhould be together a whole Night. What I have to ask of you is, to dreſs your ſelf in her Night Clothes, and lie by him a whole Night in her Place, that he may not miſs her while ſhe is with me, The *Gaſcon* (though of a very lively and undertaking Complexion) began to ſtartle at the Propoſal. Nay, ſays the Widow, if you have not the Courage to go through what I ask of you, I muſt

employ

employ ſome Body elſe that will. Madam, (ſays the *Gaſcon*) I'll kill him for you if you pleaſe; but for lying with him!--- How is it poſſible to do it without being diſcovered? If you do not diſcover your ſelf, (ſays the Widow) you will lie ſafe enough, for he is paſt all Curioſity. He comes in at Night while ſhe is aſleep, and goes out in a Morning before ſhe awakes, and is in Pain for nothing, ſo he knows ſhe is there. Madam, (replied the *Gaſcon*) How can you reward me for paſſing a Night with this old Fellow? The Widow anſwered with a Laugh, Perhaps by admitting you to paſs a Night with one you think more agreeable. He took the Hint, put on his Night-Clothes, and had not been a-bed above an Hour before he heard a Knocking at the Door, and the Treading of one who approach'd the other Side of the Bed, and who he did not queſtion was the good Man of the Houſe. I do not know, whether the Story would be better by telling you in this Place, or at the End of it, That the Perſon who went to Bed to him, was our young *Coquet* Widow. The *Gaſcon* was in a terrible Fright every Time ſhe moved in the Bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to ſhrink from her till he had conveyed himſelf to the very Ridge of the Bed. I will not dwell upon the Perplexity he was in the whole Night, which was augmented, when he obſerved that it was now broad Day, and that the Husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his Buſineſs. All that the *Gaſcon* had for it, was to keep his Face turned from him, and to feign himſelf aſleep, when, to his utter Confuſion, the Widow at laſt puts out her Arm, and pulls the Bell at her Bed's Head. In came her Friend, and Two or Three Companions to whom the *Gaſcon* had boaſted of her Favours. The Widow jumped into a Wrapping-Gown, and joined with the reſt in laughing at this Man of Intrigue.

The

The TATLER. [N° 127.

Nimirum Inſanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima Pars Hominum Morbo jactatur eodem. Hor.

From *Saturd. Jan.* 28. to *Tueſd. Jan.* 31. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Jan. 30.

THere is no Affection of the Mind ſo much blended in humane Nature, and wrought into our very Conſtitution, as Pride. It appears under a Multitude of Diſguiſes, and break out in Ten Thouſand different Symptoms. Every one feels it in himſelf, and yet wonders to ſee it in his Neighbour. I muſt confeſs, I met with an Inſtance of it the other Day where I ſhould very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud Perſon I am going to ſpeak of, is a Cobler upon *Ludgate-Hill?* This Artiſt being naturally a Lover of Reſpect, and conſidering that his Circumſtances are ſuch that no Man living will give it him, has contrived the Figure of a Beau in Wood, who ſtands before him in a bending Poſture, with his Hat under his Left Arm, and his Right Hand extended in ſuch a Manner as to hold a Thread, a Piece of Wax, or an Awl, according to the particular Service in which his Maſter thinks fit to employ him. When I ſaw him, he held a Candle in this obſequious Poſture. I was very well pleaſed with the Cobler's Invention, that had ſo ingeniouſly contrived an inferior, and ſtood a little while contemplating this inverted Idolatry, wherein the Image did Homage to the Man. When we meet with ſuch a fantaſtick Vanity in one of this Order, it is no Wonder if we may trace it through all Degrees above it, and

and particularly through all the Steps of Greatneſs. We eaſily ſee the Abſurdity of Pride when it enters into the Heart of a Cobler; though in Reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreaſonable wherever it takes Poſſeſſion of an Humane Creature. There is no Temptation to it from the Reflection upon our Being in general, or upon any Comparative Perfection, whereby one Man may excel another. The greater a Man's Knowledge is, the greater Motive he may ſeem to have for Pride; but in the ſame Proportion as the one riſes, the other ſinks, it being the chief Office of Wiſdom to diſcover to us our Weakneſſes and Imperfections.

As Folly is the Foundation of Pride, the natural Superſtructure of it is Madneſs. If there was an Occaſion for the Experiment, I would not queſtion to make a proud Man a Lunatick in Three Weeks Time, provided I had it in my Power to ripen his Phrenſy with proper Applications. It is an admirable Reflection in *Terence*, where it is ſaid of a Paraſite, *Hîc Homines ex Stultis facit Inſanos. This Fellow* (ſays he) *has an Art of converting Fools into Madmen.* When I was in *France*, (the Region of Complaiſance and Vanity) I have often obſerved, that a great Man who has entered a Levy of Flatterers humble and temperate, has grown ſo inſenſibly heated by the Court, which was paid him on all Sides, that he has been quite diſtracted before he could get into his Coach.

If we conſult the Collegiates of *Moorfields*, we ſhall find moſt of them are beholden to their Pride for their Introduction into that magnificent Palace. I had ſome Years ago the Curioſity to enquire into the particular Circumſtances of theſe whimſical Freeholders, and learned from their own Mouths the Condition and Character of each of them. Indeed I found, that all I ſpoke to were Perſons of Quality. There were at that Time

Time Five Dutcheſſes, Three Earls, Two Heathen Gods, an Emperor, and a Prophet. There were alſo a great Number of ſuch as were locked up from their Eſtates, and others who concealed their Titles. A Leather-ſeller of *Taunton* whiſper'd me in my Ear, That he was the Duke of *Monmouth*; but begged me not to betray him. At a little Diſtance from him ſat a Taylor's Wife, who asked me as I went by, if I had ſeen the Sword-bearer? Upon which I preſumed to ask her, Who ſhe was? And was anſwered, *My Lady Mayoreſs.*

I was very ſenſibly touched with Compaſſion towards theſe miſerable People; and indeed, extremely mortified to ſee Humane Nature capable of being thus diſfigured. However, I reaped this Benefit from it, That I was reſolved to guard my ſelf againſt a Paſſion which makes ſuch Havock in the Brain, and produces ſo much Diſorder in the Imagination. For this Reaſon, I have endeavoured to keep down the ſecret Swellings of Reſentment, and ſtifle the very firſt Suggeſtions of Self-eſteem; to eſtabliſh my Mind in Tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own, or in another's Poſſeſſion.

For the Benefit of ſuch whoſe Heads are a little turned, though not to ſo great a Degree as to qualify them for the Place of which I have been now ſpeaking, I ſhall aſſign one of the Sides of the College which I am erecting, for the Cure of this dangerous Diſtemper.

The moſt remarkable of the Perſons whoſe Diſturbance ariſes from Pride, and whom I ſhall uſe all poſſible Diligence to cure, are ſuch as are hidden in the Appearance of quite contrary Habits and Diſpoſitions. Among ſuch, I ſhall in the firſt Place take Care of one, who is under the moſt ſubtle Species of Pride that I have obſerved in my whole Experience.

This

This Patient is a Perſon for whom I have a great Reſpect, as being an old Courtier, and a Friend of mine in my Youth. The Man has but a bare Subſiſtence, juſt enough to pay his Reckoning with us at the *Trumpet:* But by having ſpent the Beginning of his Life in the Hearing of great Men and Perſons of Power, he is always promiſing to do good Offices, to introduce every Man he converſes with into the World; will deſire one of ten Times his Subſtance to let him ſee him ſometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He anſwers to Matters of no Conſequence with great Circumſpection; but however, maintains a general Civility in his Words and Actions, and an inſolent Benevolence to all whom he has to do with: This he practiſes with a grave Tone and Air; and tho' I am his Senior by Twelve Years, and richer by Forty Pounds *per Annum*, he had Yeſterday the Impudence to commend me to my Face, and tell me, He ſhould be always ready to encourage me. In a Word, he is a very inſignificant Fellow, but exceeding Gracious. The beſt Return I can make him for his Favours, is, to carry him my ſelf to *Bedlam*, and ſee him well taken Care of.

The next Perſon I ſhall provide for, is of a quite contrary Character; that has in him all the Stiffneſs and Inſolence of Quality, without a Grain of Senſe or Good Nature to make it either reſpected or belov'd. His Pride has infected every Muſcle of his Face; and yet, after all his Endeavours to ſhow Mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that ſee him, as not of Conſequence enough to be hated.

For the Cure of this particular Sort of Madneſs, it will be neceſſary to break through all Forms with him, and familiarize his Carriage by the Uſe of a good Cudgel. It may likewiſe be of great

great Benefit to make him jump over a Stick half a Dozen Times every Morning.

A Third whom I have in my Eye is a young Fellow, whoſe Lunacy is ſuch, that he boaſts of nothing but what he ought to be aſhamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publickly of having committed Crimes, which he ought to be hanged for by the Laws of his Country.

There are ſeveral others whoſe Brains are hurt with Pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but ſhall conclude my preſent Liſt with an old Woman, who is juſt dropping into her Grave, that talks of nothing but her Birth. Tho' ſhe has not a Tooth in her Head, ſhe expects to be valued for the Blood in her Veins, which ſhe fancies is much better than that which glows in the Cheeks of *Belinda*, and ſets half the Town on Fire.

The TATLER. [N° 128.

—— *Veniunt a Dote Sagittæ*, Juv.

From *Tueſd. Jan.* 31. to *Thurſd. Febr.* 2. 1709.

From my own Apartment, February 1.

THis Morning I received a Letter from a Fortune Hunter, which being better in its Kind than Men of that Character uſually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the Publick.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

SIR,

'I Take the Boldneſs to recommend to your Care the inclos'd Letter, not knowing how to 'communicate it but by your Means to the 'agreeable Country Maid you mention with ſo 'much

'much Honour in your Diſcourſe concerning the 'Lottery.

'I ſhould be aſham'd to give you this Trouble 'without offering at ſome ſmall Requital: I ſhall 'therefore direct a new Pair of Globes and a 'Teleſcope of the beſt Maker, to be left for you 'at Mr. *Morphew*'s, as a Teſtimony of the great 'Reſpect with which I am

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

To Mopſa *in* Sheer-Lane.

Faireſt Unknown,

'IT being diſcovered by the Stars, that about 'Ten Months hence, you will run the Hazard 'of being perſecuted by many worthleſs Preten-'ders to your Perſon, unleſs timely prevented, I 'now offer my Service for your Security againſt 'the Perſecution that threatens you. This is 'therefore to let you know, That I have con-'ceived a moſt extraordinary Paſſion for you; and 'that for ſeveral Days I have been perpetually 'haunted with the Viſion of a Perſon I have ne-'ver yet ſeen. To ſatisfy you that I am in my 'Senſes, and that I do not miſtake you for any 'one of higher Rank, I aſſure you, that in your 'daily Employment, you appear to my Imagina-'tion more agreeable in a ſhort ſcanty Petticoat, 'than the fineſt Woman of Quality in her ſpread-'ing Fardingal; and that the dextrous Twirl of 'your Mop has more native Charms, than the 'ſtudied Airs of a Lady's Fan. In a Word, I 'am captivated with your Menial Qualifications: 'The Domeſtick Virtues adorn you like Atten-'dant *Cupids*; Cleanlineſs and healthful Induſtry 'wait on all your Motions; and Duſt and Cob-'webs fly your Approach.

'Now, to give you an honeſt Account of my-'ſelf, and that you may ſee my Deſigns are ho-'nourable, I am an Eſquire of an ancient Family, 'born to about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, 'half

'half of which I have ſpent in diſcovering my 'ſelf to be a Fool, and with the reſt am reſolv'd 'to retire with ſome plain honeſt Partner, and 'ſtudy to be wiſer. I had my Education in a 'Lac'd Coat, and a *French* Dancing-School; 'and by my Travel into Foreign Parts, have juſt 'as much Breeding to ſpare, as you may think 'you want, which I intend to exchange as faſt 'as I can for old *Engliſh* Honeſty and good 'Senſe. I will not impoſe on you by a falſe Re-'commendation of my Perſon, which (to ſhew 'you my Sincerity) is none of the handſomeſt, 'being of a Figure ſomewhat ſhort; but what I 'want in Length, I make out in Breadth. But in 'Amends for that and all other Defects, if you can 'like me when you ſee me, I ſhall continue to you, 'whether I find you Fair, Black or Brown,

27 Jan. 17$\frac{0}{1}$8. *The moſt conſtant of Lovers.*

This Letter ſeems to be written by a Wag, and for that Reaſon I am not much concern'd for what Reception *Mopſa* ſhall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor Heart, that languiſhes under the moſt deplorable Misfortune that poſſibly can befal a Woman. A Man that is treacherouſly dealt with in Love, may have Recourſe to many Conſolations. He may gracefully break through all Oppoſition to his Miſtreſs, or explain with his Rival; urge his own Conſtancy, or aggravate the Falſhood by which it is repay'd. But a Woman that is ill treated, has no Refuge in her Griefs but in Silence and Secrecy. The World is ſo unjuſt, that a Female Heart which has been once touched, is thought for ever blemiſhed. The very Grief in this Caſe is looked upon as a Reproach, and a Complaint almoſt a breach of Chaſtity. For theſe Reaſons, we ſee Treachery and Falſhood are become as it were Male-Vices, and are ſeldom found, never acknowledged, in the other Sex.

Sex. This may ſerve to introduce *Statira's* Letter, which, without any Turn or Art, has ſomething ſo pathetical and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured Creature that writ it.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

SIR,

'YOU ſeem in many of your Writings to be 'a Man of a very compaſſionate Temper, 'and well acquainted with the Paſſion of Love. 'This encourages me to apply my ſelf to you 'in my preſent Diſtreſs, which I believe you will 'look upon to be very great, and treat with Ten-'derneſs, notwithſtanding it wholly ariſes from 'Love, and that it is a Woman that makes this 'Confeſſion. I am now in the Twenty third 'Year of my Age, and have for a great while 'entertained the Addreſſes of a Man who I 'thought lov'd me more than Life. I am ſure I 'did him; and muſt own to you, not without 'ſome Confuſion, that I have thought on no-'thing elſe for theſe two long Years, but the 'happy Life we ſhould lead together, and the 'Means I ſhould uſe to make my ſelf ſtill dearer 'to him. My Fortune was indeed much beyond 'his; and as I was always in the Company of 'my Relations, he was forced to diſcover his In-'clinations, and declare himſelf to me by Stories 'of other Perſons, kind Looks, and many Ways, 'which he knew too well that I underſtood. 'Oh! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, it is impoſſible to tell you, 'how induſtrious I have been to make him ap-'pear lovely in my Thoughts. I made it a Point 'of Conſcience to think well of him, and of no 'Man elſe: But he has ſince had an Eſtate fallen 'to him, and makes Love to another of a greater 'Fortune than mine. I could not believe the Re-'port of this at firſt; but about a Fortnight ago 'I was convinced of the Truth of it by his own

'Be-

'Behaviour. He came to give our Family a 'formal Viſit, when, as there were ſeveral in 'Company, and many Things talked of, the 'Diſcourſe fell upon ſome unhappy Woman who 'was in my own Circumſtances. It was ſaid by 'one in the Room, That they could not be-'lieve the Story could be true, becauſe they did 'not believe any Man could be ſo falſe. Upon 'which, I ſtole a Look upon him with an Anguiſh 'not to be expreſs'd. He ſaw my Eyes full of 'Tears; yet had the Cruelty to ſay, That he 'could ſee no Falſhood in Alterations of this Na-'ture, where there had been no Contracts or 'Vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a Jeſt 'of Miſery, but tell me ſeriouſly your Opinion 'of his Behaviour; and if you can have any 'Pity for my Condition, publiſh this in your 'next Paper, that being the only Way I have of 'complaining of his Unkindneſs, and ſhowing 'him the Injuſtice he has done me. I am

Your humble Servant,

The unfortunate Statira.

The Name my Correſpondent gives her ſelf, puts me in Mind of my old reading in Romances, and brings into my Thoughts a Speech of the renowned *Don Bellianis*, who, upon a Complaint made him of a diſcourteous Knight, that had left his injur'd Paramour in the ſame Manner, dries up her Tears with a Promiſe of Relief. *Diſconſolate Damſel*, (quoth he) *a foul Diſgrace it were to all right worthy Profeſſors of Chivalry, if ſuch a Blot to Knighthood ſhould paſs unchaſtiſed. Give me to know the Abode of this recreant Lover, and I will give him as a Feaſt to the Fowls of the Air, or drag him bound before you at my Horſe's Tail.*

I am not aſhamed to own my ſelf a Champion of diſtreſſed Damſels, and would venture as far to

to relieve them as *Don Bellianis*; for which Reaſon, I do invite this Lady to let me know the Name of the Traitor who has deceived her; and do promiſe, not only her, but all the Fair Ones of *Great Britain*, who lie under the ſame Calamity, to employ my Right Hand for their Redreſs, and ſerve them to my laſt Drop of Ink.

The TATLER. [N° 129.

Ingenio Manus eſt & Cervix cæſa. Juv.

From *Thurſd. Febr.* 2. to *Saturd. Febr.* 4. 1709.

From my own Apartment, February 3.

WHen my Paper for to Morrow was prepared for the Preſs, there came in this Morning a Mail from *Holland*, which brought me ſeveral Advices from Foreign Parts, and took my Thoughts off Domeſtick Affairs. Among others, I have a Letter from a Burgher of *Amſterdam*, who makes me his Compliments, and tells me, he has ſent me ſeveral Draughts of Humourous and Satyrical Pictures by the beſt Hands of the *Dutch* Nation. They are a trading People, and in their very Minds Mechanicks. They expreſs their Wit in Manufacture, as we do in Manuſcript. He informs me, That a very witty Hand has lately repreſented the preſent Poſture of Publick Affairs in a Landskip, or rather Sea-piece, wherein the Potentates of the Alliance are figured as their Intereſts correſpond with, or affect each other, under the Appearance of Commanders of Ships. Theſe Veſſels carry the Colours of the reſpective Nations concerned in the preſent War. The whole Deſign ſeems to tend

to

to one Point, which is, That ſeveral Squadrons of *Britiſh* and *Dutch* Ships are batterring a *French* Man of War, in order to make her deliver up a Long-Boat with *Spaniſh* Colours. My Correſpondent informs me, That a Man muſt underſtand the Compaſs perfectly well to be able to comprehend the Beauty and Invention of this Piece, which is ſo skilfully drawn, that the particular Views of every Prince in *Europe*, are ſeen according as the Ships lie to the main Figure in the Picture, and as that Figure may help or retard their Sailing. It ſeems this Curioſity is now on Board a Ship bound for *England*, and with other Rarities made a Preſent to me. As ſoon as it arrives, I deſign to expoſe it to publick View at my Secretary Mr. *Lillie*'s, who ſhall have an Explication of all the Terms of Art; and I doubt not but it will give as good Content as the moving Picture in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

But above all the Honours I have received from the Learned World abroad, I am moſt delighted with the following Epiſtle from *Rome*.

Paſquin *of* Rome, *to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff *of* Great Britain, *Greeting*.

SIR,

'YOur Reputation has paſſed the *Alps*, and 'would have come to my Ears by this 'Time, if I had any. In ſhort, Sir, you are 'looked upon here as a *Northern* Drole, and 'the greateſt Vertuoſo among the *Tramontanes*. 'Some indeed ſay, That Mr. *Bickerſtaff* and '*Paſqin* are only Names invented, to father 'Compoſitions which the natural Parent does 'not care for owning. But however that is, all 'agree, that there are ſeveral Perſons, who, if 'they durſt attack you, would endeavour to 'leave you no more Limbs than I have. I need 'not tell you that my Adverſaries have joined 'in a Confederacy with *Time* to demoliſh me,

'and that, if I were not a very great Wit, I 'ſhould make the worſt Figure in *Europe*, being 'abridged of my Legs, Arms, Noſe, and Ears. 'If you think fit to accept of the Correſpondence 'of ſo facetious a Cripple, I ſhall from Time 'to Time ſend you an Account of what happens 'at *Rome*. You have only heard of it from *Latin* 'and *Greek* Authors; may, perhaps, have read no 'Accounts from hence, but of a Triumph, Ovation, 'or Apotheoſis, and will, doubtleſs, be ſurprized 'to ſee the Deſcription of a Proceſſion, Jubilee, or 'Canonization. I ſhall however ſend you what 'the Place affords, in Return to what I ſhall re-'ceive from you. If you will acquaint me with 'your next Promotion of General Officers, I 'will ſend you an Account of our next Advance-'ment of Saints. If you will let me know who 'is reckoned the braveſt Warrior in *Great Bri-'tain*, I'll tell you who is the beſt Fiddler in '*Rome*. If you will favour me with an Inven-'tory of the Riches that were brought into your 'Nation by Admiral *Wager*, I will not fail gi-'ving you an Account of a Pot of Medals that 'has been lately dug up here, and are now 'under the Examination of our Miniſters of 'State.

'**There is** one Thing in which I deſire you 'would be very particular. What I mean, is 'an exact Liſt of all the Religions in *Great Bri-'tain*, as likewiſe the Habits, which are ſaid 'here to be the great Points of Conſcience in '*England*, whether they are made of Serge or 'Broad-Cloth, of Silk or Linen. I ſhould be 'glad to ſee a Model of the moſt conſcientious 'Dreſs amongſt you, and deſire you would ſend 'me a Hat of each Religion; as likewiſe, if 'it be not too much Trouble, a Cravat. It would 'alſo be very acceptable here to receive an Ac-'count of thoſe two Religious Orders which 'are lately ſprung up amongſt you, the *Whigs*

'and

'and the *Tories*, with the Points of Doctrine, Severities in Diſcipline, Penances, Mortifications, and good Works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no leſs kind if you would explain to us a Word which they do not underſtand even at our *Engliſh* Monaſtery, *Toaſts*, and let us know whether the Ladies ſo called are Nuns or Lay-Siſters.

'In Return, I will ſend you the Secret Hiſtory of ſeveral Cardinals, which I have by me in Manuſcript, with Gallantries, Amours, Politicks, and Intrigues, by which they made their Way to the Holy Purple.

'But when I propoſe a Correſpondence, I muſt not tell you what I intend to adviſe you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at preſent. The Pope has been ſick for this Fortnight of a violent Tooth-Ach, which has very much raiſed the *French* Faction, and put the Conclave into a great Ferment. Every one of the Pretenders to the Succeſſion is grown Twenty Years older than he was a Fortnight ago. Each Candidate tries who ſhall cough and ſtoop moſt; for theſe are at preſent the great Gifts that recommend to the Apoſtolical Seat, which he ſtands the faireſt for, who is likely to reſign it the ſooneſt. I have known the Time when it uſed to rain Louis-d'Ors on ſuch Occaſions; but whatever is the Matter, there are very few of them to be ſeen at preſent at *Rome*, inſomuch that it is thought a Man might purchaſe Infallibility at a very reaſonable Rate. It is nevertheleſs hoped, that his Holineſs may recover, and bury theſe his imaginary Succeſſors.

'There has lately been found an Humane Tooth in a Catacomb, which has engaged a Couple of Convents in a Law-Suit; each of them pretending, that it belong'd to the Jaw-Bone of a Saint who was of their Order. The

'College have ſate upon it thrice, and I find 'there is a Diſpoſition among them to take it 'out of the Poſſeſſion of both the contending 'Parties, by reaſon of a Speech which was 'made by one of the Cardinals, who, by rea-'ſon of its being found out of the Company 'of any other Bones, aſſerted, That it might 'be one of the Teeth which was coughed out 'by *Ælia*, and old Woman, whoſe Loſs is recorded 'in *Martial*.

'I have nothing remarkable to communicate to 'you of State-Affairs, excepting only, that the 'Pope has lately received an Horſe from the *Ger-'man* Ambaſſador, as an Acknowledgment for 'the Kingdom of *Naples*, which is a Fief of the 'Church. His Holineſs refuſed this Horſe from 'the *Germans* ever ſince the Duke of *Anjou* has 'been poſſeſſed of *Spain*; but as they lately took 'Care to accompany it with a Body of Ten thou-'ſand more, they have at laſt overcome his Ho-'lineſs's Modeſty, and prevailed upon him to 'accept the Preſent. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

P. S. *Morſorio* is very much Yours.

The

The TATLER. [N° 130.

——— At me
Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia——— ——— ——— ——— Hor.

From *Saturd. Febr.* 4. to *Tueſday. Febr.* 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 6.

I Find ſome of the moſt polite *Latin* Authors, who wrote at a Time when *Rome* was in its Glory, ſpeak with a certain noble Vanity of the Brightneſs and Splendour of the Age in which they lived. *Pliny* often compliments his Emperor *Trajan* upon this Head; and when he would animate him to any Thing great, or diſſwade him from any Thing that was improper, he inſinuates, that it is befitting or unbecoming (the *Claritas & Nitor Seculi*) that Period of Time which was made illuſtrious by his Reign. When we caſt our Eyes back on the Hiſtory of Mankind, and trace them through their ſeveral Succeſſions to their firſt Original, we ſometimes ſee them breaking out in great and memorable Actions, and towring up to the utmoſt Heights of Virtue and Knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our Obſervation to a little Diſtance, we ſee them ſunk into Sloth and Ignorance, and altogether loſt in Darkneſs and Obſcurity. Sometimes the whole Species is aſleep for Two or Three Generations, and then again awakens into Action, flouriſhes in Heroes, Philoſophers, and Poets, who do Honour to humane Nature, and leave ſuch Tracts of Glory behind them, as diſtinguiſh the Years, in

which they acted their Part, from the ordinary Course of Time.

Methinks a Man cannot, without a secret Satisfaction, consider the Glory of the present Age, which will shine as bright as any other in the History of Mankind. It is still big with great Events, and has already produced Changes and Revolutions which will be as much admired by Posterity, as any that have happen'd in the Days of our Fathers, or in the old Times before them. We have seen Kingdoms divided and united, Monarchs erected and deposed, Nations transferr'd from one Sovereign to another; Conquerors raised to such a Greatness as has given a Terror to *Europe*, and thrown down by such a Fall, as has moved their Pity.

But it is still a more pleasing View to an *Englishman*, to see his own Country give the chief Influence to so illustrious an Age, and stand in the strongest Point of Light amidst the diffused Glory that surrounds it.

If we begin with Learned Men, we may observe, to the Honour of our Country, That those who make the greatest Figure in most Arts and Sciences, are universally allowed to be of the *British* Nation; and what is more remarkable, That Men of the greatest Learning are among the Men of the greatest Quality.

A Nation may indeed abound with Persons of such uncommon Parts and Worth, as may make them rather a Misfortune than a Blessing to the Publick. Those who singly might have been of infinite Advantage to the Age they live in, may, by rising up together in the same Crisis of Time, and by interfering in their Pursuits of Honour, rather interrupt than promote the Service of their Country. Of this we have a famous Instance in the Republick of *Rome*, when *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Cicero*, and *Brutus*, endeavoured to recommend

mend themſelves at the ſame Time to the Admiration of their Contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for ſo many extraordinary Perſons at once, or find out Poſts ſuitable to their Ambition and Abilities. For this Reaſon, they were all as miſerable in their Deaths, as they were famous in their Lives, and occaſioned, not only the Ruin of each other, but alſo that of the Commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular Happineſs to a People, when the Men of ſuperior Genius and Character are ſo juſtly diſpoſed in the high Places of Honour, that each of them moves in a Sphere which is proper to him, and requires thoſe particular Qualities in which he excels.

If I ſee a General commanding the Forces of his Country, whoſe Victories are not to be parallel'd in Story, and who is as famous for his Negotiations as his Victories; and at the ſame Time ſee the Management of a Nation's Treaſury in the Hands of one who has always diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by a generous Contempt of his own private Wealth, and an exact Frugality of that which belongs to the Publick; I cannot but think a People under ſuch an Adminiſtration may promiſe themſelves Conqueſt abroad, and Plenty at home. If I were to wiſh for a proper Perſon to preſide over the Publick Councils, it ſhould certainly be one as much admired for his univerſal Knowledge of Men and Things, as for his Eloquence, Courage and Integrity, in the exerting of ſuch extraordinary Talents.

Who is not pleaſed to ſee a Perſon in the higheſt Station in the Law, who was the moſt eminent in his Profeſſion, and the moſt accompliſhed Orator at the Bar? Or at the Head of the Fleet a Commander, under whoſe Conduct the Common Enemy received ſuch a Blow, as he has never been able to recover?

Were we to form to our ſelves the Idea of one whom we ſhould think proper to govern a diſtant Kingdom, conſiſting chiefly of thoſe who differ from us in Religion, and are influenced by foreign Politicks, would it not be ſuch a one as had ſignalized himſelf by an uniform and unſhaken Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, and by his Dexterity in defeating the Skill and Artifice of its Enemies. In ſhort, if we find a great Man popular for his Honeſty and Humanity, as well as famed for his Learning and great Skill in all the Languages of *Europe*; or a Perſon eminent for thoſe Qualifications which make Men ſhine in publick Aſſemblies, or for that Steadineſs, Conſtancy, and good Senſe, which carry a Man to the deſired Point through all the Oppoſition of Tumult and Prejudice, we have the Happineſs to behold them all in Poſts ſuitable to their Characters.

Such a Conſtellation of great Perſons, if I may ſo ſpeak, while they ſhine out in their own diſtinct Capacities, reflect a Luſtre upon each other, but in a more particular Manner on their Sovereign, who has placed them in thoſe proper Situations, by which their Virtues become ſo beneficial to all Her Subjects. It is the Anniverſary of the Birth-day of this Glorious Queen, which naturally led me into this Field of Contemplation, and inſtead of joining in the publick Exultations that are made on ſuch Occaſions, to entertain my Thoughts with the more ſerious Pleaſure of ruminating upon the Glories of Her Reign.

While I behold Her ſurrounded with Triumphs, and adorned with all the Proſperity and Succeſs which Heaven ever ſhed on a Mortal, and ſtill conſidering Her ſelf as ſuch, tho' the Perſon appears to me exceeding great that has theſe juſt Honours paid to Her; yet I muſt confeſs, She appears much greater in that She receives them with ſuch a glorious Humility, and ſhows She has no further Regard for them, than as they ariſe from theſe great

Events

Events which have made her Subjects happy. For my own Part, I muſt confeſs, when I ſee private Virtues in ſo high a Degree of Perfection, I am not aſtoniſhed at any extraordinary Succeſs that attends them, but look upon publick Triumphs as the natural Conſequences of religious Retirements.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding ſome Perſons have miſtaken Paſquin *who was mentioned in my laſt, for one who has been pilloried at* Rome; *I muſt here adverti ſe them, That it is only a maimed Statue ſo called, on which the private Scandal of that City is generally paſted.* Morforio *is a Perſon of the ſame Quality, who is uſually made to anſwer whatever is publiſhed by the other: The Wits of that Place, like too many of our own Country, taking Pleaſure in ſetting innocent People together by the Ears. The Mentioning of this Perſon, who is a great Wit, and a great Cripple, put me in Mind of Mr.* Eaſtcourt, *who is under the ſame Circumſtances. He was formerly my Apothecary, and being at preſent diſabled by the Gout and Stone, I muſt recommend him to the Publick on* Thurſday *next, that admirable Play of* Ben. Johnſon's, *called,* The ſilent Woman, *being appointed to be acted for his Benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a Seaſon at theſe ludicrous Diverſions; but as I always give my Man and my Maid one Day in the Year, I ſhall allow them this, and am promiſed by Mr.* Eaſtcourt, *my ingenious Apothecary, that they ſhall have a Place kept for them in the firſt Row of the Middle Gallery.*

The TATLER. [Nº 131.

——— *Scelus eſt jugulare Falernum,*
Et dare Campano toxica ſeva Mero. Mart.

From *Tueſd. February* 7. to *Thurſd. February* 9. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THere is in this City a certain Fraternity of Chimical Operators, who work under Ground in Holes, Caverns, and dark Retirements, to conceal their Myſteries from the Eyes and Obſervation of Mankind. Theſe Subterraneous Philoſophers are daily employed in the Tranſmutation of Liquors, and, by the Power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raiſing under the Streets of *London* the choiceſt Products of the Hills and Valleys of *France*, They can ſqueeze *Bourdeaux* out of the *Sloe*, and draw *Champagne* from an *Apple*. *Virgil* in that remarkable Prophecy,

Inculti ſque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

The ripening Grape ſhall hang on every Thorn.

Seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern* Hedges into a Vineyard. Theſe Adepts are known among one another by the Name of Wine-Brewers, and I am afraid do great Injury, not only to Her Majeſty's Cuſtoms, but to the Bodies of many of Her good Subjects.

Having received ſundry Complaints againſt theſe inviſible Workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their reſpective Caves, and bring them before me, which was Yeſterday executed accordingly.

The

The Perſon who appeared againſt them was a Merchant, who had by him a great Magazine of Wines that he had lain in before the War: But theſe Gentlemen (as he ſaid) had ſo vitiated the Nation's Palate, that no Man could believe his to be *French*, becauſe it did not taſt like what they ſold for ſuch. As a Man never pleads better than where his own Perſonal Intereſt is concern'd, he exhibited to the Court with great Eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggiſts had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and puzzled the College of Phyſicians with Diſeaſes, for which they neither knew a Name or Cure. He accuſed ſome of giving all their Cuſtomers Colicks and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boaſted, he had a Tun of Claret by him, that in a Fortnight's Time ſhould give the Gout to a Dozen of the healthfulleſt Men in the City, provided that their Conſtitutions were prepared for it by Wealth and Idleneſs. He then enlarged, with a great Show of Reaſon, upon the Prejudice which theſe Mixtures and Compoſitions had done to the Brains of the *Engliſh* Nation; as is too viſible (ſaid he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary Converſations of the Youth of this Age. He then quoted an ingenious Perſon, who would undertake to know by a Man's Writings, the Wine he moſt delighted in; and on that Occaſion named a certain Satyriſt, whom he had diſcovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by the manifeſt Taſt of the Sloe, which ſhow'd it ſelf in it by much Roughneſs, and little Spirit.

In the laſt Place, he aſcribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations which theſe Mixtures raiſe in our Blood; the Diviſions, Heats and Animoſities, that reign among us; and in particular, aſſerted moſt of the modern Enthuſiaſms and Agitations to be nothing elſe but the Effects of adulterated *Port*.

The

The Council for the Brewers had a Face ſo extremely inflamed and illuminated with Carbuncles, that I did not wonder to ſee him an Advocate for theſe Sophiſtications. His Rhetorick was likewiſe ſuch as I ſhould have expected from the common Draught, which I found he often drank to a great Exceſs. Indeed, I was ſo ſurpriſed at his Figure and Parts, that I ordered him to give me a Taſt of his uſual Liquor; which I had no ſooner drank, but I found a Pimple riſing in my Forehead; and felt ſuch a ſenſible Decay in my Underſtanding, that I would not proceed in the Trial till the Fume of it was entirely diſſipated.

This notable Advocate had little to ſay in the Defence of his Clients, but that they were under a Neceſſity of making Claret if they would keep open their Doors, it being the Nature of Mankind to love every Thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reaſon, That it might be as profitable to the Nation to make *French* Wine as *French* Hats; and concluded with the great Advantage that this had already brought to Part of the Kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court that the Lands in *Herefordſhire* were raiſed Two Years Purchaſe ſince the Beginning of the War.

When I had ſent out my Summons to theſe People, I gave at the ſame Time Orders to each of them to bring the ſeveral Ingredients he made uſe of in diſtinct Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two Rows on each Side of the Court. The Workmen were drawn up in Ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one Row of Phials were the ſeveral Colours they dealt in, and in the other the Taſts. He then ſhowed me on the Right Hand one who went by the Name of *Tom. Tintoret*, who (as he told me) was the greateſt Maſter in his Colouring of any Vintner in *London*. To give me a Proof

a Proof of his Art, he took a Glaſs of fair Water; and by the Infuſion of Three Drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a moſt beautiful pale *Burgundy*. Two more of the ſame Kind heightened it into a perfect *Languedoc*: From thence it paſſed into a florid *Hermitage*: And after having gone through Two or Three other Changes, by the Addition of a ſingle Drop, ended in a very deep *Pontack*. This ingenious Vertuoſo ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed at his Art, told me, That he had not an Opportunity of ſhowing it in Perfection, having only made uſe of Water for the Ground-Work of his Colouring: But that if I were to ſee an Operation upon Liquors of ſtronger Bodies, the Art would appear to a much greater Advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would pleaſe my Curioſity to ſee the Cyder of one Apple take only a Vermilion, when another, with a leſs Quantity of the ſame Infuſion, would riſe into a dark Purple, according to the different Texture of Parts in the Liquor. He informed me alſo, That he could hit the different Shades and Degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Roſe, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rheniſh* or *Moſelle*, *Perry* or *White Port*, to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the Ingenuity of this Vertuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a Profeſſion, I promiſed him, in Conſideration of his great Genius, to recommend him as a Partner to a Friend of mine, who has heaped up great Riches, and is a Scarlet Dyer.

The Artiſts on my other Hand were ordered in the Second Place to make ſome Experiments of their Skill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* ſtept out, and asked me, What I would be pleaſed to drink? At the ſame Time he filled out Three or Four white Liquors in a Glaſs, and told me, That it ſhould be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, That the Liquor

before him was as the naked Subſtance or firſt Matter of his Compound, to which he and his Friend, who ſtood over-againſt him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a Philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the Qualities and Eſſence of right *Bourdeaux*. Coming, coming, Sir, (ſaid he) with the Air of a Drawer; and after having caſt his Eye on the ſeveral Taſts and Flavours that ſtood before him, he took up a little Cruit that was filled with a kind of inky Juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the Glaſs of White-Wine, preſented it to me, and told me, This was the Wine over which moſt of the Buſineſs of the laſt Term had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty Drug which he held up in his Cruit as the Quinteſſence of *Engliſh Bourdeaux*, and therefore deſired him to give me a Glaſs of it by my ſelf, which he did with great Unwillingneſs. My Cat at that Time ſat by me upon the Elbow of my Chair; and as I did not care for making the Experiment upon my ſelf, I reached it to her to ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her Life; for notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh Tricks, quite contrary to her uſual Gravity, in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour ſhe fell into Convulſions; and had it not been a Creature more tenacious of Life than any other, would certainly have died under the Operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the Tortures of my innocent Domeſtick, and the unworthy Dealings of theſe Men, that I told them, if each of them had as many Lives as the injured Creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious Arts which they uſed for their Profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better than a kind of Aſſaſſins and Murderers within the Law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with me, and laid before me their whole

whole Practice, I diſmiſſed them for that Time; with a particular Requeſt, That they would not poiſon any of my Friends and Acquaintance, and take to ſome honeſt Livelihood without Loſs of Time.

For my own Part, I have reſolved hereafter to be very careful in my Liquors, and have agreed with a Friend of mine in the Army, upon their next March, to ſecure me Two Hogſheads of the beſt Stomach Wine in the Cellars of *Verſailles*, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the Comfort of my old Age.

The TATLER. [N° 132.

Habeo Senectuti magnum Gratiam, quæ mihi Sermonis Aviditatem auxit, Potionis & Cibi ſuſtulit. Tull. de Sen.

From *Thurſd. Febr.* 9. to *Saturd. Feb.* 11. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 10.

AFter having applied my Mind with more than ordinary Attention to my Studies, it is my uſual Cuſtom to relax and unbend it in the Converſation of ſuch as are rather eaſy than ſhining Companions. This I find particularly neceſſary for me before I retire to Reſt, in order to draw my Slumbers upon me by Degrees, and fall aſleep inſenſibly. This is the particular Uſe I make of a Set of heavy honeſt Men, with whom I have paſſed many Hours with much Indolence, though not with great Pleaſure. Their Converſation is a kind of Preparative for Sleep: It takes the Mind down from its Abſtractions, leads it into the familiar Traces of Thought, and lulls it into that

that State of Tranquillity, which is the Condition of a Thinking Man when he is but half awake. After this, my Reader will not be ſurpriſed to hear the Account which I am about to give of a Club of my own Contemporaries, among whom I paſs Two or Three Hours every Evening. This I look upon as taking my firſt Nap before I go to Bed. The Truth of it is, I ſhould think my ſelf unjuſt to Poſterity, as well as to the Society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a Member, did not I in ſome Part of my Writings give an Account of the Perſons among whom I have paſſed almoſt a Sixth Part of my Time for theſe laſt Forty Years. Our Club conſiſted originally of Fifteen; but partly by the Severity of the Law in arbitrary Times, and partly by the natural Effects of old Age, we are at preſent reduced to a Third Part of that Number: In which however we have this Conſolation, That the beſt Company is ſaid to conſiſt of Five Perſons. I muſt confeſs, beſides the aforementioned Benefit which I meet with in the Converſation of this ſelect Society, I am not the leſs pleaſed with the Company, in that I find my ſelf the greateſt Wit among them, and am heard as their Oracle in all Points of Learning and Difficulty.

Sir *Jeoffry Notch*, who is the oldeſt of the Club, has been in Poſſeſſion of the Right Hand Chair Time out of Mind, and is the only Man among us that has the Liberty of ſtirring the Fire. This our Foreman is a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, that came to a great Eſtate ſome Years before he had Diſcretion, and run it out in Hounds, Horſes, and Cock-fighting; for which Reaſon he looks upon himſelf as an honeſt worthy Gentleman who has had Misfortunes in the World, and calls every thriving Man a pitiful Upſtart.

Major *Matchlock* is the next Senior, who ſerved in the laſt Civil Wars, and has all the Battles by Heart. He does not think any Action in *Europe* worth

worth talking of ſince the Fight of *Marſton-Moor*; and every Night tells us of his having been knock'd off his Horſe at the Riſing of the *London* 'Prentices; for which he is in great Eſteem amongſt us.

Honeſt old *Dick Reptile* is the Third of our Society: He is a good natured indolent Man, who ſpeaks little himſelf, but laughs at our Jokes, and brings his young Nephew along with him, a Youth of Eighteen Years old, to ſhow him good Company, and give him a Taſt of the World. This young Fellow ſits generally ſilent; but whenever he opens his Mouth, or laughs at any Thing that paſſes, he is conſtantly told by his Uncle, after a jocular Manner, "Ay, ay, *Jack*, you 'young Men think us Fools; but we old Men 'know you are.

The greateſt Wit of our Company, next to my ſelf, is a Bencher of the neighbouring Inn, who in his Youth frequented the Ordinaries about *Charing Croſs*, and pretends to have been intimate with *Jack Ogle*. He has about Ten Diſtichs of *Hudibras* without Book, and never leaves the Club till he has applied them all. If any modern Wit be mentioned, or any Town Frolick ſpoken of, he ſhakes his Head at the Dulneſs of the preſent Age, and tells us a Story of *Jack Ogle*.

For my own Part, I am eſteemed among them, becauſe they ſee I am ſomething reſpected by others; though at the ſame Time I underſtand by their Behaviour, that I am conſidered by them as a Man of a great deal of Learning, but no Knowledge of the World; inſomuch that the Major ſometimes, in the Height of his Military Pride, calls me the Philoſopher: And Sir *Jeoffrey* no longer ago than laſt Night, upon a Diſpute what Day of the Month it was then in *Holland*, pulled his Pipe out of his Mouth, and cried, What does the Scholar ſay to it?

Our

Our Club meets preciſely at Six a Clock in the Evening; but I did not come laſt Night till half an Hour after Seven, by which Means I eſcaped the Battle of *Naſeby*, which the Major uſually begins at about three Quarters after Six: I found alſo, that my good Friend, the Bencher, had already ſpent three of his Diſtichs, and only waiting an Opportunity to hear a Sermon ſpoken of, that he might introduce the Couplet where *a-Stick* rhimes to *Eccleſiaſtick*. At my Entrance into the Room, they were naming a red Petticoat and a Cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a Story of *Jack Ogle*.

I had no ſooner taken my Seat, but Sir *Jeoffrey*, to ſhow his good Will towards me, gave me a Pipe of his own Tobacco, and ſtirred up the Fire. I look upon it as a Point of Morality, to be obliged by thoſe who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore in Requital for his Kindneſs, and to ſet the Converſation a going, I took the beſt Occaſion I could to put him upon telling us the Story of old *Gantlett*, which he always does with very particular Concern. He traced up his Deſcent on both Sides for ſeveral Generations, deſcribing his Diet and Manner of Life, with his ſeveral Battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This *Gantlett* was a Game-Cock, upon whoſe Head the Knight in his Youth had won Five hundred Pounds, and loſt Two thouſand. This naturally ſet the Major upon the Account of *Edge-hill* Fight, and ended in a Duel of *Jack Ogle*'s.

Old *Reptile* was extremely attentive to all that was ſaid, tho' it was the ſame he had heard every Night for theſe twenty Years, and upon all Occaſions, winked upon his Nephew to mind what paſſed.

This may ſuffice to give the World a Taſt of our innocent Converſation, which we ſpun out till about Ten of the Clock, when my Maid came with

with a Lanthorn to light me Home. I could not but reflect with my ſelf as I was going out upon the talkative Humour of old Men, and the little Figure which that Part of Life makes in one who cannot employ this natural Propenſity in Diſcourſes which would make him venerable. I muſt own, it makes me very melancholy in Company, when I hear a young Man begin a Story; and have often obſerved, That one of a Quarter of an Hour long in a Man of Five and twenty, gathers Circumſtances every Time he tells it, till it grows into a long *Canterbury* Tale of two Hours by that Time he is Threeſcore.

The only Way of avoiding ſuch a trifling and frivolous old Age, is, to lay up in our Way to it ſuch Stores of Knowledge and Obſervation as may make us uſeful and agreeable in our declining Years. The Mind of Man in a long Life will become a Magazine of Wiſdom or Folly, and will conſequently diſcharge it ſelf in ſomething impertinent or improving. For which Reaſon, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling Story Teller, ſo there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his Experience to the Entertainment and Advantage of Mankind.

In ſhort, we who are in the laſt Stage of Life, and are apt to indulge our ſelves in Talk, ought to conſider, if what we ſpeak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our Diſcourſe like that of *Neſtor*, which *Homer* compares to the Flowing of Honey for its Sweetneſs.

I am afraid I ſhall be thought guilty of this Exceſs I am ſpeaking of, when I cannot conclude without obſerving that *Milton* certainly thought of this Paſſage in *Homer*, when, in his Deſcription of an eloquent Spirit, he ſays, *His Tongue drop'd Manna.*

The TATLER. [Nº 133.

Deum tacent, Clamant. Tull.

From *Saturd. Feb.* 11. to *Tueſd. Feb.* 14. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 13.

Silence is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive Eloquence, and is on many Occaſions the Indication, of a great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a Part of Duty and Diſcretion, but none of them have conſidered it in this Light. *Homer* compares the Noiſe and Clamour of the *Trojans* advancing towards the Enemy, to the Cackling of Cranes when they invade an Army of Pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his Countrymen and Favorites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined March, and in the Depth of Silence. I find in the Accounts which are given us of ſome of the more *Eaſtern* Nations, where the Inhabitants are diſpoſed by their Conſtitutions and Climates to higher Strains of Thought, and more elevated Raptures than what we feel in the *Northern* Regions of the World, That Silence is a Religious Exerciſe among them. For When their publick Devotions are in the greateſt Fervour, and their Hearts lifted up as high as Words can raiſe them, there are certain Suſpenſions of Sound and Motion for a Time, in which the Mind is left to it ſelf, and ſuppoſed to ſwell with ſuch ſecret Conceptions as are too big for Utterance. I have my ſelf been wonderfully delighted with a Maſter-piece of Muſick, when in the very Tumult and Ferment of their Harmony, all the Voices and Inſtruments have

ſtopped

ſtopped ſhort on a ſudden, and after a little Pauſe recovered themſelves again as it were, and renewed the Concert in all its Parts. Methoughts this ſhort Interval of Silence has had more Muſick in it than any of the ſame Space of Time before or after it. There are Two Inſtances of Silence in the Two greateſt Poets that ever wrote, which have ſomething in them as ſublime as any of the Speeches in their whole Works. The Firſt is that of *Ajax*, in the Eleventh Book of the *Odyſſy*. *Ulyſſes*, who had been the Rival of this great Man in his Life, as well as the Occaſion of his Death, upon meeting his Shade in the Region of departed Heroes, makes his Submiſſion to him with an Humility next to Adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb ſullen Majeſty, and ſuch a Silence, as (to uſe the Words of *Longinus*) had more Greatneſs in it than any Thing he could have ſpoken.

The next Inſtance I ſhall mention is in *Virgil*, where the Poet, doubtleſs, imitates this Silence of *Ajax* in that of *Dido*; though I do not know that any of his Commentators have taken Notice of it. *Æneas* finding among the Shades of deſpairing Lovers, the Ghoſt of her who had lately died for him, with the Wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſes himſelf to her with expanded Arms, Floods of Tears, and the moſt paſſionate Profeſſions of his own Innocence as to what had happen'd; all which *Dido* receives with the Dignity and Diſdain of a reſenting Lover, and an injured Queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an Anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle Look. The Poet repreſents her as turning away her Face from him while he ſpoke to her; and after having kept her Eyes for ſome Time upon the Ground, as one that heard and contemned his Proteſtations, flying from him into the Grove of Myrtle, and into the Arms of another, whoſe Fidelity had deſerved her Love.

I have

I have often thought our Writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this Particular, and that they might have given great Beauty to their Works, by certain Stops and Pauſes in the Repreſentation of ſuch Paſſions, as it is not in the Power of Language to expreſs. There is ſomething like this in the laſt Act of *Venice Preſerv'd*, where *Pierre* is brought to an infamous Execution, and begs of his Friend, as a Reparation for paſt Injuries, and the only Favour he could do him, to reſcue him from the Ignominy of the Wheel by ſtabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful Requeſt, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his Face from his Friend's Ear, and burſts into Tears. The melancholy Silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himſelf enough to reveal his Mind to his Friend, raiſes in the Spectators a Griet that is inexpreſſible, and an Idea of ſuch a complicated Diſtreſs in the Actor, as Words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give Rules and Directions for proper Silences, as for *Penning a Whiſper:* But it is certain, that in the Extremity of moſt Paſſions, particularly Surprize, Admiration, Aſtoniſhment, nay, Rage it ſelf; there is nothing more graceful than to ſee the Play ſtand ſtill for a few Moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable Suſpence, during the Silence of a skilful Actor.

But Silence never ſhows it ſelf to ſo great an Advantage, as when it is made the Reply to Calumny and Defamation, provided that we give no juſt Occaſion for them. We might produce an Example of it in the Behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its Majeſty, and one, whoſe Silence, as well as his Perſon, was altogether Divine. When one conſiders this Subject only in its Sublimity, this great Inſtance could not but occur to me; and ſince I only make uſe of it to ſhow the higheſt Example of it, I hope I do not offend

in

in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt Reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if poſſible) with an entire Neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroick Acts of a great Mind: And I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the Behaviour of ſome of the greateſt Men in Antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them that they deſerved the Praiſe of the whole Age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the Envy and Detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a Man of Worth, who ſuffers under ſo ill a Treatment, is to lie by for ſome Time in Silence and Obſcurity, till the Prejudice of the Times be over, and his Reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of Pleaſure a Legacy of the famous Lord *Bacon*, one of the greateſt Genius's that our own or any Country has produced. After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Eſtate, in the uſual Form, he adds, 'My Name and Memory I leave to Foreign 'Nations, and to my Countrymen, after ſome 'Time be paſſed over.

At the ſame Time that I recommend this Philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs, I am ſo poor a Proficient in it my ſelf, that if in the Courſe of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my Paper is duller than in Conſcience it ought to be, I think the Time an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two Days.

I muſt not cloſe my Diſcourſe upon Silence, without informing my Reader, That I have by me an elaborate Treatiſe on the *Apoſiopeſis* called an *Et cætera*, it being a Figure much uſed by ſome learned Authors, and particularly by the great *Littleton*, who, as my Lord Chief Juſtice *Coke* obſerves, had a moſt admirable Talent at an *&c.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the Pretty Fellows, and my Fair Readers, I have thought fit to inſert the whole Paſſage above-

above-mentioned relating to *Dido*, as it is tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*.

Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear;
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In Secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endleſs Moans, and pining with Deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd Fire.
Here Procris, Eryphile *here, he found*
Baring her Breaſt, yet bleeding with the Wound
Made by her Son. He ſaw Paſiphae *there,*
With Phedra's *Ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous Pair;*
There Laodamia *with* Evadne *moves:*
Unhappy both, but loyal in their Loves.
Cæneus, *a Woman once, and once a Man;*
But ending in the Sex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe Phœnician Dido *ſtood;*
Freſh from her Wound, her Boſom bath'd in Blood.
Whom, when the Trojan *Hero hardly knew,*
Obſcure in Shades, and with a doubtful View,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he ſees the Moon's uncertain Light:)
With Tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen Shade,
And, as his Love inſpired him, thus he ſaid:
Unhappy Queen! Then is the common Breath
Of Rumour true, in your reported Death;
And I, alas, the Cauſe! By Heav'n, I vow,
And all the Powers that rule the Realms below,
Unwilling I forſook your friendly State,
Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.
Thoſe Gods, that Fate, whoſe unreſiſted Might,
Have ſent me to theſe Regions, void of Light,
Thro' the vaſt Empire of eternal Night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that, preſs'd with Grief,
My Flight ſhould urge you to this dire Relief.
Stay, ſtay your Steps, and liſten to my Vows;
'Tis the laſt Interview that Fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
With Tears and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.

Diſdain-

Diſdainfully ſhe look'd, then turning round;
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
And, what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful Sight,
Hid in the Forreſt, and the Shades of Night.
Then ſought Sicheus *thro' the ſhady Grove,*
Who anſwer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love.

The TATLER. [N° 134.

——— *Quis Talia fando,*
Myrmidonum Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyſſei,
Temperet a Lacrymis. Virg.

From *Tueſd. Febr.* 14. to *Thurſd. Febr.* 16. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 15.

I WAS awakened very early this Morning by the diſtant Crowing of a Cock, which I thought had the fineſt Pipe I ever heard. He ſeemed to me to ſtrain his Voice more than ordinary, as if he deſigned to make himſelf heard to the remoteſt Corner of this Lane. Having entertained my ſelf a little before I went to Bed with a Diſcourſe on the Tranſmigration of Men into other Animals, I could not but fancy that this was the Soul of ſome drowſy Bell-man who uſed to ſleep upon his Poſt, for which he was condemned to do Penance in Feathers, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Watches of the Night under the Outſide of a Cock. While I was thinking of the Condition of this poor Bell-man in Maſquerade, I heard a great Knocking at my Door, and was ſoon after told by my Maid, That my worthy Friend the tall black Gentleman, who frequents the Coffee-houſes hereabouts, deſired

to ſpeak with me. This ancient *Pythagorean*, who has as much Honeſty as any Man living, but good Nature to an Exceſs, brought me the following Petition, which I am apt to believe he penned himſelf, the Petitioner not being able to expreſs his Mind in Paper under his preſent Form, however famous he might have been for writing Verſes when he was in his original Shape.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*; *Cenſor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of *Job Chanticleer*, in Behalf of himſelf, and many other poor Sufferers in the ſame Condition;

Sheweth,

'THat whereas your Petitioner is truly deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Chanticleers*, at *Cock-Hall* near *Rumford* in *Eſſex*, it has been his Misfortune to come into the mercenary Hands of a certain ill-diſpoſed Perſon, commonly called an Higler, who, under the cloſe Confinement of a Pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to *London*; but hearing by Chance of your Worſhip's great Humanity towards Robin-Redbreſts and Tom-Tits, he is embolden'd to beſeech you to take his deplorable Condition into your tender Conſideration, who otherwiſe muſt ſuffer (with many Thouſands more as innocent as himſelf) that inhumane Barbarity of a *Shrove-Tueſday* Perſecution. We humbly hope, that our Courage and Vigilance may plead for us on this Occaſion.

'Your poor Petitioner moſt earneſtly implores your immediate Protection from the Inſolence of the Rabble, the Batteries of Catſticks, and a painful lingering Death.

And your Petitioner, &c.

From my Coup in Clare-Market, Febr. 13. 1709.

Upon

Upon Delivery of this Petition, the worthy Gentleman who preſented it, told me the Cuſtoms of many wiſe Nations of the *Eaſt*, through which he had travelled; That nothing was more frequent than to ſee a Derviſe lay out a whole Year's Income in the Redemption of Larks or Linets that had unhappily fallen into the Hands of Bird-Catchers: That it was alſo uſual to run between a Dog and a Bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to loſe the Uſe of a Limb in parting a Couple of furious Maſtiffs. He then inſiſted upon the Ingratitude and Diſingenuity of treating in this Manner a neceſſary and Domeſtick Animal, that has made the whole Houſe keep good Hours, and call'd up the Cook-Maid for five Years together. What would a *Turk* ſay, continued he, ſhould he hear, that it is a common Entertainment in a Nation which pretends to be one of the moſt civilized of *Europe*, to tie an innocent Animal to a Stake, and put him to an ignominious Death, who has perhaps been the Guardian and Proveditor of a poor Family as long as he was able to get Eggs for his Miſtreſs.

I thought what this Gentleman ſaid was very reaſonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aſide a Cuſtom which makes us appear barbarous to Nations much more rude and unpoliſhed than our ſelves. Some *French* Writers have repreſented this Diverſion of the common People much to our Diſadvantage, and imputed it to natural Fierceneſs and Cruelty of Temper; as they do ſome other Entertainments peculiar to our Nation: I mean thoſe elegant Diverſions of Bull-baiting and Prize-fighting, with the like ingenious Recreations of the Bear-garden. I wiſh I knew how to anſwer this Reproach which is caſt upon us, and excuſe the Death of ſo many innocent Cocks, Bulls, Dogs, and

Bears, as have been ſet together by the Ears, or died untimely Deaths, only to make us Sport.

It will be ſaid, That theſe are the Entertainments of common People. It is true; but they are the Entertainments of no other common People. Beſides, I am afraid there is a Tincture of the ſame ſavage Spirit in the Diverſions of thoſe of higher Rank, and more refined Reliſh. *Rapine* obſerves, That the *Engliſh* Theatre very much delights in Bloodſhed, which he likewiſe repreſents as an Indication of our Tempers. I muſt own, there is ſomething very horrid in the publick Executions of an *Engliſh* Tragedy. Stabbing and Poiſoning, which are performed behind the Scenes in other Nations, muſt be done openly among us, to gratify the Audience.

When poor *Sandford* was upon the Stage, I have ſeen him groaning upon a Wheel, ſtuck with Daggers, impaled alive, calling his Executioners, with a dying Voice, Cruel Dogs and Villains! And all this to pleaſe his judicious Spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with ſeeing a Man in Torment ſo well acted. The Truth of it is, the Politeneſs of our *Engliſh* Stage, in Regard to *Decorum*, is very extraordinary. We act Murders to ſhow our Intrepidity, and Adulteries to ſhow our Gallantry: Both of them are frequent in our moſt taking Plays, with this Difference only, That the Firſt are done in the Sight of the Audience, and the other wrought up to ſuch an Height upon the Stage, that they are almoſt put in Execution before the Actors can get behind the Scenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is juſt Ground for thoſe Conſequences which our Enemies draw againſt us from theſe Practices; but methinks one would be ſorry for any Manner of Occaſion for ſuch Miſrepreſentations of us. The Virtues of Tenderneſs, Compaſſion, and Humanity, are thoſe by which Men are diſtinguiſh'd

from Brutes, as much as by Reaſon it ſelf; and it would be the greateſt Reproach to a Nation to diſtinguiſh it ſelf from all others by any Defect in theſe particular Virtues. For which Reaſons, I hope that my Dear Countrymen will no longer expoſe themſelves by an Effuſion of Blood, whether it be of Theatrical Heroes, Cocks, or any other innocent Animals, which we are not obliged to ſlaughter for our Safety, Convenience, or Nouriſhment. Where any of theſe Ends are not ſerv'd in the Deſtruction of a living Creature, I cannnot but pronounce it a great Piece of Cruelty, if not a kind of Murder.

The TATLER. N° 135.

Quod ſi in hoc erro, quod Animos Hominum immortales eſſe credam, libenter erro: Nec mihi hunc Errorem, quo delector, dum vivo extorqueri volo: Sin Mortuus (ut quidam Minuti Philoſophi cenſent) nihil ſentiam; non vereor, ne hunc Errorem meum mortui Philoſophi irrideant. Tull.

From *Thurſd. Febr.* 16. to *Saturd. Febr.* 18. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 17.

SEveral Letters which I have lately received give me Information, That ſome well-diſpoſed Perſons have taken Offence at my uſing the Word Free-Thinker as a Term of Reproach. To ſet therefore this Matter in a clear Light, I muſt declare, That no one can have a greater Veneration than my ſelf for the Free-Thinkers of Antiquity, who acted the ſame Part in thoſe Times, as the great Men of the Reformation did in ſeveral Nations of *Europe*, by exerting themſelves

ſelves againſt the Idolatry and Superſtition of the Times in which they lived. It was by this noble Impulſe that *Socrates* and his Diſciples, as well as all the Philoſophers of Note in *Greece*, and *Cicero*, *Seneca*, with all the Learned Men of *Rome*, endeavoured to enlighten their Contemporaries amidſt the Darkneſs and Ignorance in which the World was then ſunk and buried. The great Points which theſe Free-Thinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the Minds of Men, was, the Formation of the Univerſe, the Superintendency of Providence, the Perfection of the Divine Nature, the Immortality of the Soul, and the future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. They all complied with the Religion of their Country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch Particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental Doctrines of Mankind. On the contrary, the Perſons who now ſet up for Free-Thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour by a little Traſh of Words and Sophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very Principles, for th Vindication of which, Freedom of Thought at firſt became laudable and heroick. Theſe Apoſtates, from Reaſon and good Senſe, can look at the glo ious Frame of Nature, without paying an Adoration to him that raiſed it; can conſider the great Revolutions in the Univerſe, without lifting up their Minds to that Superior Power which hath the Direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his Ways towards Men; can level Mankind with the Beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own Minds all the pleaſing Hopes of a future State, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid Security againſt the Terrors of it. If one were to take the Word Prieſtcraft out of the Mouths of theſe ſhallow Monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the Help of this ſingle Term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good

Works

Works of the moſt Learned and Venerable Order of Men, and harden the Hearts of the Ignorant againſt the very Light of Nature, and the common received Notions of Mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch Miſcreants as theſe upon the Foot of fair Diſputants, but to pour out Contempt upon them, and ſpeak of them with Scorn and Infamy, as the Peſts of Society, the Revilers of Humane Nature, and the Blaſphemers of a Being, whom a good Man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. *Cicero*, after having mentioned the great Heroes of Knowledge that recommended this Divine Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, calls thoſe ſmall Pretenders to Wiſdom who declared againſt it, certain *Minute* Philoſophers, uſing a Diminitive even of the Word Little, to expreſs the deſpicable Opinion he had of them. The Contempt he throws upon them in another Paſſage is yet more remarkable, where, to ſhow the mean Thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the Wrong with *Plato*, than in the Right with ſuch Company. There is indeed nothing in the World ſo ridiculous as one of theſe grave Philoſophical Free-Thinkers, that hath neither Paſſions nor Appetites to gratify, no Heats of Blood nor Vigour of Conſtitution that can turn his Syſtems of Infidelity to his Advantage, or raiſe Pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the Belief of an Hereafter. One that has neither Wit, Gallantry, Mirth, or Youth to indulge by theſe Notions, but only a pert, joyleſs uncomfortable Vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of Mankind, is rather to be regarded as a Miſchievous Lunatick, than a miſtaken Philoſopher. A chaſt Infidel, a ſpeculative Libertine, is an Animal that I ſhould not believe to be in Nature, did I not ſometimes meet with this Species of Men, that plead for the Indulgence of their Paſſions in the

midſt of a ſevere ſtudious Life, and talk againſt the Immortality of the Soul over a Diſh of Coffee.

I would fain ask a *Minute* Philoſopher, What Good he propoſes to Mankind by the publiſhing of his Doctrines? Will they make a Man a better Citizen, or Father of a Family; a more endearing Husband, Friend, or Son? Will they enlarge his publick or private Virtues, or correct any of his Frailties or Vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch Opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our Thoughts? Do they contribute to the Happineſs, or raiſe the Dignity of Humane Nature? The only Good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, That they baniſh Terrors, and ſet the Mind at Eaſe. But whoſe Terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any Strength in their Arguments, they would give great Diſturbance to Minds that are influenc'd by Virtue, Honour, and Morality, and take from us the only Comforts and Supports of Affliction, Sickneſs, and Old Age. The Minds therefore which they ſet at Eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent Criminals and Malefactors, and which, to the Good of Mankind, ſhould be in perpetual Terror and Alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for a Free-Thinker, in Proportion as the Inſolence of Scepticiſm is abated in him by Years and Knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by Sorrow or Sickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general Conceptions of reaſonable Creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the Apoſtates turning from the Revolt toward the End of their Lives, and employing the Refuſe of their Parts in promoting thoſe Truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The Hiſtory of a Gentleman in *France* is very well known, who was ſo zealous a Promoter of Infidelity,

Infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect Company of Diſciples, and travelled into all Parts of the Kingdom to make Converts. In the Midſt of his fantaſtical Succeſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a Senſe of his Condition, that after he had paſſed ſome Time in great Agonies and Horrors of Mind, he begged thoſe who had the Care of burying him, to dreſs his Body in the Habit of a Capuchin, that the Devil might not run away with it. And to do further Juſtice upon himſelf, deſired 'em to tie an Halter about his Neck, as a Mark of that ignominious Puniſhment, which in his own Thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have Perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe Vermin might be animadverted on by any Legal Penalties; tho' I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the Profeſſions of their Infidelity, ſhould have ſuch Tokens of Infamy fixed upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe Bodies which are given up by the Owners to Oblivion and Putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in Hope, and ſhall riſe in Glory. But at the ſame Time that I am againſt doing them the Honour of the Notice of our Laws, which ought not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch Criminals in Being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed Converſations while they are venting theſe abſurd Opinions; and ſhould think, that if on any ſuch Occaſion, half a Dozen of the moſt robuſt Chriſtians in the Company would lead one of theſe Gentlemen to a Pump, or convey him into a Blanket, they would do very good Service both to Church and State. I do not know how the Laws ſtand in this Particular; but I hope, whatever Knocks, Bangs or Thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt Intention, would not be conſtrued as a Breach of the Peace. I dare ſay, they would not be

returned by the Perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe Fools may ſay in the Vanity of their Hearts, they are too wiſe to riſque their Lives upon the Uncertainty of their Opinions.

When I was a young Man about this Town, I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black-Horſe* in *Holbourn*, where the Perſon that uſually preſided at the Table was a rough old-faſhioned Gentleman, who, according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. It happened one Day that a noiſy young Officer, bred in *France*, was venting ſome new-fangled Notions, and ſpeaking, in the Gaiety of his Humour, againſt the Diſpenſations of Providence. The Major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of one for whom all the Company had an Honour; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious Manner. Young Man, ſaid he, do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his Bread. Conſider whoſe Air you breathe, whoſe Preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make uſe of to his Diſhonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jeſt, asked him, if he was going to preach? But at the ſame Time deſired him to take Care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour, ſays the Major, Thou art an Infidel and a Blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch. In ſhort, the Quarrel ran ſo high, that the Major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the Garden, the old Fellow adviſed his Antagoniſt to conſider the Place into which one Paſs might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a Degree of Scurrility, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear; Sirrah, ſays he, If a Thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe the for thy Profaneneſs

neſs to thy Maker, and thy Sawcineſs to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which ſo terrified his Antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his Knees. In this Poſture he begged his Life; but the Major refuſed to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a ſhort extemporary Prayer which the old Gentleman dictated to him upon the Spot, and which his Proſelyte repeated after him in the Preſence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the Garden.

The TATLER. [N° 136.

Deprendi miſerum eſt: Fabio vel judice vincam. Hor.

From *Saturday Febr.* 18. to *Tueſday Febr.* 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, February 18.

The Hiſtory of Tom. Varniſh.

BECAUSE I have a profeſſed Averſion to long Beginnings of Stories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, That there dwells near the *Royal-Exchange* as happy a Couple as ever enter'd into Wedlock. Theſe live in that mutual Confidence of each other, which renders the Satisfactions of Marriage even greater than thoſe of Friendſhip, and makes Wife and Huſband the deareſt Appellations of Humane Life. Mr. *Ballance* is a Merchant of good Conſideration, and underſtands the World not from Speculation, but Practice. His Wife is the Daughter of an honeſt Houſe, ever bred in a Family-Way; and has, from a natural good Underſtanding, and great Innocence, a Freedom which

Men

Men of Senſe know to be the certain Sign of Virtue, and Fools take to be an Encouragement to Vice.

Tom. Varniſh, a young Gentleman of the *Middle Temple*, by the Bounty of a good Father who was ſo obliging as to die, and leave him in his Twenty fourth Year, beſides a good Eſtate, a large Sum, which lay in the Hands of Mr. *Ballance*, had by this Means an Intimacy at his Houſe; and being one of thoſe hard Students who read Plays for Improvement in the Law, took his Rules of Life from thence. Upon mature Deliberation, he conceived it very proper, that he, as a Man of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town, ſhould have an Intrigue with his Merchant's Wife. He no ſooner thought of this Adventure, but he began it by an amorous Epiſtle to the Lady, and a faithful Promiſe to wait upon her, at a certain Hour the next Evening, when he knew her Husband was to be abſent.

The Letter was no ſooner received, but it was communicated to the Husband, and produced no other Effect in him, than that he joined with his Wife to raiſe all the Mirth they could out of this fantaſtical Piece of Gallantry. They were ſo little concerned at this dangerous Man of Mode, that they plotted Ways to perplex him without hurting him. *Varniſh* comes exactly at his Hour; and the Lady's well acted Confuſion at his Entrance, gave him Opportunity to repeat ſome Couplets very fit for the Occaſion with very much Grace and Spirit. His Theatrical Manner of making Love was interrupted by an Alarm of the Husband's coming; and the Wife, in a perſonated Terror, beſeeched him. If he had any Value for the Honour of a Woman that loved him, he would jump out of the Window. He did ſo, and fell upon Feather-Beds placed on purpoſe to receive him.

It is not to be conceived how great the Joy of an amorous Man is when he has ſuffered for his Miſtreſs, and is never the worſe for it. *Varniſh* the next Day writ a moſt excellent Billet, wherein he ſaid all that Imagination could form upon the Occaſion. He violently proteſted, going out of the Window was no Way terrible, but as it was going from her; with ſeveral other kind Expreſſions, which procured him a Second Aſſignation. Upon his ſecond Viſit, he was conveyed by a faithful Maid into her Bed-Chamber, and left there to expect the Arrival of her Miſtreſs. But the Wench, according to her Inſtructions, ran in again to him, and locked the Door after her to keep out her Maſter. She had juſt Time enough to convey the Lover into a Cheſt before ſhe admitted the Husband and his Wife into the Room.

You may be ſure that Trunk was abſolutely neceſſary to be open'd; but upon her Husband's ordering it, ſhe aſſured him, ſhe had taken all the Care imaginable in packing up the Things with her own Hand, and he might ſend the Trunk aboard as ſoon as he thought fit. The eaſie Husband believed his Wife, and the good Couple went to Bed; *Varniſh* having the Happineſs to paſs the Night in his Miſtreſs's Bed-Chamber without Moleſtation. The Morning aroſe, but our Lover was not well ſituated to obſerve her Bluſhes; ſo that all we know of his Sentiments on this Occaſion, is, That he heard *Ballance* ask for the Key, and ſay, he would himſelf go with this Cheſt, and have it opened before the Captain of the Ship, for the greater Safety of ſo valuable a Lading.

The Goods were hoiſted away, and Mr. *Ballance* marching by his Cheſt with great Care and Diligence, omitted nothing that might give his Paſſenger Perplexity. But to conſummate all, he delivered the Cheſt, with ſtrict Charge,

in

in caſe they were in Danger of being taken, to throw it over-board, for there were Letters in it, the Matter of which might be of great Service to the Enemy.

N. B. It is not thought adviſable to proceed further in this Account, Mr. *Varniſh* being juſt returned from his Travels, and willing to conceal the Occaſion of his firſt applying himſelf to the Languages.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Febr. 20.

This Day came in a Mail from *Holland*, with a Confirmation of our late Advices, That a Treaty of Peace would very ſuddenly be ſet on Foot, and that Yachts were appointed by the States to convey the Miniſters of *France* from *Moerdyke* to *Gertruydenburgh*, which is appointed for the Place wherein this important Negotiation is to be tranſacted. It is ſaid, This Affair has been in Agitation ever ſince the Cloſe of the laſt Campaign; Monſieur *Petticum* having been appointed to receive from Time to Time the Overtures of the Enemy. During the whole Winter, the Miniſters of *France* have uſed their utmoſt Skill in forming ſuch Anſwers as might amuſe the Allies, in Hopes of a favourable Event; either in the *North*, or ſome other Part of *Europe*, which might affect ſome Part of the Alliance too nearly to leave it in a Capacity of adhering firmly to the Intereſt of the whole. In all this Tranſaction, the *French* King's own Name has been as little made uſe of as poſſible: But the Seaſon of the Year advancing too faſt to admit of much longer Delays in the preſent Condition of *France*, Monſieur *Torci*, in the Name of the King, ſent a Letter to Monſieur *Petticum*, wherein he ſays, *That the King is willing all the Preliminary Articles ſhall reſt as they are during the Treaty for the* 37*th.*

Upon the Receipt of this Advice, Paſſports were ſent to the *French* Court, and their Miniſters

ſters are expected at *Moerdyke* on the 5th of the next Month.

Sheer-Lane, February 20.

I have been earneſtly ſolicited for a further Term, for wearing the Fardingal by ſeveral of the Fair Sex, but more eſpecially by the following Petitioners.

The humble Petition of Deborah Hark, Sarah Threadpaper, *and* Rachel Thimble, *Spinſters, and ſingle Women, commonly called Waiting-Maids, in Behalf of themſelves and their Siſterhood*;

'*Sheweth*,

'That your Worſhip hath been pleaſed to order and command, That no Perſon or Perſons ſhall preſume to wear quilted Petticoats, on Forfeiture of the ſaid Petticoats, or Penalty of wearing Ruffs, after the 17th Inſtant now expired.

'That your Petitioners have Time out of Mind been entitled to wear their Ladies Clothes, or to ſell the ſame.

'That the Sale of the ſaid Clothes is ſpoiled by your Worſhip's ſaid Prohibition.

'Your Petitioners therefore moſt humbly pray, That your Worſhip would pleaſe to allow, That all Gentlewomen's Gentlewomen may be allowed to wear the ſaid Dreſs, or to repair the Loſs of ſuch a Perquiſite in ſuch Manner as your Worſhip ſhall think fit.

And your Petitioner, &c.

I do allow the Allegations of this Petition to be juſt, and forbid all Perſons but the Petitioners, or thoſe who ſhall purchaſe from them, to wear the ſaid Garment after the Date hereof.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 137.

Ter Centum tonat Ore Deos Erebumq; Chaosq;
Tergeminamq; Hecaten. —— Virg.

From *Tueſd. Febr.* 21. to *Thurſd. Febr.* 23. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 22.

DICK *Reptile* and I ſat this Evening later than the reſt of the Club; and as ſome Men are better Company when only with one Friend, others when there is a large Number, I found *Dick* to be of the former Kind. He was bewailing to me in very juſt Terms, the Offences which he frequently met with in the Abuſe of Speech: Some uſe Ten Times more Words than they need, ſome put in Words quite foreign to their Purpoſe, and others adorn their Diſcourſes with Oaths and Blaſphemies by Way of Tropes and Figures. What my good Friend ſtarted, dwelt upon me after I came Home this Evening, and led me into an Enquiry with my ſelf, Whence ſhould ariſe ſuch ſtrange Exereſcencies in Diſcourſe? Whereas it muſt be obvious to all reaſonable Beings, That the ſooner a Man ſpeaks his Mind, the more complaiſant he is to the Man with whom he talks: But upon mature Deliberation, I am come to this Reſolution, That for One Man who ſpeaks to be underſtood, there are Ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient *Greeks* had little independent Syllables called Expletives, which they brought into their Diſcourſes both in Verſe and Proſe, for no other Purpoſe but for the better Grace and Sound of their Sentences and Periods. I know no Example but this which can authoriſe the Uſe of more

more Words than are neceſſary. But whether it be from this Freedom taken by that wiſe Nation, or however it ariſes, *Dick Reptile* hit upon a very juſt and common Cauſe of Offence in the Generality of the People of all Orders. We have one here in our Lane who ſpeaks nothing without quoting an Authority; for it is always with him, So and ſo, *as the Man ſaid*. He asked me this Morning, How I did? *as the Man ſaid*; and hoped I would come now and then to ſee him, *as the Man ſaid*. I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himſelf upon any Subject, but he cries, He only ſpeaks his *poor Judgment*; this is his humble Opinion; or as for his Part, if he might preſume to offer any Thing on that Subject. But of all the Perſons who add Elegancies and Superfluities to their Diſcourſes, thoſe who deſerve the foremoſt Rank, are the Swearers; and the Lump of theſe may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common Diſtinction of High and Low. Dulneſs and Barrenneſs of Thought is the Original of it in both theſe Sects, and they differ only in Conſtitution: The Low is generally a phlegmatick, and the High a cholerick Coxcomb. The Man of Phlegm is ſenſible of the Emptineſs of his Diſcourſe, and will tell you, That *I'ſackings*, ſuch a Thing is true: Or if you warm him a little, he may turn into Paſſion, and cry, *Odsbodikins*, you do not ſay right. But the High affects a Sublimity in Dulneſs, and invokes Hell and Damnation at the Breaking of a Glaſs, or the Slowneſs of a Drawer.

I was the other Day trudging along *Fleetſtreet* on Foot, and an old Army-Friend came up with me. We were both going towards *Weſtminſter*, and finding the Streets were ſo crowded that we could not keep together, we reſolved to club for a Coach. This Gentleman I knew to be the Firſt of the Order of the Cholerick. I muſt confeſs, (were there no Crime in it) nothing could be

be more diverting than the Impertinence of the High Juror: For whether there is Remedy or not againſt what offends him, ſtill he is to ſhow he is offended; and he muſt ſure not omit to be magnificently paſſionate, by falling on all Things in his Way. We were ſtopp'd by a Train of Coaches at *Temple-Bar*. What the Devil! (ſays my Companion) cannot you drive on Coachman? D---n you all, for a Set of Sons of Whores, you will ſtop here to be paid by the Hour! There is not ſuch a Set of confounded Dogs as the Coachmen unhang'd! But theſe raſcally Cits--- 'Ounds, why ſhould not there be a Tax to make theſe Dogs widen their Gates? Oh! but the Hell-hounds move at laſt. Ay, ſaid I, I knew you wou'd make 'em whip on if once they heard you--- No, ſays he; but would it not fret a Man to the Devil, to pay for being carried ſlower than he can walk. Lookee, there is for ever a Stop at this Hole by St. *Clement*'s Church. Blood, you Dog!--- Harkee, Sirrah, --- Why, and be d--n'd to you, do not you drive over that Fellow?---- Thunder, Furies, and Damnation! I'll cut your Ears off, you Fellow before there.--- Come hither, you Dog you, and let me ring your Neck round your Shoulders. We had a Repetition of the ſame Eloquence at the *Cockpit*, and the Turning into *Palace-Yard*.

This gave me a perfect Image of the Inſignificancy of the Creatures who practiſe this Enormity; and made me conclude, That it is ever Want of Senſe makes a Man guilty in this Kind. It was excellently well ſaid, That this Folly had no Temptation to excuſe it, no Man being born of a Swearing Conſtitution. In a Word, a few rumbling Words and Conſonants clapped together, without any Senſe, will make an accompliſhed Swearer: And it is needleſs to dwell long upon this Bluſtring Impertinence, which is already baniſhed out of the Society of well-bred Men,

Men, and can be uſeful only to Bullies and ill Tragick Writers, who would have Sound and Noiſe paſs for Courage and Senſe.

St. James's Coffee houſe, Feb. 22.

There arrived a Meſſenger laſt Night from *Harwich*, who left that Place juſt as the Duke of *Marlborough* was going on Board. The Character of this important General going out by the Command of his Queen, and at the Requeſt of his Country, put me in Mind of that noble Figure which *Shakeſpear* gives *Harry* the Fifth upon his Expedition againſt *France*. The Poet wiſhes for Abilities to repreſent ſo great an Hero.

Oh for a Muſe of Fire! [ſays he]
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars; *and at his Heels,*
Leaſh'd in, like Hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword and Fire,
Crouch for Employments.

A Conqueror drawn like the God of Battle, with ſuch a dreadful Leaſh of Hell-hounds at his Command, makes a Picture of as much Majeſty and Terror, as it is to be met with in any Poet.

Shakeſpear underſtood the Force of this particular Allegory ſo well, that he had it in his Thoughts in another Paſſage, which is altogether as Daring and Sublime as the former. What I mean, is in the Tragedy of *Julius Cæſar*, where *Antony*, after having foretold the Bloodſhed and Deſtruction that ſhould be brought upon the Earth by the Death of that great Man; to fill up the Horror of his Deſcription, adds the following Verſes:

And Cæſar's *Spirit ranging for Revenge,*
With Ate *by his Side, come hot from Hell,*
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry Havock; *and let ſlip the Dogs of War.*

I do not queſtion but theſe Quotations will call to Mind in my Readers of Learning and Taſt, that

that imaginary Perſon deſcribed by *Virgil* with the ſame Spirit. He mentions it upon the Occaſion of a Peace which was reſtored to the *Roman* Empire, and which we may now hope for from the Departure of that great Man who has given Occaſion to theſe Reflections. The Temple of *Janus* (ſays he) ſhall be ſhut, and in the Midſt of it Military Fury ſhall ſit upon a Pile of broken Arms, loaded with an Hundred Chains, bellowing with Madneſs, and grinding his Teeth in Blood.

Claudentur Belli Portæ, Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper Arma, & Centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt Tergum nodis, fremit horridus Ore cruento.

‘ *Janus* himſelf before his Fane ſhall wait,
‘ And keep the dreadful Iſſues of his Gate,
‘ With Bolts and Iron Bars. Within remains
‘ Impriſon'd Fury bound in Brazen Chains;
‘ High on a Trophy rais'd of uſeleſs Arms,
‘ He ſits, and threats the World with vain Alarms.
Dryden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Tickets which were delivered out for the Benefit of Senior Nicolini Grimaldi *on the 24th Inſtant, will be taken on* Thurſday *the 2d of* March, *his Benefit being deferred till that Day.*

N. B. *In all Opera's for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper Time and in Tune, the Matter of the ſaid Lightning is to be of the fineſt Roſin; and, for the Sake of Harmony, the ſame which is uſed to the beſt* Cremona *Fiddles.*

Note alſo, That the True Perfumed Lightning is only prepared and ſold by Mr. Charles Lillie, *at the Corner of* Beauford-Buildings.

The Lady who has choſen Mr. Bickerſtaff *for her Valentine, and is at a Loſs what to preſent him with, is deſired to make him, with her own Hands, a warm Nightcap.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 138.

Secretoſq; Pios, his dantem Jura Catonem. Virg.

From *Thurſd. Febr.* 23. to *Saturd. Febr.* 25. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, February 24.

IT is an Argument of a clear and worthy Spirit in a Man to be able to diſengage himſelf from the Opinions of others, ſo far as not to let the Deference due to the Senſe of Mankind inſnare him to act againſt the Dictates of his own Reaſon. But the Generality of the World are ſo far from walking by any ſuch Maxim, that it is almoſt a ſtanding Rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old Friend Mr. *Hart* ſpeak it as an Obſervation among the Players, That it is impoſſible to act with Grace, except the Actor has forgot that he is before an Audience Till he has arrived at that, his Motion, his Air, his every Step and Geſture, has ſomething in them which diſcovers he is under a Reſtraint for Fear of being ill received; or if he conſiders himſelf as in the Preſence of thoſe who approve his Behaviour, you ſee an Affectation of that Pleaſure run through his whole Carriage. It is as common in Life, as upon the Stage, to behold a Man in the moſt indifferent Action betray a Senſe he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have ſuch an immoderate Reliſh for Applauſe, that they expect it for Things, which in themſelves are ſo frivolous, that it is impoſſible, without this Affectation, to make them appear worthy either of Blame or Praiſe. There is *Will Glare*, ſo paſſionately intent upon being admired, that

that when you ſee him in publick Places, every Muſcle of his Face diſcovers his Thoughts are fixed upon the Conſideration of what Figure he makes. He will often fall into a muſing Poſture to attract Obſervation, and is then obtruding himſelf upon the Company when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little Arts are the certain and infallible Tokens of a ſuperficial Mind, as the avoiding Obſervation is the Sign of a great and ſublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a Man to judge even of his own Actions, without forming to himſelf an Idea of what he ſhould act, were it in his Power to execute all his Deſires without the Obſervation of the reſt of the World. There is an Allegorical Fable in *Plato*, which ſeems to admoniſh us, That we are very little acquainted with our ſelves, while we know our Actions are to paſs the Cenſures of others; but had we the Power to accompliſh all our Wiſhes unobſerved, we ſhould then eaſily inform our ſelves how far we are poſſeſſed of Real and Intrinſick Virtue. The Fable I was going to mention, is that of *Gyges*, who is ſaid to have had an inchanted Ring, which had in it a miraculous Quality, making him who wore it viſible or inviſible, as he turned it to or from his Body. The Uſe *Gyges* made of his occaſional Inviſibility, was, by the Advantage of it, to violate a Queen, and murder a King. *Tully* takes Notice of this Allegory, and ſays very handſomly, That a Man of Honour who had ſuch a Ring, would act juſt in the ſame Manner as he would do without it. It is indeed no ſmall Pitch of Virtue under the Temptation of Impunity, and the Hopes of accompliſhing all a Man's Deſires, not to tranſgreſs the Rules of Juſtice and Virtue; but this rather not being an ill Man, than being poſitively a good one; and it ſeems wonderful, that ſo great a Soul as that of *Tully*, ſhould not form to himſelf a Thouſand worthy Actions

which a virtuous Mind would be prompted to by the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Secret. There are certainly ſome Part of Mankind who are Guardian Beings to the other. *Salluſt* could ſay of *Cato*, *That he had rather be than appear good*; but indeed, this Eulogium roſe no higher than (as I juſt now hinted) to an Inoffenſiveneſs, rather than an active Virtue. Had it occurred to the noble Orator to repreſent, in his Language, the glorious Pleaſures of a Man ſecretly employed in Beneficence and Generoſity, it would certainly have made a more charming Page than any he has now left behind him. How might a Man, furniſhed with *Gyges*'s Secret, employ it in bringing together diſtant Friends, laying Snares for creating Good-will in the room of groundleſs Hatred; in removing the Pangs of an unjuſt Jealouſy, the Shyneſs of an imperfect Reconciliation, and the Tremor of an awful Love? Such a one could give Confidence to baſhful Merit, and Confuſion to over-bearing Impudence.

Certain it is, That ſecret Kindneſſes done to Mankind, are as beautiful as ſecret Injuries are deteſtable. To be inviſibly good, is as God-like, as to be inviſibly ill, Diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to ſay the Age we live in is, there are ſtill amongſt us Men of illuſtrious Minds, who enjoy all the Pleaſures of good Actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens among others very worthy Inſtances of a publick Spirit, one of which I am obliged to diſcover, becauſe I know not otherwiſe how to obey the Commands of the Benefactor. A Citizen of *London* has given Directions to Mr. *Rainer*, the Writing Maſter of *Paul*'s School, to educate at his Charge Ten Boys (who ſhall be nominated by me) in Writing and Accompts, till they ſhall be fit for any Trade. I deſire therefore ſuch as know any proper Objects for receiving this Bounty, to give Notice thereof to Mr. *Mer-*

Mr. *Morphew*, or Mr. *Lillie*, and they ſhall, if properly qualified, have Inſtructions accordingly.

Actions of this Kind have in them ſomething ſo tranſcendent, that it is an Injury to applaud them, and a Diminution of that Merit which conſiſts in ſhunning our Approbation. We ſhall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious Obſcurity, and ſilently admire their Virtue, who can contemn the moſt delicious of Humane Pleaſures, that of receiving due Praiſe. Such Celeſtial Diſpoſitions very juſtly ſuſpend the Diſcovery of their Benefactions, till they come where their Actions cannot be miſinterpreted, and receive their firſt Congratulations in the Company of Angels.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff, *by a Letter bearing Date this 24th of* February, *has received Information, That there are in and about the* Royal-Exchange *a Sort of Perſons commonly known by the Name of* Whetters, *who drink themſelves into an intermediate State of being neither drunk or ſober before the Hours of* 'Change, *or Buſineſs, and in that Condition buy and ſell Stocks, diſcount Notes, and do many other Acts of well-diſpoſed Citizens; This is to give Notice, That from this Day forward, no* Whetter *ſhall be able to give or endorſe any Note, or execute any other Point of Commerce, after the 3d half Pint, before the Hour of One: And whoever ſhall tranſact any Matter or Matters with a* Whetter, (*not being himſelf of that Order*) *ſhall be conducted to* Moorfields *upon the firſt Application of his next a kin.*

N. B. *No Tavern near the* 'Change *ſhall deliver Wine to ſuch as drink at the Bar ſtanding, except the ſame ſhall be three Parts of the beſt Cyder; and the Maſter of the Houſe ſhall produce a Certificate of the ſame from Mr.* Tintoret, *or ſome other credible Wine-Painter.*

Whereas

Whereas the Model of the intended Bedlam *is now finiſhed, and that the Edifice it ſelf will be very ſuddenly begun; it is deſired, That all ſuch as have Relations, whom they would recommend to our Care, would bring in their Proofs with all ſpeed, none being to be admitted of courſe but Lovers, who are put into an immediate* Regimen. *Young Politicians alſo are received without Fees or Examination.*

The TATLER. [N° 139.

——— *Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe*
Non poſſit, cum laudatur Dis æqua Poteſtas. Juv.

From *Saturd. Febr.* 25. to *Tueſday. Febr.* 28. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, Febuary 27.

WHEN I reflect upon the many Nights I have ſat up for ſome Months laſt paſt in the greateſt Anxiety for the Good of my Neighbours and Contemporaries, it is no ſmall Diſcouragement to me, to ſee how ſlow a Progreſs I make in the Reformation of the World. But indeed I muſt do my Female Readers the Juſtice to own, that their tender Hearts are much more ſuſceptible of good Impreſſions, than the Minds of the other Sex. Buſineſs and Ambition take up Mens Thoughts too much to leave Room for Philoſophy: But if you ſpeak to Women in a Style and Manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your Counſel. I ſhall therefore for the Future turn my Thoughts more particularly to their Service, and ſtudy the beſt Methods to adorn their Perſons, and inform their Minds in the juſteſt Methods to make them wiſer

Nature designed them, the most beauteous Objects of our Eyes, and the most agreeable Companions of our Lives. But when I say this, I must not omit at the same Time to look into their Errors and Mistakes, that being the readiest Way to the intended End of adorning and instructing them. It must be acknowledged, That the very Inadvertencies of this Sex are owing to the other; for if Men were not Flatterers, Women could not fall into that general Cause of all their Follies, and our Misfortunes, their Love of Flattery. Were the Commendation of these agreeable Creatures built upon its proper Foundation, the higher we rais'd their Opinion of themselves, the greater would be the Advantage to our Sex; but all the Topick of Praise is drawn from very senseless and extravagant Idea's we pretend we have of their Beauty and Perfection. Thus when a young Man falls in Love with a young Woman, from that Moment she is no more Mrs. *Alice* such a one, born of such a Father, and educated by such a Mother; but from the first Minute that he cast his Eye upon her with Desire, he conceives a Doubt in his Mind, What Heavenly Power gave so unexpected a Blow to an Heart that was ever before untouched. But who can resist Fate and Destiny, which are lodged in Mrs. *Alice*'s Eyes? After which he desires Orders accordingly, Whether he is to live or breathe; the Smile or Frown of his Goddess is the only Thing that can now either save or destroy him. By this Means, the well-humoured Girl, that would have romped with him before she received this Declaration, assumes a State suitable to the Majesty he has given her, and treats him as the Vassal he calls himself. The Girl's Head is immediately turned by having the Power of Life and Death, and takes care to suit every Motion and Air to her new Sovereignty. After he has placed himself at this Distance, he must

muſt never hope to recover his former Familiarity, till ſhe has had the Addreſſes of another, and found them leſs ſincere.

If the Application to Women were juſtly turned, the Addreſs of Flattery, tho' it implied at the ſame Time an Admonition, would be much more likely to ſucceed. Should a captivated Lover, in a Billet, let his Miſtreſs know, That her Piety to her Parents, her Gentleneſs of Behaviour, her prudent Oeconomy with reſpect to her own little Affairs in a Virgin Condition, had improved the Paſſion which her Beauty had inſpired him with, into ſo ſettled an Eſteem for her, that of all Women breathing he wiſhed her his Wife; tho' his commending her for Qualities ſhe knew ſhe had as a Virgin, would make her believe he expected from her an anſwerable Conduct in the Character of a Matron: I will anſwer for it, his Suit would be carried on with leſs Perplexity.

Inſtead of this, the Generality of our young Women, taking all their Notions of Life from gay Writings, or Letters of Love, conſider themſelves as Goddeſſes, Nymphs, and Shepherdeſſes.

By this Romantick Senſe of Things, all the natural Relations and Duties of Life are forgotten, and our Female Part of Mankind are bred and treated, as if they were deſigned to inhabit the happy Fields of *Arcadia*, rather than be Wives and Mothers in old *England*. It is indeed long ſince I had the Happineſs to converſe familiarly with this Sex, and therefore have been fearful of falling into the Error which recluſe Men are very ſubject to, that of giving falſe Repreſentations of the World from which they have retired, by imaginary Schemes drawn from their own Reflections. An old Man cannot eaſily gain Admittance into the Dreſſing-room of Ladies; I therefore thought it Time well ſpent, to turn over *Agrippa*, and uſe all my occult Art, to give my old Cor-

nelian Ring the ſame Force with that of *Gyges*, which I have lately ſpoken of. By the Help of this, I went unobſerved to a Friend's Houſe of mine, and followed the Chamber-maid inviſibly about Twelve of the Clock into the Bed-chamber of the beauteous *Flavia*, his fine Daughter, juſt before ſhe got up.

I drew the Curtains, and being wrapped up in the Safety of my old Age, could with much Pleaſure, without Paſſion, behold her ſleeping with *Waller*'s Poems, and a Letter fixed in that Part of him, where every Woman thinks her ſelf deſcribed. The Light flaſhing upon her Face, awakened her: She opened her Eyes, and her Lips too, repeating that Piece of falſe Wit in that admired Poet;

Such Helen *was, And who can blame the Boy,*
That in ſo bright a Flame conſum'd his Troy?

This ſhe pronounced with a moſt bewitching Sweetneſs; but after it fetched a Sigh, that methought had more Deſire than Languiſhment, then took out her Letter, and read aloud, for the Pleaſure, I ſuppoſe, of hearing ſoft Words in Praiſe of her ſelf, the following Epiſtle.

Madam,

I Sat near you at the Opera laſt Night; but knew no Entertainment from the vain Show and Noiſe about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the Motion of your bright Eyes, in Hopes of a Glance, that might reſtore me to the Pleaſure of Sight and Hearing in the Midſt of Beauty and Harmony. It is ſaid, the Hell of the Accurſed in the next Life ariſes from an Incapacity to partake the Joys of the Bleſſed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such I am ſure was my Condition all this Evening; and if you, my Deity, cannot have ſo much Mercy, as to make me by your Influence capable of taſting the

the Satisfactions of Life, my Being is ended, which conſiſted only in your Favour.

The Letter was hardly read over, when ſhe ruſh'd out of Bed in her Wrapping-Gown, and conſulted her Glaſs for the Truth of his Paſſion. She raiſed her Head, and turned it to a Profile, repeating the laſt Lines, *My Being is ended, which conſiſted only in your Favour.* The Goddeſs immediately called her Maid, and fell to dreſſing that miſchievous Face of hers, without any Manner of Conſideration for the Mortal who had offered up his Petition. Nay, it was ſo far otherwiſe, that the whole Time of her Woman's combing her Hair was ſpent in Diſcourſe of the Impertinence of his Paſſion, and ended, in declaring a Reſolution, if ſhe ever had him, to make him wait. She alſo frankly told the Favorite Gypſy that was prating to her, that her paſſionate Lover had put it out of her Power to be civil to him, if ſhe were inclined to it; for (ſaid ſhe) if I am thus Cæleſtial to my Lover, he will certainly ſo far think himſelf diſappointed, as I grow into the Familiarity and Form of a mortal Woman.

I came away as I went in, without ſtaying for other Remarks than what confirmed me in the Opinion, That it is from the Notions the Men inſpire them with, that the Women are ſo fantaſtical in the Value of themſelves. This imaginary Pre-eminence which is given to the Fair Sex, is not only form'd from the Addreſſes of People of Condition; but it is the Faſhion and Humour of all Orders to go regularly out of their Wits, as ſoon as they begin to make Love. I know at this Time Three Goddeſſes in the *New-Exchange*; and there are Two Shepherdeſſes that ſell Gloves in *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

The TATLER [Nº 140.

——— *Aliena Negotia centum*
Per Caput & circumſalit us Cursus. Hor.

From *Tueſd. Febr.* 28. to *Thurſd. March* 2, 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 1.

HAVING the Honour to be by my Great Grandmother a *Welſhman*, I have been among ſome choice Spirits of that Part of *Great Britain*, where we ſolaced our ſelves in Celebration of the Day of St. *David*. I am, I confeſs, elevated above that State of Mind which is proper for Lucubration: But I am the leſs concerned at this, becauſe I have for this Day or two laſt paſt obſerved, that we Noveliſts have been condemned wholly to the Paſtry-Cooks, the Eyes of the Nation being Turned upon greater Matters. This therefore being a Time when none but my immediate Correſpondents will read me, I ſhall ſpeak to them chiefly at this preſent Writing. It is the Fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently underſtood to be only upon the Drole when we are ſpeaking the moſt ſeriouſly, as appears by the following Letter to *Charles Lillie*.

Mr. *Lillie*, *London*, 28 *Feb.* 17$\frac{2}{10}$

'IT being profeſſed by 'Squire *Bickerſtaff*, that 'his Intention is to expoſe the Vices and Fol-'lies of the Age, and to promote Virtue and Good-'will amongſt Mankind; it muſt be a Comfort 'to a Perſon labouring under great Straits and 'Difficulties, to read any Thing that has the 'Appearance of Succour. I ſhould be glad to 'know therefore, whether the Intelligence given 'in his *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt, of the intended

Cha-

'Charity of a certain Citizen of *London*, to 'maintain the Education of Ten Boys in Writing 'and Accompts till they be fit for Trade, be 'given only to encourage and recommend Per'ſons to the Practice of ſuch noble and chari'table Deſigns, or whether there be a Perſon 'who really intends to do ſo. If the latter, I 'humbly beg 'Squire *Bickerſtaff*'s Pardon for ma'king a Doubt, and impute it to my Ignorance; 'and moſt humbly crave, That he would be 'pleaſed to give Notice in his *Tatler*, when 'he thinks fit, whether his Nomination of Ten 'Boys be diſpoſed of, or whether there be Room 'for Two Boys to be recommended to him; and 'that he will permit the Writer of this to pre'ſent him with Two Boys, who, it is humbly 'preſumed, will be judged to be very remarkable 'Objects of ſuch Charity.

S I R,

Your moſt humble Servant.

I am to tell this Gentleman in ſober Sadneſs, and without Jeſt, That there really is ſo good and charitable a Man as the Benefactor enquired for in his Letter, and that there are but Two Boys yet named. The Father of one of them was killed at *Blenheim*, the Father of the other at *Almanza*. I do not here give the Names of the Children, becauſe I ſhould take it to be an Inſolence in me to publiſh them, in a Charity which I have only the Direction of as a Servant, to that worthy and generous Spirit who beſtows upon them this Bounty, without laying the Bondage of an Obligation. What I [illegible] tell them, they are beholden only [illegible] to kill in them as they grow [illegible] Poverty; and let them know, [illegible] Fortune, which is come upon them by the Loſs of their poor Fathers on ſo glorious Occaſions, is much more honourable, than the Inheritance of the moſt ample ill-gotten Wealth.

The next Letter which lies before me is from a Man of Senſe, who ſtrengthens his own Authority with that of *Tully*, in perſwading me to what he very juſtly believes one cannot be averſe.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *London*, 27 *Feb.* 1709.

'I am ſo confident of your Inclination to promote any Thing that is for the Advancement of liberal Arts, that I lay before you the following Tranſlation of a Paragraph in *Cicero*'s Oration in Defence of *Archias* the Poet, as an Incentive to the agreeable and inſtructive Reading of the Writings of the *Auguſtan* Age. Moſt Vices and Follies proceed from a Man's Incapacity of entertaining himſelf, and we are generally Fools in Company, becauſe we dare not be wiſe alone. I hope on ſome future Occaſions, you will find this no barren Hint. *Tully*, after having ſaid very handſome Things of his Client, commends the Arts of which he was Maſter as follows:

'*If ſo much Profit be not reaped in the Study of Letters, and if Pleaſure only be found; yet, in my Opinion, this Relaxation of the Mind ſhould be eſteemed moſt humane and ingenuous. Other Things are not for all Ages, Places and Seaſons. Theſe Studies from Youth, delight Old Age, adorn Proſperity, and ſoften, and even remove Adverſity, entertain at Home, and no Hindrance Abroad; don't leave us at Night, and keep us Company on the Road and in the Country. I am,*

Your Humble Servant.
STREPHON.

The folllowing Epiſtle ſeems to want the quickeſt Diſpatch, becauſe a Lady is every Moment offended till it is anſwered; which is beſt done by letting the Offender ſee in her own Letter how tender ſhe is of calling him ſo.

SIR,

SIR,

'THIS comes from a Relation of yours, 'tho' unknown to you, who, beſides the Tie of Conſanguinity, has ſome Value for you on the Account of your Lucubrations, thoſe being deſigned to refine our Converſation, as well as cultivate our Minds. I humbly beg the Favour of you, in one of your *Tatlers*, (after what Manner you pleaſe) to correct a particular Friend of mine, for an Indecorum he is guilty of in Diſcourſe, of calling his Acquaintance, when he ſpeaks of them, Madam: As for Example, my Couſin *Jenny Diſtaff*, Madam *Diſtaff*; which I am ſure you are ſenſible is very unpolite, and 'tis what makes me often uneaſy for him, though I cannot tell him of it my ſelf, which makes me guilty of the Preſumption, that I depend upon your Goodneſs to excuſe; and I do aſſure you, the Gentleman will mind your Reprehenſion, for he is, as I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble
Servant and Couſin,
Dorothy Drumſtick.

I write this in a thin Under-Petticoat, and never did or will wear a Fardingal.

I had no ſooner read the juſt Complaint of Mrs. *Drumſtick*, but I received an urgent One from another of the Fair Sex, upon Faults of more pernicious Conſequence.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'OBſerving that you are entered into a Correſpondence with *Paſquin*, who is, I ſuppoſe, a Roman Catholick, I beg of you to forbear giving him any Account of our Religion, or Manners, till you have rooted out certain Misbehaviours even in our Churches. Among others, that of Bowing, Saluting, taking Snuff

'and other Geſtures. Lady *Autumn* made me 'a very low Courteſy the other Day from the 'next Pew, and, with the moſt courtly Air ima-'ginable, called her ſelf, *Miſerable Sinner.* Her 'Neece ſoon after, in ſaying, *Forgive us our 'Treſpaſſes*, courteſy'd with a gloting Look at 'my Brother. He returned it, opening his Snuff-'box and repeating yet a more ſolemn Expreſſion. 'I beg of you, good Mr. *Cenſor*, not to tell '*Paſquin* any Thing of this Kind, and to believe 'this does not come from one of a moroſe Tem-'per, mean Birth, rigid Education, narrow For-'tune, or Bigottry in Opinion, or from one in 'whom Time had worn out all Taſte of Pleaſure. 'I aſſure you, it is far otherwiſe, for I am poſ-'ſeſſed of all the contrary Advantages; and 'hope, Wealth, good Humour, and good Breed-'ing, may be beſt employed in the Service of 'Religion and Virtue; and deſire you would, 'as ſoon as poſſible, remark upon the above-'mentioned Indecorums, that we may not longer 'tranſgreſs againſt the latter, to preſerve our 'Reputation in the former.

Your Humble, Servant,

LIDIA.

The laſt Letter I ſhall inſert is what follows. This is written by a very inquiſitive Lady; and I think, ſuch Interrogative Gentlewomen are to be anſwered no other Way than by Interrogation. Her Billet is this:

Dear Mr. Bickerſtaff,

Are you quite as good as you ſeem to be?

Chloe.

To

To which I can only anſwer;

Dear Chloe,

'Are you quite as ignorant as you ſeem to be?

I. B.

The TATLER. [N° 141.

From *Thurſd. March.* 2. to *Saturd. March.* 4. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 3.

WHILE the Attention of the Town is drawn aſide from the reading us Writers of News, we all ſave our ſelves againſt it is at more Leiſure. As for my own Part, I ſhall ſtill let the labouring Oar be managed by my Correſpondents, and fill my Paper with their Sentiments, rather than my own, 'till I find my Readers more diſengaged than they are at preſent. When I came Home this Evening, I found ſeveral Letters and Petitions, which I ſhall inſert with no other Order, than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

SIR, *March* 1. 1708/9

'HAving a Daughter about Nine Years of 'Age, I would endeavour ſhe might have 'Education; I mean ſuch as may be uſeful, as 'working well, and a good Deportment. In 'order to it, I am perſuaded to place her at 'ſome Boarding-School, ſituate in a good Air. 'My Wife oppoſes it, and gives for her greateſt 'Reaſon, That ſhe is too much a Woman, 'and Underſtands the Formalities of Viſiting 'and a Tea-Table ſo very nicely, that none, 'tho' much older, can exceed her; and with all 'theſe Perfections, the Girl can ſcarce thread a

'Needle:

'Needle: But however, after ſeveral Argu-
'ments, we have agreed to be decided by your
'Judgment; and knowing your Abilities, ſhall
'manage our Daughter exactly as you ſhall
'pleaſe to direct. I am ſerious in my Requeſt,
'and hope you will be ſo in your Anſwer, which
'will lay a deep Obligation upon,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

T. T.

Sir, pray anſwer it in your *Tatler*, that it may be ſerviceable to the Publick.

I am as ſerious on this Subject as my Correſpondent can be, and am of Opinion, That the great Happineſs or Misfortune of Mankind depends upon the Manner of Educating and Treating that Sex. I have lately ſaid, I deſign to turn my Thoughts more particularly to them and their Service: I beg therefore a little Time to give my Opinion on ſo important a Subject, and deſire the young Lady may fill Tea one Week longer, till I have conſidered whether ſhe ſhall be removed or not.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Chancery-Lane*, *Febr.* 27. 1709.

'YOUR Notice in the Advertiſement in
'your *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt about *Whet-*
'*ters* in and about the *Royal-Exchange*, is migh-
'tily taken Notice of by Gentlemen who uſe the
'Coffee-houſes near the *Chancery-Office* in *Chan-*
'*cery-Lane*; and there being a particular cer-
'tain Set of both young and old Gentlemen
'that belong to and near adjoining to the *Chan-*
'*cery-Office*, both in *Chancery-Lane* and *Bell Yard*,
'that are not only *Whetters* all the Morning long,
'but very Muſically given about Twelve at
'Night the ſame Days, and mightily taken with
'the Union of the Dulcimer, Violin, and Song;
'at which Recreation they rejoice together with

'perfect Harmony, however their Clients dif-
'agree: You are humbly desired by several
'Gentlemen to give some Regulation concerning
'them; in which you will contribute to the Re-
'pose of us, who are

Your very humble Servants,

L. T. N. F. T. W.

These *Whetters* are a People I have considered with much Pains, and find them to differ from a Sect I have heretofore spoken of, called *Snuff-Takers*, only in the Expedition they take in destroying their Brains: The *Whetter* is obliged to refresh himself every Moment with a Liquor, as the *Snuff-Taker* with a Powder. As for their Harmony in the Evening, I have nothing to object, provided they remove to *Wapping* or the *Bridge-Foot*, where it is not to be supposed that their Vociferations will annoy the Studious, the Busie, or the Contemplative. I once had Lodgings in *Gray's-Inn*, where we had two hard Students, who learned to play upon the Hautboy; and I had a Couple of Chamber-Fellows over my Head not less diligent in the Practice of Back-Sword and Single-Rapier. I remember these Gentlemen were assigned by the Benchers the two Houses at the End of the Terras-Walk, as the only Places fit for their Meditations. Such Students as will let none improve but themselves, ought indeed to have their proper Distances from Societies.

The Gentlemen of loud Mirth above-mentioned I take to be, in the Quality of their Crime, the same as Eves-Droppers; for they who will be in your Company whether you will or no, are to as great a Degree Offenders, as they who hearken to what passes without being of your Company at all. The ancient Punishment for the latter, when I first came to this

this Town, was the Blanket, which I humbly conceive may be as justly applied to him that bawls, as to him that listens. It is therefore provided for the future, That (except in the long Vacation) no Retainers to the Law, with Dulcimer, Violin, or any other Instrument, in any Tavern, within a Furlong of an Inn of Court, shall sing any Tune, or pretended Tune whatsoever, upon Pain of the Blanket, to be administred according to the Discretion of all such peaceable People as shall be within the Annoyance. And it is further directed, That all Clerks who shall offend in this kind shall forfeit their Indentures, and be turned over as Assistants to the Clerks of Parishes within the Bills of Mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

I am not to omit the Receipt of the following Letter, with a Nightcap from my Valentine; which Nightcap, I find was finished in the Year 1588, and is too finely wrought to be of any modern Stitching. Its Antiquity will better appear by my Valentine's own Words.

SIR,

'SInce you are pleased to accept of so mean a Present as a Nightcap from your Valentine, 'I have sent you one, which I do assure you 'has been very much esteemed of in our Family; 'for my Great Grandmother's Daughter who 'worked it, was Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, and had the Misfortune to lose her Life 'by pricking her Finger in the making of it, of 'which she bled to Death, as her Tomb now at '*Westminster* will shew. For which Reason, my 'self, nor one of my Family, have loved Work 'ever since; otherwise you should have had one 'as you desired, made by the Hands of,

SIR,

Your affectionate Valentine.

To

To the Right Worſhipful Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq; Cenſor of* Great Britain, *and Governor of the Hoſpital erected, or to be erected, in* Moorfields.

The Petition of the Inhabitants of the Pariſh of *Goatham* in the County of *Middleſex*;

Humbly ſheweth,

'THAT whereas 'tis the undoubted Right 'of your ſaid Petitioners to repair on every 'Lord's-Day to a Chapel of Eaſe in the ſaid Pa'riſh, there to be inſtructed in their Duties in 'the known or vulgar Tongue; yet ſo it is, '(may it pleaſe your Worſhip) that the Preacher 'of the ſaid Chapel has of late given himſelf 'wholly up to Matters of Controverſy, in no 'wiſe tending to the Edification of your ſaid 'Petitioners; and in handling (as he calls it) 'the ſame, has uſed divers hard and crabbed 'Words; ſuch as, among many others, are *Or'thodox* and *Heterodox*, which are in no ſort under'ſtood by your ſaid Petitioners; and 'tis with Grief 'of Heart, that your Petitioners beg Leave to re'preſent to you, that in mentioning the aforeſaid 'Words or Names, (the latter of which, as we 'have Reaſon to believe, is his deadly Enemy) 'he will fall into Ravings and Foamings, ill-'becoming the Meekneſs of his Office, and 'tending to give Offence and Scandal to all good 'People.

'Your Petitioners further ſay, That they are 'ready to prove the aforeſaid Allegations; and 'therefore humbly hope, that from a true Senſe 'of their Condition, you will pleaſe to receive 'the ſaid Preacher into the Hoſpital, 'till he 'ſhall recover a right Uſe of his Senſes.

And your Petitioners, &c.

The

From *Saturd. March.* 4. to *Tueſd. March.* 7. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 6.

ALL Perſons who employ themſelves in Publick, are ſtill interrupted in the Courſe of their Affairs: And it ſeems, the admired Cavalier *Nicolini* himſelf is commanded by the Ladies, who at preſent employ their Time with great Aſſiduity in the Care of the Nation, to put off his Day till he ſhall receive their Commands, and Notice that they are at Leiſure for Diverſions. In the mean Time it is not to be expreſſed, how many cold Chickens the Fair Ones have eaten ſince this Day Seven-night for the Good of their Country. This great Occaſion has given Birth to many Diſcoveries of high Moment for the Conduct of Life. There is a Toaſt of my Acquaintance told me, She had now found out, that it was Day before Nine in the Morning; and I am very confident, if the Affair holds many Days longer, the Ancient Hours of Eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the Luxury of Hunger and Thirſt.

There appears, methinks, ſomething very venerable in all Aſſemblies: And I muſt confeſs, I envied all who had Youth and Health enough to make their Appearance there, that they had the Happineſs of being a whole Day in the beſt Company in the World. During the Adjournments of that awful Court, a Neighbour of mine was telling me, That it give him a Notion of the ancient Grandeur of the *Engliſh* Hoſpitality,

lity, to ſee *Weſtminſter Hall* a Dining-Room. There is a Chearfulneſs at ſuch Repaſts, which is very delightful to Tempers which are ſo happy as to be clear of Spleen and Vapour; for to the Jovial to ſee others pleaſed, is the greateſt of all Pleaſures.

But ſince Age and Infirmities forbid my Appearance at ſuch publick Places, the next Happineſs is to make the beſt Uſe of Privacy, and acquit my ſelf of the Demands of my Correſpondents. The following Letter is what has given me no ſmall Inquietude, it being an Accuſation of Partiality, and Diſregard to Merit, in the Perſon of a Vertuoſo, who is the moſt eloquent of all Men upon ſmall Occaſions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious Fertility of Invention, which never appears but upon Subjects which others would have thought barren. But in Conſideration of his uncommon Talents, I am contented to let him be the Hero of my next Two Days, by inſerting his Friend's Recommendation of him at large.

Dear Couſin, *Nando's, Febr.* 28. 1709.

'I Am juſt come out of the Country, and upon peruſing your late Lucubrations; I find *Charles Lillie* to be the Darling of your Affections, that you have given him a Place, and taken no ſmall Pains to eſtabliſh him in the World; and at the ſame Time have paſſed by his Name-ſake at this End of the Town, as if he was a Citizen defunct, and one of no Uſe in a Commonwealth. I muſt own, his Circumſtances are ſo good, and ſo well known that he does not ſtand in Need of having his Fame publiſhed to the World; but being of an ambitious Spirit, and an aſpiring Soul, he would be rather proud of the Honour, than deſirous of the Profit, which might reſult from your Recommendation. He is a Perſon of a par-

'particular Genius, the firſt that brought Toys 'in Faſhion, and Bawbles to Perfection. He is 'admirably well verſed in Screws, Springs, and 'Hinges, and deeply read in Knives, Combs or 'Sciſſars, Buttons or Buckles. He is a perfect 'Maſter of Words, which uttered with a ſmooth 'voluble Tongue, flow into a moſt perſwaſive 'Eloquence; inſomuch that I have known a 'Gentleman of Diſtinction find ſeveral ingenious 'Faults with a Toy of his, and ſhew his utmoſt 'Diſlike to it, as being either uſeleſs, or ill con-'trived; but when the Orator behind the 'Counter had harangued upon it for an Hour 'and a half, diſplay'd its hidden Beauties, and 'revealed its ſecret Perfections, he has wondered 'how he had been able to ſpend ſo great a Part 'of his Life without ſo important an Utenſil. I 'won't pretend to furniſh out an Inventory of 'all the valuable Commodities that are to be 'found at his Shop.

'I ſhall content my ſelf with giving an Ac-'count of what I think moſt curious. *Imprimis*, 'His Pocket-Books are very neat, and well con-'trived, not for keeping *Bank* Bills, or Gold-'ſmiths Notes, I confeſs; but they are admira-'ble for regiſtring the Lodgings of *Madona's*, and 'for preſerving Letters from Ladies of Quality: 'His Whips and Spurs are ſo nice, that they'll 'make one that buys them ride a Fox-hunting, 'though before he hated Noiſe and early Riſing, 'and was afraid of breaking his Neck. His 'Seals are curiouſly fancied, and exquiſitely 'well cut, and of great Uſe to encourage young 'Gentlemen to write a good Hand. *Ned Puzzle-'poſt* had been ill uſed by his Writing-Maſter, 'and writ a Sort of a *Chineſe*, or downright 'Scrawlian: However, upon his buying a Seal 'of my Friend, he is ſo much improved by con-'tinual Writing, that it is believed in a ſhort 'Time one may be able to read his Letters, and

'find

'find out his Meaning, whithout gueſſing. His 'Piſtols and Fuſees are ſo very good, that they 'are fit to be laid up among the fineſt *China*. 'Then his Tweezer-Caſes are incomparable: 'You ſhall have one not much bigger than your 'Finger, with 17 ſeveral Inſtruments in it, all 'neceſſary every Hour of the Day, during the 'whole Courſe of a Man's Life. But if this 'Vertuoſo excels in one Thing more than ano-'ther, 'tis in Canes: He has ſpent his moſt ſe-'lect Hours in the Knowledge of them, and is 'arrived at that Perfection, that he is able 'to hold forth upon Canes longer than upon 'any one Subject in the World. Indeed his 'Canes are ſo finely clouded, and ſo well 'made up, either with Gold or Amber-Heads, 'that I am of the Opinion 'tis impoſſible for a 'Gentleman to walk, talk, ſit, or ſtand as he 'ſhould do, without one of them. He knows 'the Value of a Cane, by knowing the Value 'of the Buyer's Eſtate. Sir *Timothy Shallow* has 'Two Thouſand Pounds *per Annum*, and *Tom. 'Empty* One, They both at ſeveral Times 'bought a Cane of *Charles*: Sir *Timothy*'s coſt 'Ten Guinea's, and *Tom. Empty*'s Five. Upon 'comparing them, they were perfectly alike. 'Sir *Timothy* ſurpriſed there ſhould be no Dif-'ference in the Canes, and ſo much in the 'Price comes to *Charles*. Damn, it, *Charles*, 'ſays he, you have ſold me a Cane here for Ten 'Pieces, and the very ſame to *Tom. Empty* for 'Five. Lord, Sir *Timothy*, ſays *Charles*, I am 'concerned that you, whom I took to under-'ſtand Canes better than any Baronet in Town, 'ſhould be ſo overſeen Why, Sir *Timothy*, yours 'is a true *Jambee*, and Squire *Empty*'s only a 'plain Dragon.

'This Vertuoſo has a Parcel of *Jambees* now 'growing in the *Eaſt-Indies*, where he keeps a 'Man on purpoſe to look after them, which will

'be

'be the fineſt that ever landed in *Great-Britain*, 'and will be fit to cut about Two Years hence. 'Any Gentleman may ſubſcribe for as many as 'he pleaſes. Subſcrpitions will be taken in at 'his Shop at Ten Guinea's each Joint. They 'that ſubſcribe for Six, ſhall have a Dragon *gratis*. 'This is all I have to ſay at preſent concerning '*Charles*'s Curioſities; and hope it may be ſuf-'ficient to prevail with you to take him into 'your Conſideration, which if you comply with, 'you will oblige.

Your humble Servant.

'N. B. *Whereas there came out laſt Term, ſeveral 'Gold Snuff-Boxes and others: This is to give No-'tice, That* Charles *will put out a new Edition on* 'Saturday *next, which will be the only one in Faſhion 'till after* Eaſter. *The Gentleman that gave Fifty 'Pounds for the Box ſet with Diamonds, may ſhew 'it till* Sunday *Night, provided he goes to Church; 'but not after that Time, there being one to be 'publiſhed on* Monday *which will coſt Fourſcore 'Guinea's.*

The TATLER. [N° 143.

From *Tueſd. March* 7. to *Thurſday. March* 9. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 8.

I Was this Afternoon ſurpriſed with a Viſit from my Siſter *Jenny*, after an Abſence of ſome Time. She had, methought in her Manner and Air, ſomething that was a little below that of the Women of firſt Breeding and Quality, but at the ſame Time above the Simplicity and Familiarity of her uſual Deportment. As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, ſhe began to talk to me of the odd Place

I lived

I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the Lane where I have been ſo long acquainted; for (ſaid ſhe) it does ſo ſpoil one's Horſes, that I muſt beg your Pardon if you ſee me much ſeldomer, when I am to make ſo great a Journey with a ſingle Pair, and make Viſits and get Home the ſame Night. I underſtood her pretty well, but would not; therefore deſired her to pay off her Coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her. She very pertly told me, She came in her own Chariot. Why, ſaid I, is your Husband in Town? And has he ſet up an Equipage? No, anſwered ſhe, but I have received 500 *l.* by his Order; and his Letters, which came at the ſame Time, bad me want for nothing that was neceſſary. I was heartily concerned at her Folly, whoſe Affairs render her but juſt able to bear ſuch an Expence. However I conſidered, that according to the *Britiſh* Cuſtom of treating Women, there is no other Method to be uſed in removing any of their Faults and Errors, but conducting their Minds from one Humour to another, with as much Ceremony as we lead their Perſons from one Place to another. I therefore diſſembled my Concern, and in Compliance with her, as a Lady that was to uſe her Feet no more, I begged of her, after a ſhort Viſit, to let me perſuade her not to ſtay out till it was late, for fear of catching Cold as ſhe went into her Coach in the Dampneſs of the Evening. The *Malapert* knew well enough I laughed at her, and was not ill pleaſed with the Certainty of her Power over her Husband, who, ſhe knew, would ſupport her in any Humour he was able, rather than paſs through the Torment of an Expoſtulation, to gainſay any Thing ſhe had a Mind to. As ſoon as my fine Lady was gone, I writ the following Letter to my Brother.

Dear

Dear Brother,

'I Am at preſent under very much Concern at 'the ſplendid Appearance I ſaw my Siſter 'make in an Equipage which ſhe has ſet up in 'your Abſence. I beg of you not to indulge 'her in this Vanity; and deſire you to conſi-'der, the World is ſo whimſical, that though 'it will value you for being happy, it will hate 'you for appearing ſo. The Poſſeſſion of Wiſdom 'and Virtue (the only ſolid Diſtinctions of Life) 'is allowed much more eaſily than that of Wealth 'and Quality. Beſides which, I muſt intreat you 'to weigh with your ſelf, What it is that People 'aim at in ſetting themſelves out to Show in gay 'Equipages, and moderate Fortunes? You are 'not by this Means a better Man than your 'Neighbour is; but your Horſes are better 'than his are. And will you ſuffer Care and 'Inquietude, to have it ſaid as you paſs by, Thoſe 'are very pretty punch Nags? Nay, when you 'have arrived at this, there are a Hundred worth-'leſs Fellows who are ſtill Four Horſes happier 'than you are. Remember, dear Brother, there 'is a certain Modeſty in the Enjoyment of mo-'derate Wealth, which to tranſgreſs, expoſes Men 'to the utmoſt Deriſion; and as there is nothing 'but Meanneſs of Spirit can move a Man to value 'himſelf upon what can be purchaſed with Mo-'ney, ſo he that ſhows an Ambition that Way, 'and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically 'guilty of that Meanneſs. I give you only my 'firſt Thoughts on this Occaſion, but ſhall, as I 'am a Cenſor, entertain you in my next with my 'Sentiments in general upon the Subject of Equi-'page; and ſhow, that though there are no ſump-'tuary Laws amongſt us, Reaſon and good Senſe 'are equally binding, and will ever prevail in ap-'pointing Approbation or Diſlike in all Matters

'of

‘ of an indifferent Nature, when they are purſued
‘ with Earneſtneſs. I am,

SIR, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, that delight in ſoft Lines.

Theſe are to give Notice, That the proper Time of the Year for writing Paſtorals now drawing near, there is a Stage Coach ſettled from the One-Bell *in the* Strand *to* Dorcheſter, *which ſets out twice a Week, and paſſes through* Baſingſtoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Salisbury, Blandford *and ſo to* Dorcheſter, *over the fineſt Downs in* England. *At all which Places, there are Accommodations of Spreading Beeches, Beds of Flowers, Turf Seats, and Purling Streams, for happy Swains; and Thunder-ſtruck Oaks, and Left-handed Ravens, to foretel Misfortunes to thoſe that pleaſe to be wretched; with all other Neceſſaries for penſive Paſſion.*

And for the Convenience of ſuch whoſe Affairs will not permit 'em to leave this Town, at the ſame Place they may be furniſhed, during the Seaſon, with Opening Buds, Flowring Thyme, Warbling Birds, Sporting Lambkins, and Fountain Water, right and good, and bottled on the Spot, by one ſent down on Purpoſe.

N. B. *The Nymphs and Swains are farther given to underſtand, That in thoſe happy Climes, they are ſo far from being troubled with Wolves, that for want of even Foxes, a conſiderable Pack of Hounds have been lately forced to eat Sheep.*

Whereas on the 6th Inſtant at Midnight, ſeveral Perſons of light Honour and looſe Mirth, having taken upon them in the Shape of Men, but with the Voice of the Players belonging to Mr. Powell's *Company, to call up Surgeons at Midnight, and ſend Phyſicians to Perſons in ſound Sleep, and perfect Health:*

This

This is to certify, That Mr. Powell *had locked up the Legs of all his Company for Fear of Miſchief that Night; and that Mr.* Powell *will not pay for any Damages done by the ſaid Perſons. It is alſo farther adviſed, that there were no Midwives wanted when thoſe Perſons call'd them up in the ſeveral Parts of* Weſtminſter; *but that thoſe Gentlewomen who were in the Company of the ſaid Impoſtors, may take Care to call ſuch uſeful Perſons on the 6th of* December *next.*

The Cenſor having obſerved, That there are fine wrought Ladies Shoes and Slippers put out to View at a great Shoemaker's Shop towards St. James's *End of* Pall-Mall, *which create irregular Thoughts and Deſires in the Youth of this Nation; The ſaid Shopkeeper is required to take in thoſe Eye ſores, or ſhow Cauſe the next Court-Day why he continues to expoſe the ſame; and he is required to be prepared particularly to anſwer to the Slippers with green Lace and blue Heels.*

It is Impoſſible for me to return the obliging Things Mr. *Joſhua Barnes* has ſaid to me upon the Account of our mutual Friend *Homer*. He and I have read him now Forty Years with ſome Underſtanding, and great Admiration. A Work to be produced by one who has enjoyed ſo great an Intimacy with an Author, is certainly to be valued more than any Comment made by Perſons of Yeſterday: Therefore, according to my Friend *Joſhua*'s Requeſt, I recommend his * Work; and having uſed a little Magick in the Caſe, I give this Recommendation by Way of *Amulet or Charm, againſt the Malignity of envious Backbiters, who ſpeak Evil of Performances whereof themſelves were never capable.* If I may uſe my Friend *Joſhua*'s own

* *Mr.* Joſhua Barnes's *new and accurate Edition of all* Homer's *Works*, &c.

own Words, I ſhall at preſent ſay no more, but that we, *Homer*'s oldeſt Acquaintance now living, know beſt his Ways; and can inform the World, that they are often miſtaken when they think he is in Lethargick Fits, which we know he was never ſubject to; and ſhall make appear to be rank Scandal and Envy that of the *Latin* Poet:

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

The TATLER. [N° 144.

From *Thurſd. March* 9. to *Saturd. March* 11. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, March 10.

IN a Nation of Liberty, there is hardly a Perſon in the whole Maſs of the People more abſolutely neceſſary than a Cenſor. It is allowed, that I have no Authority for aſſuming this important Appellation, and that I am Cenſor of theſe Nations, juſt as one is choſen King at the Game of Queſtions and Commands: But if, in the Execution of this fantaſtical Dignity, I obſerve upon Things which do not fall within the Cognizance of real Authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle Man could not be more uſefully employed. Among all the Irregularities of which I have taken Notice, I know none ſo proper to be preſented to the World by a Cenſor, as that of the general Expence and Affectation in Equipage. I have lately hinted, that this Extravagance muſt neceſſarily get Footing where we have no ſumptuary Laws, and where every Man may be dreſſed, attended, and carried, in what Manner he pleaſes. But my Tenderneſs to my Fellow Subjects will not permit me to let this Enormity go unobſerved.

As the Matter now ſtands, every Man takes it in his Head, that he has a Liberty to ſpend his Money as he pleaſes. Thus, in Spight of all Order, Juſtice, and Decorum, we the greater Number of the Queen's loyal Subjects, for no Reaſon in the World but becauſe we want Money, do not ſhare alike in the Diviſion of Her Majeſty's High-Road. The Horſes and Slaves of the Rich take up the whole Street, while we Peripateticks are very glad to watch an Opportunity to whisk croſs a Paſſage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the Machine, that carries in it a Perſon neither more handſome, wiſe, or valiant than the Meaneſt of us. For this Reaſon, were I to propoſe a Tax, it ſhould certainly be upon Coaches and Chairs: For no Man living can aſſign a Reaſon, why one Man ſhould have half a Street to carry him at his Eaſe, and perhaps only in Purſuit of Pleaſures, when as good a Man as himſelf wants Room for his own Perſon to paſs upon the moſt neceſſary and urgent Occaſion. Till ſuch an Acknowledgment is made to the Publick, I ſhall take upon me to veſt certain Rights in the Scavengers of the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, to take the Horſes and Servants of all ſuch as do not become or deſerve ſuch Diſtinctions into their peculiar Cuſtody. The Offenders themſelves I ſhall allow ſafe Conduct to their Places of Abode in the Carts of the ſaid Scavengers, but their Horſes ſhall be mounted by their Footmen, and ſent into the Service Abroad: And I take this Opportunity in the firſt Place to recruit the Regiment of my good old Friend the brave and honeſt *Sylvius*, that they be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me moſt miraculous, ſo unreaſonable an Uſurpation as this I am ſpeaking of ſhould ſo long have been tolerated. We hang a poor Fellow for taking any trifle from us on the Road, and bear with the Rich for robbing us of the Road it ſelf. Such a Tax as this would be of great

great Satisfaction to us who walk on Foot; and ſince the Diſtinction of riding in a Coach is not to be appointed according to a Man's Merit or Service to their Country, nor their Liberty given as a Reward for ſome eminent Virtue, we ſhould be highly contented to ſee them pay ſomething for the Inſult they do us in the State they take upon them while they are drawn by us.

'Till they have made us ſome Reparation of this Kind, we the Peripateticks of *Great-Britain* cannot think our ſelves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to ſet up an Equipage.

As for my Part, I cannot but admire how Perſons, conſcious to themſelves of no Manner of Superiority above others, can out of meer Pride or Lazineſs expoſe themſelves at this Rate to publick View, and put us all upon pronouncing thoſe Three terrible Syllables, Who is that? When it comes to that Queſtion, our Method is to conſider the Mien and Air of the Paſſenger, and comfort our ſelves for being dirty to the Ankles, by laughing at his Figure and Appearance who overlooks us. I muſt confeſs, were it not for the ſolid Injuſtice of the Thing, there is nothing could afford a diſcerning Eye greater Occaſion for Mirth, than this licentious Huddle of Qualities and Characters in the Equipages about this Town. The Overſeers of the Highway and Conſtables have ſo little Skill or Power to rectify this Matter, that you may often ſee the Equipage of a Fellow whom all the Town knows to deſerve hanging, make a Stop that ſhall interrupt the Lord High Chancellor and all the Judges in their Way to *Weſtminſter*.

For the better underſtanding of Things and Perſons in this general Confuſion, I have given Directions to all the Coach-Makers and Coach-Painters in Town, to bring me in Liſts of their ſeveral Cuſtomers; and doubt not, but with comparing the Orders of each Man, in the placing his

Arms on the Doors of his Chariot, as well as the Words, Devices and Cyphers to be fix'd upon them, to make a Collection which ſhall let us into the Nature, if not the Hiſtory, of Mankind, more uſually than the Curioſities of any Medalliſt in *Europe*.

But this Evil of Vanity in our Figure, with many others, proceeds from a certain Gaiety of Heart, which has crept into Mens very Thoughts and Complexions. The Paſſions and Adventures of Hero's, when they enter the Liſts for the Tournament in Romances, are not more eaſily diſtinguiſhable by their Palfreys and their Armour, than the ſecret Springs and Affections of the ſeveral Pretenders to Show amongſt us are known by their Equipages in ordinary Life. The young Bridegroom with his gilded Cupids, and winged Angels, has ſome Excuſe in the Joy of his Heart to launch out into ſomething that may be ſignificant of his preſent Happineſs: But to ſee Men, for no Reaſon upon Earth but that they are rich, aſcend Triumphant Chariots, and ride thro' the People, has at the Bottom nothing elſe in it but an inſolent Tranſport, ariſing only from the Diſtinction of Fortune.

It is therefore high Time that I call in ſuch Coaches as are in their Embelliſhments improper for the Character of their Owners. But if I find I am not obeyed herein, and that I cannot pull down theſe Equipages already erected, I ſhall take upon me to prevent the Growth of this Evil for the future, by enquiring into the Pretenſions of the Perſons who ſhall hereafter attempt to make publick Entries with Ornaments and Decorations of their own Appointment. If a Man, who believed he had the handſomeſt Leg in this Kingdom, ſhould take a Fancy to adorn ſo deſerving a Limb with a blue Garter, he would juſtly be puniſhed for offending againſt the Moſt Noble Order: And, I think, the general Proſtitution of

of Equipage and Retinue is as deſtructive to all Diſtinction, as the Impertinence of one Man, if permitted, would certainly be to that illuſtrious Fraternity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Cenſor having lately received Intelligence, that the ancient Simplicity in the Dreſs and Manners of that Part of this Iſland, called Scotland, *begins to decay; and that there are at this Time in the good Town of* Edinburgh, *Beaus, Fops, and Coxcombs: His late Correſpondent from that Place is deſired to ſend up their Names and Characters with all Expedition, that they may be proceeded againſt accordingly, and proper Officers named to take in their Canes, Snuff-boxes, and all other uſeleſs Neceſſaries commonly worn by ſuch Offenders.*

The TATLER. [N° 145.

Neſcio quis teneros Oculus mihi faſcinet Agnos. Virg.

From Saturd. March 11. *to Tueſd. March* 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, March 13.

THIS Evening was allotted for taking into Conſideration a late Requeſt of two indulgent Parents, touching the Care of a young Daughter, whom they deſign to ſend to a Boarding-School, or keep at Home, according to my Determination; but I am diverted from that Subject by Letters which I have received from ſeveral Ladies, complaining of a certain Sect of profeſſed Enemies to the Repoſe of the Fair Sex, called Oglers. Theſe are, it ſeems, Gentlemen who look with deep Attention on one Object at the

Play-houſes, and are ever ſtaring all round them in Churches. It is urged by my Correſpondents, that they do all that is poſſible to keep their Eyes off theſe Inſnarers; but that, by what Power they know not, both their Diverſions and Devotions are interrupted by them in ſuch a Manner, as that they cannot attend either, without ſtealing Looks at the Perſons whoſe Eyes are fixed upon them. By this Means, my Petitioners ſay, they find themſelves grow inſenſibly leſs offended, and in Time enamoured, of theſe their Enemies. What is required of me on this Occaſion, is, That as I love and ſtudy to preſerve the better Part of Mankind, the Females, I would give them ſome Account of this dangerous Way of Aſſault, againſt which there is ſo little Defence, that it lays Ambuſh for the Sight it ſelf, and makes them ſeeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly go on to their own Capacity.

This Repreſentation of the preſent State of Affairs between the Two Sexes gave me very much Alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had ſeen at any one Aſſembly for ſome Years laſt paſt, to be convinced of the Truth and Juſtice of this Remonſtrance. If there be not a Stop put to this evil Art, all the Modes of Addreſs, and the elegant Embelliſhments of Life, which ariſe out of the noble Paſſion of Love, will of Neceſſity decay. Who would be at the Trouble of Rhetorick, or ſtudy the *Bon Mien*, when his Introduction is ſo much eaſier obtained, by a ſudden Reverence in a downcaſt Look at the meeting the Eye of a Fair Lady, and beginning again to ogle her as ſoon as ſhe glances another Way? I remember very well, when I was laſt at an Opera, I could perceive the Eyes of the whole Audience laſt into particular croſs Angles one upon another, without any Manner of Regard to the Stage, though King *Latinus* was himſelf preſent when I made that Obſervation. It was then very pleaſant

ſant to look into the Hearts of the whole Company; for the Balls of Sight are ſo form'd, that one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to another to read his Heart with. The moſt ordinary Beholder can take Notice of any violent Agitation in the Mind, any pleaſing Tranſport, or any inward Grief, in the Perſon he looks at; but one of theſe Oglers can ſee a ſtudied Indifference, a concealed Love, or a ſmother'd Reſentment, in the very Glances that are made to hide thoſe Diſpoſitions of Thought. The Naturaliſts tell us, That the Rattle Snake will fix himſelf under a Tree where he ſees a Squirrel playing; and when he has once got the Exchange of a Glance from the pretty Wanton, will give it ſuch a ſudden Stroke on its Imagination, that though it may play from Bough to Bough, and ſtrive to avert its Eyes from it for ſome Time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little Intervals of looking another Way, 'till it drops into the Jaws of the Animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other Reaſon but to ruin it. I did not believe this Piece of Philoſophy 'till that Night I was juſt now ſpeaking of; but I then ſaw the ſame Thing paſs between an Ogler and a Coquet. *Mirtillo*, the moſt learned of the former, had for ſome Time diſcontinued to viſit *Flavia*, no leſs eminent among the latter. They induſtriouſly avoided all Places where they might probably meet, but Chance brought them together to the Playhouſe, and ſeated them in a direct Line over-againſt each other, ſhe in a Front Box, he in the Pit next the Stage. As ſoon as *Flavia* had received the Looks of the whole Crowd below her with that Air of Inſenſibility, which is neceſſary at the firſt Entrance, ſhe began to look round her and ſaw the Vagabond *Mirtillo*, who had ſo long abſented himſelf from her Circle; and when ſhe firſt diſcover'd him, ſhe looked upon him with that Glance, which, in the Language of Oglers, is call'd the *Scornful*, but immediately turn'd her

Obſervation another Way, and returned upon him with the *Indifferent*. This gave *Mirtillo* no ſmall Reſentment; but he uſed her accordingly. He took Care to be ready for her next Glance. She found his Eyes full in the Indolent, with his Lips crumpled up in the Poſture of one Whiſtling. Her Anger at this Uſage immediately appeared in every Muſcle of her Face; and after many Emotions, which gliſten'd in her Eyes, ſhe caſt them round the whole Houſe, and gave 'em Softneſſes in the Face of every Man ſhe had ever ſeen before. After ſhe thought ſhe had reduced all ſhe ſaw to her Obedience, the Play began and ended their Dialogue. As ſoon as the firſt Act was over, ſhe ſtood up with a Viſage full of diſſembled Alacrity and Pleaſure, with which ſhe overlooked the Audience, and at laſt came to him; He was then placed in a Side-way, with his Hat ſlouching over his Eyes, and gazing at a Wench in the Side-Box, as talking of that Gipſy to the Gentleman who ſat by him. But as ſhe was fixed upon him, he turned ſuddenly with a full Face upon her, and with all the Reſpect imaginable, made her the moſt obſequious Bow in the Preſence of the whole Theatre. This gave her a Pleaſure not to be concealed, and ſhe made him the Recovering or Second Courteſy, with a Smile that ſpoke a perfect Reconciliation. Between the enſuing Acts, they talked to each other with Geſtures and Glances ſo ſignificant, that they ridiculed the whole Houſe in this ſilent Speech, and made an Appointment that *Mirtillo* ſhould lead her to her Coach.

The peculiar Language of one Eye, as it differs from another, as much as the Tone of one Voice from another, and the Faſcination or Enchantment which is lodged in the Optick Nerves of the Perſons concerned in theſe Dialogues, is, I muſt confeſs, too nice a Subject for one who is not an Adept in theſe Speculations; but I ſhall, for the Good and Safety of the Fair Sex, call my learned

learned Friend Sir *William Read* to my Aſſiſtance, and, by the Help of his Obſervations on this Organ, acquaint them when the Eye is to be believed, and when diſtruſted. On the contrary, I ſhall conceal the true Meaning of the Looks of Ladies, and indulge in them all the Art they can acquire in the Management of their Glances: All which is but too little againſt Creatures who triumph in Falſhood, and begin to forſwear with their Eyes, when their Tongue can be no longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A very clean, well behav'd young Gentleman, who is in a very good Way in Cornhil, *has writ to me the following Lines, and ſeems in ſome Paſſages of the Letter (which I omit, to lay it very much to Heart, that I have not ſpoken of a ſupernatural Beauty whom he ſighs for, and complains to in moſt elaborate Language. Alas! What can a Monitor do? All Mankind live in Romance.*

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Royal-Exchange, March* 11.

'SOme Time ſince you were pleaſed to mention the Beauties in the *New Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*, and in my Judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleaſed to allow there was one Goddeſs in the *New-Exchange*, and two Shepherdeſſes in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, you very well might ſay, there was and is at preſent one Angel in the *Royal-Exchange*: And I humbly beg the Favour of you to let Juſtice be done her, by inſerting this in your next *Tatler*; which will make her my good Angel, and me your moſt humble Servant,

A B.

The TATLER. [N° 146.

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit Utile noſtris,
Nam pro Jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior eſt illis Homo, quam ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu & cæca magnaq; cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualiſq; futura ſit Uxor. Juv.

From *Tueſday March* 14. to *Thurſday March* 16. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMong the various Sets of Correſpondents who apply to me for Advice, and ſend up their Caſes from all Parts of *Great Britain*, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to anſwer, than the *Complainers*. One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he uſed to ruminate in Solitude upon the Divine *Clariſſa*, and where he is now looking about for a Convenient Leap, which he tells me he is reſolved to take, unleſs I ſupport him under the Loſs of that charming perjured Woman. Poor *Lavinia* preſſes as much for Conſolation on the other Side, and is reduced to ſuch an Extremity of Deſpair by the Inconſtancy of *Philander*, that ſhe tells me ſhe writes her Letter with her Pen in one Hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient Family in *Norfolk* is almoſt out of his Wits upon Account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inſeparable Companion for Ten Years, is at laſt run mad. Another (who I believe is ſerious) complains to me, in a very moving Manner, of the Loſs of a Wife;

Wife; and another, in Terms ſtill more moving, of a Purſe of Money that was taken from him on *Bagſhot* Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the Poor. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a Calamity in humane Life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, how Men are able to raiſe Affliction to themſelves out of every Thing. Lands and Houſes, Sheep and Oxen, can convey Happineſs and Miſery into the Hearts of reaſonable Creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tippet, become a ſolid Bleſſing or Misfortune. A Lap-Dog has broke the Hearts of Thouſands. *Flavia*, who had buried Five Children, and Two Husbands, was never able to get over the Loſs of her Parrat. How often has a Divine Creature been thrown into a Fit by a Neglect at a Ball or an Aſſembly? *Mopſa* has kept her Chamber ever ſince the laſt Maſquerade, and is in greater Danger of her Life upon being left out of it, than *Clarinda* from the violent Cold which ſhe caught at it. Nor are theſe dear Creatures the only Sufferers by ſuch imaginary Calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the Cenſure of one whom he ever looked upon as an Idiot; and many a Hero caſt into a Fit of Melancholy, becauſe the Rabble have not hooted at him as he paſſed through the Streets. *Theron* places all his Happineſs in a Running Horſe, *Suffenus* in a Gilded Chariot, *Fulvius* in a Blue String, and *Florio* in a Tulip Root. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many fantaſtical Afflictions that diſturb Mankind; but as a Miſery is not to be meaſured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer, I ſhall preſent my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was ſitting after Dinner in my Elbow-Chair, I took up *Homer*, and dipped into that famous Speech of *Achilles* to *Priam*, in which he tells him, That *Jupiter* has by him Two great Veſſels, the one filled with Bleſſings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a Compoſition for every Man that comes into the World. This Paſſage ſo exceedingly pleaſed me, that as I fell inſenſibly into my Afternoon's Slumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When *Jupiter* took into his Hands the Government of the World, the ſeveral Parts of Nature, with the preſiding Deities, did Homage to him. One preſented him with a Mountain of Winds, another with a Magazine of Hail, and a third with a Pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offer'd up their Influences; the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seaſons. Among the ſeveral Deities who came to make their Court on this Occaſion, the Deſtinies advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right Hand of *Jupiter* as he ſate upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The firſt was filled with all the Bleſſings, and the other with all the Calamities of Humane Life. *Jupiter*, in the Beginning of his Reign, finding the World much more innocent than it is in this Iron Age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that ſtood at his Right Hand; but as Mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Bleſſings, he ſet abroach the other Veſſel, that filled the World with Pain and Poverty, Battles and Diſtempers, Jealouſy, and Falſhood, intoxicating Pleaſures and untimely Deaths.

He was at length ſo very much incenſed at the great Depravation of Humane Nature, and the repeated Provocations which he received from all Parts of the Earth, that having reſolved to de-

ſtroy

ſtroy the whole Species, except *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, he commanded the Deſtinies to gather up the Bleſſings which he had thrown away upon the Sons of Men, and lay them up till the World ſhould be inhabited by a more virtuous and deſerving Race of Mortals.

The Three Siſters immediately repaired to the Earth, in Search of the ſeveral Bleſſings that had been ſcatter'd on it; but found the Task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagin'd. The firſt Places they reſorted to, as the moſt likely to ſucceed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but inſtead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneaſineſs, and the like bitter Ingredients, of the Left-Hand Veſſel. Whereas, to their great Surprize, they diſcovered Content, Chearfulneſs, Health, Innocence, and other the moſt ſubſtantial Bleſſings of Life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes

There was another Circumſtance no leſs unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great Perplexity in the Diſcharge of the Truſt which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They obſerved, that ſeveral Bleſſings had degenerated into Calamities, and that ſeveral Calamities had improved into Bleſſings, according as they fell into the Poſſeſſion of wiſe or fooliſh Men. They often found Power, with ſo much Inſolence and Impatience cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the Perſon on whom it was conferred. Youth had often Diſtempers growing about it, worſe than the Infirmities of old Age: Wealth was often united to ſuch a ſordid Avarice, as made it the moſt uncomfortable and painful Kind of Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty loſt in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a Word, the Bleſſings were often like good Fruits planted in a bad Soil, that

by Degrees fall off from their natural Reliſh, into Taſts altogether inſipid or unwholſome; and the Calamities, like harſh Fruits, cultivated in a good Soil, and enriched by proper Grafts and Inoculations, till they ſwell with generous and delightful Juices.

There was ſtill a Third Circumſtance that occaſioned as great a Surprize to the Three Siſters as either of the foregoing, when they diſcovered ſeveral Bleſſings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tuns that ſtood by the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheleſs as great Occaſions of Happineſs or Miſery as any there. Theſe were that ſpurious Crop of Bleſſings and Calamities which were never ſown by the Hand of the Deity, but grow of themſelves out of the Fancies and Diſpoſitions of Humane Creatures. Such are Dreſs, Titles, Place, Equipage, falſe Shame and groundleſs Fear, with the like vain Imaginations that ſhoot up in trifling, weak, and irreſolute Minds.

The Deſtinies finding themſelves in ſo great a Perplexity, concluded, that it would be impoſſible for them to execute the Commands that had been given them according to their firſt Intention; for which Reaſon they agreed to throw all the Bleſſings and Calamities together into one large Veſſel, and in that Manner offer them up at the Feet of *Jupiter*.

This was performed accordingly, the eldeſt Siſter preſenting her ſelf before the Veſſel, and introducing it with an Apology for what they had done.

'O *Jupiter!* (ſays ſhe) we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and 'Diſtreſſes of Humane Life, which we thus pre'ſent before thee in one promiſcuous Heap. We 'beſeech thee that thou thy ſelf wilt ſort them 'out for the future, as in thy Wiſdom thou ſhalt

'think

'think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is 'none beſide thee that can Judge what will occa-'ſion Grief or Joy in the Heart of a Humane 'Creature, and what will prove a Bleſſing or a 'Calamity to the Perſon on whom it is be-'ſtowed.

The TATLER. [N° 147.

——— *Ut ameris amabilis eſto.* Ovid.

From *Thurſd. March* 16. to *Saturd. March* 18. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the Mind, what Exerciſe is to the Body. As by the one, Health is preſerved, ſtrengthened and invigorated; by the other, Virtue (which is the Health of the Mind) is kept alive, cheriſhed and confirmed. But as Exerciſe becomes tedious and painful when we make uſe of it only as the Means of Health, ſo Reading is apt to grow uneaſy and burdenſome, when we apply our ſelves to it only for our Improvement in Virtue. For this Reaſon, the Virtue which we gather from a Fable, or an Allegory, is like the Health we get by Hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable Purſuit that draws us on with Pleaſure, and makes us inſenſible of the Fatigues that accompany it.

After this Preface, I ſhall ſet down a very beautiful Allegorical Fable out of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my laſt Paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aſide when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly deſign for the Uſe of ſeveral of my Fair Correſpondents, who in their Letters have complained to me,

me, that they have loſt the Affections of their Husbands, and deſire my Advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays *Homer*, ſeeing her *Jupiter* ſeated on the Top of Mount *Ida*, and knowing that he had conceived an Averſion to her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his Affections, and make her ſelf amiable to him. With this Thought ſhe immediately retired into her Chamber, where ſhe bathed her ſelf in *Ambroſia*, which gave her Perſon all its Beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an Odor, as refreſh'd all Nature, and ſweeten'd both Heaven and Earth. She let her immortal Treſſes flow in the moſt graceful Manner, and took a particular Care to dreſs her ſelf in ſeveral Ornaments, which the Poet deſcribes at length, and which the Goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her Perſon to the beſt Advantage. In the next Place, ſhe made a Viſit to *Venus*, the Deity who preſides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular Favour, that ſhe would lend her for a while thoſe Charms with which ſhe ſubdued the Hearts both of Gods and Men. For, ſays the Goddeſs, I would make uſe of them to reconcile the Two Deities, who took Care of me in my Infancy, and who, at preſent, are at ſo great a Variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's Bed. *Venus* was proud of an Opportunity of obliging ſo great a Goddeſs, and therefore made her a Preſent of the *Ceſtus* which ſhe uſed to wear about her own Waiſt, with Advice to hide it in her Boſom till ſhe had accompliſhed her Intention. This *Ceſtus* was a fine Party coloured Girdle, which, as *Homer* tells us, had all the Attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The Four principal Figures in the Embroidery were Love, Deſire, Fondneſs, Speech, and Converſation, filled with that Sweetneſs and Complacency, which, ſays the Poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the Hearts of the wiſeſt Men.

Juno,

Juno, after having made theſe neceſſary Preparations, came as by Accident into the Preſence of *Jupiter*, who is ſaid to have been as much inflamed with her Beauty, as when he firſt ſtole to her Embraces without the Conſent of their Parents. *Juno*, to cover her real Thoughts, told him as ſhe had told *Venus*, That ſhe was going to make a Viſit to *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. He prevailed upon her to ſtay with him, proteſting to her, that ſhe appeared more amiable in his Eye, than ever any Mortal, Goddeſs, or even her ſelf, had appeared to him till that Day. The Poet then repreſents him in ſo great an Ardour, that (without going up to the Houſe which had been built by the Hands of *Vulcan* according to *Juno*'s Direction) he threw a Golden Cloud over their Heads as they ſat upon the Top of Mount *Ida*, while the Earth beneath them ſprung up in Lotus's, Saffrons, Hyacinths, and a Bed of the ſofteſt Flowers for their Repoſe.

This cloſe Tranſlation of one of the fineſt Paſſages in *Homer*, may ſuggeſt abundance of Inſtruction to a Woman who has a Mind to preſerve or recal the Affection of her Husband. The Care of the Perſon, and the Dreſs, with the particular Blandiſhments woven in the *Ceſtus*, are ſo plainly recommended by this Fable, and ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary in every Female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no further Explanation. The Diſcretion likewiſe in covering all Matrimonial Quarrels from the Knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended Viſit to *Tethys*, in the Speech where *Juno* addreſſes her ſelf to *Venus*; as the chaſt and prudent Management of a Wife's Charms is intimated by the ſame Pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the Concealment of the *Ceſtus* in her Boſom.

I ſhall leave this Tale to the Conſideration of ſuch good Houſewives who are never well dreſſed but when they are Abroad, and think it neceſſary

ceſſary to appear more agreeable to all Men living than their Husbands: As alſo to thoſe prudent Ladies, who to avoid the Appearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands with Indifference, Averſion, ſullen Silence, or exaſperating Language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming Home laſt Night, I found a very handſome Preſent of Wine left for me, as a Taſt *of* 216 *Hogſheads which are to be put to Sale at* 20 l. *a Hogſhead, at* Garraway's *Coffee-houſe in* Exchange-Alley, *on the* 22*d Inſtant, at* 3 *in the Afternoon, and to be taſted in Major* Long' *Vaults from the* 20*th Inſtant till the Time of Sale.* This having been ſent to me with a Deſire that I would give my Judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a Jury of Men of nice Palates and ſtrong Heads, who being all of them very ſcrupulous, and unwilling to proceed raſhly in a Matter of ſo great Importance, refus'd to bring in their Verdict till Three in the Morning; at which Time the Foreman pronounc'd, as well as he was able, Extra--a--ordinary *French* Claret. For my own Part, as I love to conſult my Pillow in all Points of Moment, I ſlept upon it before I would give my Sencence, and this Morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this Tribute of Wine, I muſt give Notice to my Correſpondents for the future, who ſhall apply to me on this Occaſion, That as I ſhall decide nothing unadviſedly in Matters of this Nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good Liquor, without examining at leaſt Three Dozen Bottles of it. I muſt at the ſame Time do my ſelf the Juſtice to let the World know, that I have reſiſted great Temptations in this Kind; as it is well known to a Butcher in *Clare-Market*, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a Dozen and half of Marrow-Bones. I had like-

likewiſe a Bribe ſent me by a Fiſhmonger, conſiſting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their Kinds, I had the Integrity to eat them both up, without ſpeaking one Word of them. However, for the future, I ſhall have an Eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the beſt and moſt wholeſome Food to them, if I receive theſe proper and reſpectful Notices from the Sellers, that it may not be ſaid hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

The TATLER. [N° 148.

——*Guſtus Elementa per omnia quærunt,*
Nunquam Animo Pretiis obſtantibus. ——Juv.

From *Saturd. March* 18. to *Tueſd. March* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my laſt Paper, that I deſign to take under my Inſpection the Diet of this great City, I ſhall begin with a very earneſt and ſerious Exhortation to all my well-diſpoſed Readers, that they would return to the Food of their Forefathers, and reconcile themſelves to Beef and Mutton. This was the Diet which bred that hardy Race of Mortals who won the Fields of *Creſſy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up ſo high as the Hiſtory of *Guy* Earl of *Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The Renown'd King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the firſt who ever ſat down to a whole roaſted Ox, (which was certainly the beſt Way to preſerve the Gravy) and it is further added, that he and his Knights ſat about it at his Round Table, and uſually

conſumed

conſumed it to the very Bones before they would enter upon any Debate of Moment. The Black Prince was a profeſſed Lover of the Briſket; not to mention the Hiſtory of the Surloin, or the Inſtitution of the Order of Beef-Eaters, which are all ſo many evident and undeniable Marks of the great Reſpect which our Warlike Predeceſſors have paid to this excellent Food. The Tables of the ancient Gentry of this Nation were cover'd thrice a Day With hot Roaſt-Beef; and I am credibly informed, by an Antiquary who has ſearched the Regiſters, in which the Bills of Fare of the Court are recorded, that inſtead of Tea and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late Years, the Maids of Honour in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time were allowed Three Rumps of Beef for their Breakfaſt. Mutton has likewiſe been in great Repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly obſerved to be the Food rather of Men of nice and delicate Appetites, than thoſe of ſtrong and robuſt Conſtitutions. For which Reaſon, even to this Day, we uſe the Word Sheep Biter as a Term of Reproach, as we do Beef-Eater in a reſpectful and honourable Senſe. As for the Fleſh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken, and other Animals under Age, they were the Invention of ſickly and degenerate Palates, according to that wholeſome Remark of *Daniel* the Hiſtorian, who takes Notice, That in all Taxes upon Proviſions, during the Reigns of ſeveral of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned beſides the Fleſh of ſuch Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their full Growth, and were mature for Slaughter. The Common People of this Kingdom do ſtill keep up the Taſte of their Anceſtors; and it is to this that we in a great Meaſure owe the unparallelled Victories that have been gained in this Reign: For I would deſire my Reader to conſider, what Work our Countrymen would have made at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*,

Lies, if they had been fed with Fricacies and Ragouts.

For this Reaſon, we at preſent ſee the florid Complexion, the ſtrong Limb, and the hale Conſtitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner Sort of People, or in the wild Gentry, who have been educated among the Woods or Mountains. Whereas many great Families are inſenſibly fallen off from the Athletick Conſtitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, ſickly, ſpindle-legged Generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my Notion; but I muſt confeſs, I am apt to impute the Diſhonours that ſometimes happen in great Families to the inflaming kind of Diet which is ſo much in Faſhion. Many Diſhes can excite Deſire without giving Strength, and heat the Body without nouriſhing it; as Phyſicians obſerve, That the pooreſt and moſt diſpirited Blood is moſt ſubject to Fevers. I look upon a *French* Ragouſt to be as pernicious to the Stomach as a Glaſs of Spirits: and when I have ſeen a young Lady ſwallow all the Inſtigations of high Soups, ſeaſoned Sauces, and forced Meats, I have wondered at the Deſpair or tedious Sighing of her Lovers.

The Rules among theſe falſe Delicates, are to be as Contradictory as they can be to Nature.

Without expecting the Return of Hunger, they eat for an Appetite, and prepare Diſhes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their Tables in its natural Form, or without ſome Diſguiſe.

They are to eat every Thing before it comes in Seaſon, and to leave it off as ſoon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any Thing that is agreeable to ordinary Palates; and nothing is to gratify

gratify their Senſes, but what would offend thoſe of their Inferiors.

I remember I was laſt Summer invited to a Friend's Houſe, who is a great Admirer of the *French* Cookery, and (as the Phraſe is) *eats well.* At our ſitting down, I found the Table covered with a great Variety of Unknown Diſhes. I was mightily at a Loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help my ſelf. That which ſtood before me, I took to be a roaſted Porcupine, however did not care for asking Queſtions; and have ſince been informed, that it was only a larded Turkey. I afterwards paſſed my Eye over ſeveral Haſhes, which I do not know the Names of to this Day; and hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a Pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a Wing of it; but to my great Surprize, my Friend told me it was a Rabbet, which is a ſort of Meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome Joy, a Pig at the lower End of the Table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to cut me a Piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the Houſe ſaid, with great Civility, I am ſure you will like the Pig, for it was whipped to Death. I muſt confeſs, I heard him with Horror, and could not eat of an Animal that had died ſo tragical a Death. I was now in great Hunger and Confuſion, when, methought, I ſmelled the agreeable Savour of Roaſt Beef, but could not tell from which Diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of them. Upon turning my Head, I ſaw a noble Sirloin on the Side-Table ſmoaking in the moſt delicious Manner. I had Recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee, without ſome Indignation, that ſubſtantial *Engliſh* Diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious

minious a Manner, to make Way for *French* Kickſhaws.

The Deſert was brought up at laſt, which in Truth was as extraordinary as any Thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper Order, looked like a very beautiful Winter-Piece. There were ſeveral Pyramids of Candy'd Sweetmeats, that hung like Icicles, with Fruits ſcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of Froſt. At the ſame Time there were great Quantities of Cream beaten up into a Snow, and near them little Plates of Sugar-Plumbs, diſpoſed like ſo many Heaps of Hail-ſtones, with a Multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various Colours. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the ſeveral Objects which lay before me, that I did not care for diſplacing any of them, and was half angry with the reſt of the Company, that for the Sake of a Piece of Lemon-Peel, or a Sugar Plumb, would ſpoil ſo pleaſing a Picture. Indeed, I could not but ſmile to ſee ſeveral of them cooling their Mouths with Lumps of Ice which they had juſt before been burning with Salts and Peppers.

As ſoon as this Show was over I took my Leave that I might finiſh my Dinner at my own Houſe: For as I in every Thing love what is ſimple and natural, ſo particularly in my Food; Two plain Diſhes, with Two or Three good natured, chearful, ingenious Friends, would make me more pleaſed and vain, than all that Pomp and Luxury can beſtow. For it is my Maxim, That he keeps the greateſt Table, who has the moſt valuabe Company at it.

The TATLER. [N° 149.

From *Tueſd. March* 21. to *Thurſd. March* 23. 1709.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

IT has often been a ſolid Grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious Nation, which is the Scene of publick Happineſs and Liberty, that there are ſtill Crowds of private Tyrants, againſt whom there neither is any Law now in Being, nor can there be invented any by the Wit of Man. Theſe cruel Men are ill-natured Husbands. The Commerce in the Conjugal State is ſo delicate, that it is impoſſible to preſcribe Rules for the Conduct of it, ſo as to fit Ten Thouſand nameleſs Pleaſures and Diſquietudes which ariſe to People in that Condition. But it is in this as in ſome other nice Caſes, where touching upon the Malady tenderly, is half Way to the Cure; and there are ſome Faults which need only to be obſerved to be amended. I am put into this Way of thinking by a late Converſation which I am going to give an Account of.

I made a Viſit the other Day to a Family for which I have a great Honour, and found the Father, the Mother, and Two or Three of the younger Children, drop off deſignedly to leave me alone with the eldeſt Daughter, who was but a Viſitant there as well as my ſelf, and is the Wife of a Gentleman of a very fair Character in the World. As ſoon as we were alone, I ſaw her Eyes full of Tears, and methought ſhe had much to ſay to me, for which ſhe wanted Encouragement. Madam, ſaid I, you know I wiſh you all as well as any Friend you have: Speak freely what I ſee you are oppreſſed with, and you

you may be ſure, if I cannot relieve your Diſtreſs, you may at leaſt reap ſo much preſent Advantage, as ſafely to give your ſelf the Eaſe of uttering it. She immediately aſſumed the moſt becoming Compoſure of Countenance, and ſpoke as follows: 'It is an Aggravation of Affliction 'in a married Life, that there is a Sort of 'Guilt in communicating it: For which Reaſon it is, that a Lady of your and my Acquaintance, inſtead of ſpeaking to you her ſelf, 'deſired me the next Time I ſaw you, as you 'are a profeſſed Friend to our Sex, to turn your 'Thoughts upon the reciprocal Complaiſance 'which is the Duty of a married State.

'My Friend was neither in Fortune, Birth 'or Education, below the Gentleman whom ſhe 'has married. Her Perſon, her Age, and her 'Character, are alſo ſuch as he can make no Exception to. But ſo it is, that from the Moment 'the Marriage-Ceremony was over, the Obſequiouſneſs of a Lover was turned into the 'Haughtineſs of a Maſter. All the kind Endeavours which ſhe uſes to pleaſe him, are at beſt but ſo many Inſtances of her Duty. This 'Inſolence takes away that ſecret Satisfaction, 'which does not only excite to Virtue, but alſo 'rewards it. It abates the Fire of a free and 'generous Love, and imbitters all the Pleaſures 'of a ſocial Life. The young Lady ſpoke 'all this with ſuch an Air of Reſentment, as 'diſcovered how nearly ſhe was concerned in the 'Diſtreſs.

When I obſerved ſhe had done ſpeaking, Madam, ſaid I, the Affliction you mention is the greateſt that can happen in Humane Life, and I know but one Conſolation in it, if that be a Conſolation, that the Calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing ſo common as for Men to enter into Marriage, without ſo much as expecting to be happy in it. They ſeem to propoſe to

themſelves a few Holidays in the Beginning of it; after which they are to return at beſt to the uſual Courſe of their Life; and for ought they know, to conſtant Miſery and Uneaſineſs. From this falſe Senſe of the State they are going into, proceeds the immediate Coldneſs and Indifference, or Hatred and Averſion, which attend ordinary Marriages, or rather Bargains to cohabit. Our Converſation was here interrupted by Company which came in upon us.

The Humour of affecting a ſuperior Carriage, generally riſes from a falſe Notion of the Weakneſs of a Female Underſtanding in general, or an over-weaning Opinion that we have of our own: For when it proceeds from a natural Ruggedneſs and Brutality of Temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by Admonition. Sir *Francis Bacon*, as I remember, lays it down as a Maxim, That no Marriage can be happy in which the Wife has no Opinion of her Husband's Wiſdom; but without Offence to ſo great an Authority, I may venture to ſay, That a ſullen-wiſe Man is as bad as a good-natured Fool. Knowledge, ſoftened with Complacency and good Breeding, will make a Man equally beloved and reſpected; but when joined with a ſevere, diſtant and unſociable Temper, it creates rather Fear than Love. I who am a Batchelor, have no other Notion of Conjugal Tenderneſs, but what I learn from Books, and ſhall therefore produce Three Letters of *Pliny*, who was not only one of the greateſt, but the moſt learned Men in the whole *Roman* Empire. At the ſame Time I am very much aſhamed, that on ſuch Occaſions I am obliged to have Recourſe to Heathen Authors, and ſhall appeal to my Readers, if they would not think it a Mark of a narrow Education in a Man of Quality to write ſuch paſſionate Letters to any Woman but a Miſtreſs. They were all Three written

ten at a Time when ſhe was at a Diſtance from him: The firſt of them puts me in Mind of a married Friend of mine, who ſaid, Sickneſs it ſelf is pleaſant to a Man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves.

Pliny to *Calpburnia.*

'I Never was ſo much offended at Buſineſs, as 'when it hindered me from going with you 'into the Country, or following you thither: 'For I more particularly wiſh to be with you at 'preſent, that I might be ſenſible of the Pro-'greſs you make in the Recovery of your 'Strength and Health; as alſo of the Enter-'tainment and Diverſions you can meet with in 'your Retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious 'State of Mind to live in Ignorance of what 'happens to thoſe whom we paſſionately love. 'I am not only in Pain for your Abſence, but al-'ſo for your Indiſpoſition. I am afraid of every 'Thing, fancy every Thing, and, as it is the Na-'ture of Men in Fear, I fancy thoſe Things 'moſt which I am moſt afraid of. Let me there-'fore earneſtly deſire you to favour me under 'theſe my Apprehenſions with one Letter every 'Day, or (if poſſible) with two; for I ſhall be 'a little at Eaſe while I am reading your Letters, 'and grow anxious again as ſoon as I have read 'them.

Second LETTER.

'YOU tell me, That you are very much af-'flicted at my Abſence, and that you have 'no Satisfaction in any Thing but my Writings, 'which you often lay by you upon my Pillow. 'You oblige me very much in wiſhing to ſee 'me, and making me your Comforter in my 'Abſence. In Return, I muſt let you know, 'I am no leſs pleaſed with the Letters which you 'writ to me, and read them over a Thouſand

'Times with new Pleaſure. If your Letters 'are capable of giving me ſo much Pleaſure, 'what would your Converſation do? Let me 'beg of you to write to me often; though at the 'ſame Time I muſt confeſs: your Letters give 'me Anguiſh whilſt they give me Pleaſure.

Third LETTER.

'IT is impoſſible to conceive how much I lan-'guiſh for you in your Abſence; the tender 'Love I bear you, is the chief Cauſe of this my 'Uneaſineſs, which is ſtill the more inſupporta-'ble, becauſe Abſence is wholly a new Thing to 'us. I lie awake moſt Part of the Night in 'thinking of you, and ſeveral Times of the Day 'go as naturally to your Apartment, as if you 'were there to receive me; but when I miſs 'you, I come away dejected, out of Humour, 'and like a Man that had ſuffered a Repulſe. 'There is but one Part of the Day in which 'I am relieved from this Anxiety, and that is 'when I am engaged in Publick-Affairs.

'You may gueſs at the uneaſy Condition of 'one who has no Reſt but in Buſineſs, no Conſo-'lation but in Trouble.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a beautiful Paſſage out of *Milton*, and leave it as a Lecture to thoſe of my own Sex, who have a Mind to make their Converſation agreeable as well as inſtructive, to the Fair Partners who are fallen into their Care. *Eve* having obſerved, That *Adam* was entering into ſome deep Diſquiſitions with the Angel, who was ſent to viſit him, is deſcribed as retiring from their Company, with a Deſign of learning what ſhould paſs there from her Husband.

So ſpake our Sire, and by his Count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious Thoughts abſtruſe, which Eve
Per-

Perceiving where she sate retir'd in Sight,
With Lowliness Majestick from her Seat
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers.
Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high: Such Pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam *relating, she sole Auditress;*
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: He, she knew would intermix
Grateful Digressions, and solve high Dispute
With Conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O! When meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd?

The TATLER. [N° 150.

Hæc sunt Jucundi Causa, Causa, Mali. Ovid.

From *Thursd. March* 23. to *Saturd. March* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment. March 24.

I Have received the following Letter upon the Subject of my last Paper. The Writer of it tells me, I there spoke of Marriage as one that knows it only by Speculation, and for that Reason he sends me his Sense of it, as drawn from Experience.

Mr. *Bickerstaff.*

'I Have read your Paper of this Day, and think you have done the Nuptial State a great deal of Justice in the Authority you give us of *Pliny*, whose Letters to his Wife you have there translated: But give me Leave to tell you, That it is impossible for you, that are a Batchelor, to have so just a Notion of this Way of Life, as

'to touch the Affections of your Readers in a 'Particular, wherein every Man's own Heart 'ſuggeſts more than the niceſt Obſerver can form 'to himſelf without Experience. I therefore, 'who am an old married Man, have ſat down 'to give you an Account of the Matter from 'my own Knowledge, and the Obſervations 'which I have made upon the Conduct of others 'in that moſt agreeable or wretched Condition.

'It is very commonly obſerved, That the moſt 'ſmart Pangs which we meet with are in the 'Beginning of Wedlock, which proceed from 'Ignorance of each others Humour, and Want 'of Prudence to make Allowances for a Change 'from the moſt careful Reſpect, to the moſt un-'bounded Familiarity. Hence it ariſes, That 'Trifles are commonly Occaſions of the greateſt 'Anxiety; for Contradiction being a Thing 'wholly unuſual between a new married Couple, 'the ſmalleſt Inſtance of it is taken for the higheſt 'Injury; and it very ſeldom happens, that the 'Man is ſlow enough in aſſuming the Character 'of an Husband, or the Woman quick enough 'in condeſcending to that of a Wife. It imme-'diately follows, That they think they have all 'the Time of their Courtſhip been talking in 'Maſks to each other, and therefore begin to 'act like diſappointed People. *Philander* finds '*Delia* ill natur'd and impertinent; and *Delia*, '*Philander* ſurly and inconſtant.

'I have known a fond Couple quarrel in the 'very Honey-moon about cutting up a Tart: 'Nay, I could name Two, who after having had 'Seven Children, fell out and parted Beds upon 'the boiling of a Leg of Mutton. My very next 'Neighbours have not ſpoke to one another theſe 'Three Days, becauſe they differ'd in their Opi-'nions, whether the Clock ſhould ſtand by the 'Window, or over the Chimney. It may ſeem 'ſtrange to you, who are not a married Man,

'when

'when I tell you, how the leaſt Trifle can ſtrike 'a Woman dumb for a Week together. But if 'you ever enter into this State, you will find, 'that the Soft Sex as often expreſs their Anger by 'an obſtinate Silence, as by an ungovernable Cla-'mour.

'Thoſe indeed who begin this Courſe of Life 'without Jars at their ſetting out, arrive with-'in few Months at a Pitch of Benevolence and 'Affection, of which the moſt perfect Friend-'ſhip is but a faint Reſemblance. As in the un-'fortunate Marriage, the moſt minute and in-'different Things are Objects of the ſharpeſt Re-'ſentment; ſo in an unhappy One, they are Occa-'ſions of the moſt exquiſite Satisfaction. For 'what does not oblige in one we love? What 'does not offend in one we diſlike? For theſe 'Reaſons I take it for a Rule, That in Marriage, 'the chief Buſineſs is to acquire a Prepoſſeſſion 'in Favour of each other. They ſhould conſi-'der one another's Words and Actions with a 'ſecret Indulgence: There ſhould be always an 'inward Fondneſs pleading for each other, ſuch 'as may add new Beauties to every Thing that 'is excellent, give Charms to what is indiffe-'rent, and cover every Thing that is defective. 'For want of this kind Propenſity and Biaſs of 'Mind, the married Pair often take Things ill 'of each other, which no one elſe would take 'Notice of in either of them.

'But the moſt unhappy Circumſtance of all is, 'where each Party is always laying up Fuel for 'Diſſention, and gathering together a Maga-'zine of Provocations to exaſperate each other 'with when they are out of Humour. Theſe 'People in common Diſcourſe make no Scruple to 'let thoſe who are by know they are quarrelling 'with one another, and think they are diſcreet 'enough, if they conceal from the Company 'the Matters which they are hinting at. About

'a Week ago. I was entertained for a whole 'Dinner with a myſterious Converſation of this 'Nature; out of which I could learn no more, 'than that the Husband and Wife were angry 'at one another. We had no ſooner ſate down, 'but ſays the Gentleman of the Houſe, in order 'to raiſe Diſcourſe, I thought *Margarita* ſung 'extremely well laſt Night. Upon this, ſays 'the Lady, looking as pale as Aſhes, I ſuppoſe 'ſhe had Cherry-coloured Ribands on. No, an-'ſwered the Husband, with a Fluſh in his Face, 'but ſhe had Laced Shoes. I look upon it, 'that a Stander-by on ſuch Occaſions has as 'much Reaſon to be out of Countenance as ei-'ther of the Combatants. To turn off my Con-'fuſion, and ſeem regardleſs of what had paſſed, 'I deſired the Servant who attended to give me 'the Vinegar, which unluckily created a new 'Dialogue of Hints: for as far as I could gather 'by the ſubſequent Diſcourſe, they had diſſented 'the Day before about the Preference of Elder 'to Wine-Vinegar. In the Midſt of their Diſ-'courſe, there appeared a Diſh of Chickens 'and Sparagraſs, when the Husband ſeemed diſ-'poſed to lay aſide all Diſputes; and looking 'upon her with a great deal of good Nature, 'ſaid, Pray, my Dear, will you help my 'Friend to a Wing of the Fowl that lies next 'you, for I think it looks extremely well. The 'Lady, inſtead of anſwering him, addreſſing her 'ſelf to me, Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, do you in *Surrey* 'reckon the white or the black-legged Fowls 'the beſt? I found the Husband changed Co-'lour at the Queſtion; and before I could an-'ſwer, asked me, Whether we did not call 'Hops Broom in our Country? I quickly found, 'they did not ask Queſtions ſo much out of 'Curioſity as Anger: For which Reaſon I thought 'fit to keep my Opinion to my ſelf, and, as an ho-'neſt Man ought, (when he ſees Two Friends in

'Warmth

'Warmth with each other) I took the firſt Opportunity I could to leave them by themſelves.

'You ſee, *Sir*, I have laid before you only ſmall Incidents, which are ſeemingly frivolous; but take it from a Man who am very well experienced in this State, they are principally Evils of this Nature which make Marriages unhappy. At the ſame Time, that I may do Juſtice to this excellent Inſtitution, I muſt own to you, there are unſpeakable Pleaſures which are as little regarded in the Computation of the Advantages of Marriage, as the others are in the uſual Survey that is made of its Misfortunes.

'*Lovemore* and his Wife live together in the happy Poſſeſſion of each other's Hearts, and by that Means have no indifferent Moments, but their whole Life is one continued Scene of Delight. Their Paſſion for each other communicates a certain Satisfaction, like that which they themſelves are in, to all that approach them. When ſhe enters the Place where he is, you ſee a Pleaſure which he cannot conceal, nor he or any one elſe deſcribe. In ſo conſummate an Affection, the very Preſence of the Perſon beloved, has the Effect of the moſt agreeable Converſation. Whether they have Matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the Pleaſures of Society, and at the ſame Time the Freedom of Solitude. Their ordinary Life is to be preferred to the happieſt Moments of other Lovers. In a Word, they have each of them great Merit, live in the Eſteem of all who know them, and ſeem but to comply with the Opinions of their Friends, in the juſt Value they have for each other.

The TATLER. [Nº 151.

Nil Vis Boni
In ipsa in ſit Forma, hæc Formam extinguerent. Ter.

From *Saturd. March* 25. to *Tueſd. March* 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 27.

WHEN Artiſts would expoſe their Diamonds to an Advantage, they uſually ſet them to ſhow in little Caſes of black Velvet. By this Means the Jewels appear in their true and genuine Luſtre, while there is no Colour that can infect their Brightneſs, or give a falſe Caſt to the Water. When I was at the Opera the other Night, the Aſſembly of Ladies in Mourning made me conſider them in the ſame Kind of View. A Dreſs wherein there is ſo little Variety, ſhows the Face in all its natural Charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or leſs beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending againſt a Rule which is ſo eſſential in all juſt Repreſentation. The chief Figure muſt have the ſtrongeſt Point of Light, and not be injured by any gay Colourings that may draw away the Attention to any leſs conſiderable Part of the Picture. The preſent Faſhion obliges every Body to be dreſs'd with Propriety, and makes the Ladies Faces the principal Objects of Sight. Every beautiful Perſon ſhines out in all the Excellence with which Nature has adorned her: Gawdy Ribands and glaring Colours being now out of Uſe, the Sex has no Opportunity given them to diſfigure themſelves, which they ſeldom fail to do whenever it lies in their Power. When a Woman comes to her Glaſs, ſhe does not employ

ploy her Time in making her ſelf look more advantagiouſly what ſhe really is, but endeavours to be as much another Creature as ſhe poſſibly can. Whether this happens, becauſe they ſtay ſo long, and attend their Work ſo diligently, that they forgot the Faces and Perſons which they firſt ſate down with, or whatever it is, they ſeldom riſe from the Toilet the ſame Women they appeared when they began to dreſs. What Jewel can the Charming *Clora* place in her Ears, that can pleaſe her Beholders ſo much as her Eyes? The Cluſter of Diamonds upon the Breaſt can add no Beauty to the fair Cheſt of Ivory which ſupports it. It may indeed tempt a Man to ſteal a Woman, but never to love her. Let *Thaleſtris* change her ſelf into a Motly Party-coloured Animal: The Pearl Neck-lace, the Flowered Stomacher, the Artificial Noſegay, and Shaded Furbelow, may be of Uſe to attract the Eye of the Beholder, and turn it from the Imperfections of her Features and Shape. But if Ladies will take my Word for it, (and as they dreſs to pleaſe Men, they ought to conſult our Fancy rather than their own in this Particular) I can aſſure them, there is nothing touches our Imagination ſo much as a beautiful Woman in a plain Dreſs. There might be more agreeable Ornaments found in our own Manufacture, than any that riſe out of the Looms of *Perſia*.

This I know is a very harſh Doctrine to Woman-kind, who are carried away with every Thing that is ſhowy, and with what delights the Eye, more than any other Species of Living Creatures whatſoever. Were the Minds of the Sex laid open, we ſhould find the chief Idea in one to be a Tipper, in another a Muff, in a Third a Fan, and in a Fourth a Fardingal. The Memory of an old Viſiting-Lady is ſo filled with Gloves, Silks, and Ribands, that I can look upon it as nothing elſe but a Toy-ſhop. A Matron of my

my Acquaintance complaining of her Daughter's Vanity, was obſerving, that ſhe had all of a ſudden held up her Head higher than ordinary, and taken an Air that ſhowed a ſecret Satisfaction in her ſelf, mixed with a Scorn of others. I did not know, ſays my Friend, what to make of the Carriage of this Fantaſtical Girl, till I was informed by her elder Siſter, that ſhe had a Pair of ſtriped Garters on. This odd Turn of Mind often makes the Sex unhappy, and diſpoſes them to be ſtruck with every Thing that makes a Show, however trifling and ſuperficial.

Many a Lady has fetched a Sigh at the Toſs of a Wig, and been ruined by the Tapping of a Snuff-box. It is impoſſible to deſcribe all the Execution that was done by the Shoulder-Knot while that Faſhion prevailed, or to reckon up all the Virgins that have fallen a Sacrifice to a Pair of fringed Gloves. A ſincere Heart has not made half ſo many Conqueſts as an open Waſtcoat; and I ſhould be glad to ſee an able Head make ſo good a Figure in a Woman's Company as a Pair of Red Heels. A *Grecian* Hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the Lute, thought he had made a very good Reply when he anſwered, No, but I can make a great City of a little One. Notwithſtanding his boaſted Wiſdom, I appeal to the Heart of any Toaſt in Town, whether ſhe would not think the Lutaniſt preferable to the Stateſman. I do not ſpeak this out of any Averſion that I have to the Sex. On the contrary, I have always had a Tenderneſs for them; but I muſt confeſs, it troubles me very much, to ſee the Generality of them place their Affections on improper Objects, and give up all the Pleaſures of Life for Gugaws and Trifles.

Mrs. *Margery Bickerſtaff*, my great Aunt, had a Thouſand Pounds to her Portion, which our Family was deſirous of keeping among themſelves, and

and therefore uſed all poſſible Means to turn off her Thoughts from Marriage. The Method they took, was, in any Time of Danger to throw a new Gown or Petticoat in her Way. When ſhe was about Twenty five Years of Age, ſhe fell in Love with a Man of an agreeable Temper, and equal Fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my Grandfather, Sir *Jacob*, dreſſed her up in a Suit of flowred Sattin; upon which, ſhe ſet ſo immoderate a Value upon her ſelf, that the Lover was contemned and diſcarded. In the Fortieth Year of her Age, ſhe was again ſmitten, but very luckily transferred her Paſſion to a Tippet, which was preſented to her by another Relation who was in the Plot. This, with a white Sarſnet Hood, kept her ſafe in the Family till Fifty. About Sixty, which generally produces a Kind of latter Spring in amorous Conſtitutions, my Aunt *Margery* had again a Colt's-Tooth in her Head, and would certainly have eloped from the Mannon houſe, had not her Brother *Simon*, who was a wiſe Man, and a Scholar, adviſed to dreſs her in Cherry coloured Ribands, which was the only Expedient that could have been found out by the Wit of Man to preſerve the Thouſand Pounds in our Family Part of which I enjoy at this Time.

This Diſcourſe puts me in Mind of an Humoriſt mentioned by *Horace*, called *Eutrapelus*, who, when he deſigned to do a Man a Miſchief, made him a Preſent of a gay Suit; and brings to my Memory another Paſſage of the ſame Author, when he deſcribes the moſt ornamental Dreſs that a Woman can appear in with Two Words, *Simplex Munditiis*, which I have quoted for the Benefit of my Female Readers.

[ſilentes,
Dii, quibus Imperium eſt Animarum, Umbræque
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, Loca Nocte Silentia late,
Sit mihi Fas audita loqui, ſit Numine veſtro
Pandere Res alta Terra & Caligine merſas. Virg.

From *Tueſd. March.* 28. to *Thurſd. March.* 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

A Man who confines his Speculations to the Time preſent, has but a very narrow Province to employ his Thoughts in. For this Reaſon, Perſons of ſtudious and contemplative Natures often entertain themſelves with the Hiſtory of paſt Ages, or raiſe Schemes and Conjectures upon Futurity. For my own Part, I love to range through that Half of Eternity which is ſtill to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; becauſe I know I have a real Share and Intereſt in the one, whereas all that was tranſacted in the other, can be only Matter of Curioſity to me.

Upon this Account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the Soul's Immortality, and in reading the ſeveral Notions which the wiſeſt of Men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that Subject. What the Opinions of the greateſt Philoſophers have been, I have ſeveral times hinted at, and ſhall give an Account of them from Time to Time as Occaſion requires. It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider, what Men of the moſt exalted Genius, and elevated Imagination, have thought of this Matter. Among theſe, *Homer* ſtands up as a Prodigy of Mankind, that looks down upon the reſt of Humane Creatures as a Species beneath him. Since he is the moſt ancient Heathen

then Author, we may guess from his Relation, what were the common Opinion in his Time concerning the State of the Soul after Death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a Voyage to the Regions of the Dead, in order to consult *Tiresias* how he should return to his own Country, and recommend himself to the Favour of the Gods, The Poet scarce introduces a single Person, who doth not suggest some useful Precept to his Reader, and designs his Description of the Dead for the Amendment of the Living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous Sacrifice, sate him down by the Pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious Assembly of Ghosts of all Ages and Conditions, that hovered about the Hero, and feasted on the Steams of his Oblation. The first he knew, was the Shade of *Elpenor*, who, to show the Activity of a Spirit above that of Body, is represented as arrived there long before *Ulysses*, notwithstanding the Winds and Seas had contributed all their Force to hasten his Voyage thither. This *Elpenor*, to inspire the Reader with a Detestation of Drunkenness, and at the same Time with a religious Care of doing proper Honours to the Dead, describes himself as having broken his Neck in a Debauch of Wine; and begs *Ulysses*, that for the Repose of his Soul, he would build a Monument over him, and perform Funeral Rites to his Memory. *Ulysses* with great Sorrow of Heart promises to fulfil his Request, and is immediatly diverted to an Object much more moving than the former. The Ghost of his own Mother *Anticlea*, whom he still thought Living, appears to him among the Multitude of Shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small Distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. *Ulysses* was exceedingly troubled at the Sight, and could not forbear weeping as he look'd upon her: But being all along set forth as

a Pattern of conſummate Wiſdom, he makes his Affection give Way to Prudence; and therefore, upon his ſeeing *Tireſias*, does not reveal himſelf to his Mother, till he had conſulted that great Prophet, who was the Occaſion of this his Deſcent into the Empire of the Dead. *Tireſias* having cautioned him to keep himſelf and his Companions free from the Guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his Devotions to all the Gods, promiſes him a ſafe Return to his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old Age in the Enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great Art kept the Curioſity of the Reader in Suſpence, repreſents his wiſe Man, after the Diſpatch of his Buſineſs with *Tireſias*, as yielding himſelf up to Calls of natural Affection, and making himſelf known to his Mother. Her Eyes are no ſooner opened, but ſhe cries out in Tears, *Oh my Son!* and enquires into the Occaſions that brought him thither, and the Fortune that attended him

Ulyſſes on the other Hand deſires to know, what the Sickneſs was that had ſent her into thoſe Regions, and the Condition in which ſhe had left his Father, his Son and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three inconſolable for his Abſence; *and as for my ſelf*, ſays ſhe, *That was the Sickneſs of which I died. My Impatience for your Return, my Anxiety for your Welfare, and my Fondneſs for my Dear* Ulyſſes, *were the only Diſtempers that prey'd upon my Life, and ſeparated my Soul from my Body.* *Ulyſſes* was melted with theſe Expreſſions of Tenderneſs, and Thrice endeavoured to catch the Apparition in his Arms, that he might hold his Mother to his Boſom and weep over her.

This gives the Poet Occaſion to deſcribe the Notion the Heathens at that Time had of an unbodied Soul, in the Excuſe which the Mother makes for ſeeming to withdraw her ſelf from her Son's Embraces. *The Soul*, ſays ſhe, *is compoſed neither*

neither of Bones, Fleſh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all thoſe Incumbrances of Mortality to be conſumed on the Funeral Pile. As ſoon as ſhe has thus caſt her Burthen, ſhe makes her Eſcape, and flies away from it like a Dream.

When this melancholy Converſation is at an End, the Poet draws up to View as charming a Vision as could enter into Man's Imagination. He deſcribes the next who appeared to *Ulyſſes*, to have been the Shades of the fineſt Women that had ever lived upon the Earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Miſtreſſes of Gods, or the Mother of Heroes, ſuch as *Antiope*, *Alcmena*, *Leda*, *Ariadne*, *Iphimedia*, *Eriphyle*, and ſeveral others, of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a ſhort Hiſtory of their Adventures. The beautiful Aſſembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood. Each of them, ſays *Ulyſſes* (as a gentle Satyr upon Female Vanity) *giving me an Account of her Birth and Family.* This Scene of extraordinary Women, ſeems to have been deſigned by the Poet as a Lecture of Mortality to the whole Sex, and to put them in Mind of what they muſt expect, notwithſtanding the greateſt Perfections, and higheſt Honours, they can arrive at.

The Circle of Beauties at length diſappeared, and was ſucceeded by the Shades of ſeveral *Grecian* Heroes who had been engaged with *Ulyſſes* in the Siege of *Troy*. The firſt that approached was *Agamemnon*, the Generaliſſimo of that great Expedition, who at the Appearance of his old Friend wept very bitterly, and without ſaying any Thing to him, endeavoured to graſp him by the Hand. *Ulyſſes*, who was much moved at the Sight, pour'd out a Flood of Tears, and aſk'd him the Occaſion of his Death, which *Agamemnon* related to him in all its Tragical Circumſtances; how he was murthered at a Banquet by the Contrivance of his own Wife, in Confederacy with

with the Adulterer: From whence he takes Occaſion to reproach the whole Sex, after a Manner which would be inexcuſable in a Man who had not been ſo great a Sufferer by them. *My Wife* (ſays he) *has diſgraced all the Women that ſhall ever be born into the World, even thoſe who hereafter ſhall be innocent: Take Care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never to tell her all you know. If you reveal ſome Things to her, be ſure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your* Penelope, *ſhe will not uſe you as my Wife has treated me; however, take Care how you truſt a Woman.* The Poet, in this and other Inſtances, according to the Syſtem of many Heathen as well as Chriſtian Philoſophers, ſhows, how Anger, Revenge, and other Habits which the Soul had contracted in the Body, Subſiſt, and grow in it under its State of Separation.

I am extremely pleaſed with the Companions which the Poet in the next Deſcription aſſigns to *Achilles*. *Achilles* (ſays the Hero) *came up to me with* Patroclus *and* Antilochus. By which we may ſee that it was *Homer*'s Opinion, and probably that of the Age he lived in, that the Friendſhips which are made among the Living, will likewiſe continue among the Dead. *Achilles* enquires after the Welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a Fierceneſs of the ſame Character that *Homer* has every where expreſſed in the Actions of his Life. The Paſſage relating to his Son is ſo extremely beautiful, that I muſt not omit it. *Ulyſſes*, after having deſcribed him as wiſe in Council, and active in War, and mentioned the Foes whom he had ſlain in Battle, adds an Obſervation that he himſelf had made of his Behaviour whilſt he lay in the Wooden Horſe. *Moſt of the Generals* (ſays he) *that were with us, either wept or trembled: As for your Son, I neither ſaw him wipe a Tear from his Cheeks, or change his Countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his*

his Hand upon his Sword, or grasp his Spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans. He then informs his Father of the great Honour and Rewards which he had purchased before *Troy*, and of his Return from it without a Wound. The Shade of *Achilles*, says the Poet, was so pleased with the Account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary Majesty over the green Meadow that lay before them.

This last Circumstance of a deceased Father's rejoicing in the Behaviour of his Son, is very finely contrived by *Homer*, as an Incentive to Virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The Description of *Ajax*, which follows, and his refusing to speak to *Ulysses*, who had won the Armour of *Achilles* from him, and by that Means occasioned his Death, is admired by every one that reads it. When *Ulysses* relates the Sullenness of his Deportment, and considers the Greatness of the Hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble Sentiments. *Oh! that I had never gained a Prize which cost the Life of so brave a Man as* Ajax! *Who, for the Beauty of his Person, and Greatness of his Actions, was, inferior to none but the Divine* Achilles. The same noble Condescention, which never dwells but in truly great Minds, and such as *Homer* would represent that of *Ulysses* to have been, discovers it self likewise in the Speech which he made to the Ghost of *Ajax* on that Occasion. *Oh* Ajax! says he, *Will you keep your Resentments even after Death? What Destructions hath this fatal Armour brought upon the* Greeks, *by robbing them of you, who were their Bulwark and Defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your Death to any one but* Jupiter, *who out of his Anger to the* Greeks, *took you away from among them: Let me entreat you to approach me; restrain*

the

the Fierceneſs of your Wrath, and the Greatneſs of your Soul, and hear what I have to ſay to you. *Ajax*, without making a Reply, turned his Back upon him, and retired into a Crowd of Ghoſts.

Ulyſſes, after all theſe Viſions, took a View of thoſe impious Wretches who lay in Tortures for the Crimes they had committed upon the Earth, whom he deſcribes under all the Varieties of Pain, as ſo many Marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their Example. He then tells us, That notwithſtanding he had a great Curioſity to ſee the Hero's that lived in the Ages before him, the Ghoſts began to gather about him in ſuch prodigious Multitudes, and with ſuch a Confuſion of Voices, that his Heart trembled as he ſaw himſelf amidſt ſo great a Scene of Horrors. He adds, That he was afraid leſt ſome hideous Spectre ſhould appear to him, that might terrify him to Diſtraction; and therefore withdrew in Time.

I queſtion not but my Reader will be pleaſed with this Deſcription of a future State, repreſented by ſuch a noble and fruitful Imagination, that had nothing to direct it beſides the Light of Nature, and the Opinions of a dark and ignorant Age.

The TATLER. [N° 153.

Bambalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.
Farn. Rhet.

From *Thurſd. March* 30. to *Saturd. April* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I Have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn, are repreſented ſitting together in a Circle,

cle, and joining in a Conſort of Muſick. Each of them plays upon ſuch a particular Inſtrument as is the moſt ſuitable to his Character, and expreſſes that Style and Manner of Painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-Painter of thoſe Times, to ſhow the Grandeur and Boldneſs of his Figures, hath a Horn in his Mouth, which he ſeems to wind with great Strength and Force. On the contrary, an eminent Artiſt, who wrought up his Pictures with the greateſt Accuracy, and gave them all thoſe delicate Touches which are apt to pleaſe the niceſt Eye, is repreſented as tuning a Theorbo. The ſame Kind of Humour runs through the whole Piece.

I have often from this Hint imagined to my ſelf, that different Talents in Diſcourſe might be ſhadowed out after the ſame Manner by different Kinds of Muſick; and that the ſeveral converſable Parts of Mankind in this great City, might be caſt into proper Characters and Diviſions, as they reſemble ſeveral Inſtruments that are in Uſe among the Maſters of Harmony. Of theſe therefore in their Order, and Firſt of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Bluſterers in Converſation, that with a loud Laugh, unnatural Mirth, and a Torrent of Noiſe, domineer in publick Aſſemblies, over-bear Men of Senſe, ſtun their Companions, and fill the Place they are in with a ratling Sound, that hath ſeldom any Wit, Humour, or good Breeding in it. The Drum notwithſtanding, by this boiſterous Vivacity, is very proper to impoſe upon the Ignorant; and in Converſation with Ladies, who are not of the fineſt Taſt, often paſſes for a Man of Mirth and Wit, and for wonderful pleaſant Company. I need not obſerve, that the Emptineſs of the Drum very much contributes to its Noiſe.

The Lute is a Character directly oppoſite to the Drum, that ſounds very finely by it ſelf, or in

in a very ſmall Conſort. Its Notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a Multitude of Inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular Attention to it. A Lute is ſeldom heard in a Company of more than Five, whereas a Drum will ſhow it ſelf to Advantage in an Aſſembly of Five hundred. The Lutaniſts therefore are Men of a fine Genius, uncommon Reflection, great Affability, and eſteemed chiefly by Perſons of a good Taſt, who are the only proper Judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a Melody.

The Trumpet is an Inſtrument that has in it no Compaſs of Muſick, or Variety of Sound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within its Pitch. It has not above Four or Five Notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite Turns and Modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this Denomination, are your Men of the moſt faſhionable Education and refined Breeding, who have learned a certain Smoothneſs of Diſcourſe, and Sprightlineſs of Air, from the polite Company they have kept; but at the ſame Time have ſhallow Parts, weak Judgments, and a ſhort Reach of Underſtanding. A Playhouſe, a Drawing Room, a Ball, a Viſiting Day, or a Ring at *Hide-Park*, are the few Notes they are Maſters of, which they touch upon in all Converſations. The Trumpet however is a neceſſary Inſtrument about a Court, and a proper Enlivener of a Conſort, though of no great Harmony by it ſelf.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Flouriſhes of Imagination, Sharpneſs of Repartee, Glances of Satyr, and bear away the upper Part in every Conſort. I cannot however but obſerve, That when a Man is not diſpoſed to hear Muſick, there is not a more diſagreeable Sound in Harmony than that of a Violin.

There

There is another Musical Instrument, which is more frequent in this Nation than any other, I mean your Bass Viol, which grumbles in the Bottom of the Consort, and with a lusty Masculine Sound strengthens the Harmony, and tempers the Sweetness of the several Instruments that play along with it. The Bass Viol is an Instrument of a quite different Nature to the Trumpet, and may signify Men of rough Sense, and unpolish'd Parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable Bluntness, unexpected Wit, and surly Pleasantries, to the no small Diversion of their Friends and Companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born *Britain* to be naturally a Bass-Viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great Eloquence and Alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horses, Quickset-Hedges, and Six Bar Gates, double Ditches, and broken Necks, I am in Doubt, whether I should give them a Place in the conversable World. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the Dignity of Hunting Horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that Name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from Morning to Night with the Repetition of a few Notes, which are play'd over and over, with the perpetual Humming of a Drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious Story-Tellers, the Load and Burthen of Conversations, that set up for Men of Importance, by knowing secret History, and giving an Account of Transactions, that whether they ever passed in the World or not, doth not signify an Halfpenny to its Instruction, or its Welfare. Some have observed, That the *Northern* Parts of this Island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There

There are ſo very few Perſons who are Maſters in every Kind of Converſation, and can talk we all Subjects, that I don't know whether on ſhould make a diſtinct Species of them: Nevertheleſs, that my Scheme may not be defective, for the Sake of thoſe few who are endowed with ſuch extraordinary Talents, I ſhall allow them to be Harpſicords, a Kind of Muſick which every one knows is a Conſort by it ſelf.

As for your Paſſing-Bells, who look upon Mirth as Criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholly in it ſelf, and mortifying to Humane Nature, I ſhall not mention them.

I ſhall likewiſe paſs over in Silence all the Rabble of Mankind, that crowd our Streets, Coffee-houſes, Feaſts, and publick Tables. I cannot call their Diſcourſe Converſation, but rather ſomething that is practiſed in Imitation of it. For which Reaſon, if I would deſcribe them by any Muſical Inſtrument, it ſhould be by thoſe modern Inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-Bone and Cleaver.

My Reader will doubtleſs obſerve, That I have only touched here upon Male Inſtruments, having reſerved my Female Conſort to another Occaſion. If he has a Mind to know where theſe ſeveral Characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole Club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given ſome Account of in my Deſcription of our Nightly Meetings in *Sheer Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in Couples upon the Banks of a Chryſtal Stream, or in the Retréats of ſhady Woods and flowry Meadows; which for different Reaſons are likewiſe the great Reſort of your Hunting-Horns. Baſs-Viols are frequently to be found over a Glaſs of ſtale Beer and a Pipe of Tobacco; whereas thoſe who ſet up for Violins, ſeldom fail to make their Appearance at *Will's* once every Evening. You may meet

meet with a Trumpet any where on the other Side of *Charing Cross*.

That we may draw ſomething for our Advantage in Life out of the foregoing Diſcourſe, I muſt entreat my Reader to make a narrow Search into his Life and Converſation, and upon his leaving any Company, to examine himſelf ſeriouſly, whether he has behaved himſelf in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Baſs Viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his Muſick for the future. For my own Part, I muſt confeſs, I was a Drum for many Years; nay, and a very noiſy one, till having poliſhed my ſelf a little in good Company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my Converſation as was poſſible for a Man of an impetuous Temper, by which Mixture of different Muſicks, I look upon my ſelf, during the Courſe of many Years, to have reſembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have ſince very much endeavoured at the Sweetneſs of the Lute; but in Spight of all my Reſolutions, I muſt confeſs with great Confuſion, that I find my ſelf daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the Effect of my old Age, or of the Company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a Watch over my Converſation, and to ſilence the Drone as ſoon as I find it begin to hum in my Diſcourſe, being determined rather to hear the Notes of others, than to play out of Time, and incroach upon their Parts in the Conſort by the Noiſe of ſo tireſome an Inſtrument.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Letter which I received laſt Night from a Friend of mine, who knows very well my Notions upon this Subject, and invites me to paſs the Evening at his Houſe, with a ſelect Company of Friends, in the following Words:

Dear Iſaac,

'I Intend to have a Conſort at my Houſe this 'Evening, having by great Chance got a Harp-'ſicord, which I am ſure will entertain you very 'agreeably. There will be likewiſe Two Lutes 'and a Trumpet: Let me beg you to put your 'ſelf in Tune, and believe me

Your very faithful humble Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.

The TATLER. N° 154.

Obſcuris Vera involvens. Virg. *Æn.* L. 6.

From *Saturday April* 1. to *Tueſday April* 4. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined *Homer*'s Deſcription of a Future State, and the Condition in which he hath placed the Souls of the Deceaſed. I ſhall in this Paper make ſome Obſervations on the Account which *Virgil* hath given us of the ſame Subject, who, beſides a Greatneſs of Genius, had all the Lights of Philoſophy and Humane Learning to aſſiſt and guide him in his Diſcoveries.

Æneas is repreſented as deſcending into the Empire of Death, with a Propheteſs by his Side, who inſtructs him in the Secrets of thoſe lower Regions.

Upon the Confines of the Dead, and before the very Gates of this infernal World, *Virgil* deſcribes ſeveral Inhabitants, whoſe Natures are wonderfully ſuited to the Situation of the Place, as being either the Occaſions or Reſemblances of Death.

Death. Of the firſt Kind are the Shadows of Sickneſs, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; (Apparitions very terrible to behold) with ſeveral others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Diſcord, which contribute all of them to people this common Receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewiſe a very proper Reſidence for every Thing that reſembles Death, the Poet tells us, That Sleep, whom he repreſents as a near Relation to Death, has likewiſe his Habitation in theſe Quarters, and deſcribes in them a huge gloomy Elm-Tree, which ſeems a very proper Ornament for the Place, and is poſſeſſed by an innumerable Swarm of Dreams, that hang in Cluſters under every Leaf of it. He then gives us a Liſt of imaginary Perſons, who very naturally lie within the Shadow of the Dream-Tree, as being of the ſame Kind of Make in themſelves, and the Materials or (to uſe *Shakeſpear's* Phraſe) the Stuff of which Dreams are made. Such are the Shades of the Giant with a Hundred Hands, and of his Brother with Three Bodies; of the double-ſhap'd *Centaur* and *Scylla*, the *Gorgon* with Snakey Hair; the *Harpy* with a Woman's Face and Lion's Talons; the Seven-headed *Hydra*; and the *Chimæra*, which breaths forth a Flame, and is a Compound of Three Animals. Theſe ſeveral mix'd Natures, the Creatures of Imagination, are not only introduced with great Art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very Entrance, and within the very Gates of thoſe Regions, do probably denote the wild Deliriums and Extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul uſually falls into when ſhe is juſt upon the Verge of Death.

Thus far *Æneas* travels in an Allegory. The reſt of the Deſcription is drawn with great Exactneſs, according to the Religion of the Heathens, and the Opinions of the *Platonick* Philoſophy. I ſhall not trouble my Reader with a com-

mon dull Story, that gives an Account why the Heathens firſt of all ſuppoſed a Ferryman in Hell, and his Name to be *Charon*; but muſt not paſs over in Silence the Point of Doctrine which *Virgil* hath very much inſiſted upon in this Book, That the Souls of thoſe who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their reſpective Places of Reſt, till they have wanderdd a Hundred Years upon the Banks of *Styx*. This was probably an Invention of the Heathen Prieſthood, to make the People extremely careful of performing proper Rights and Ceremonies to the Memory of the Dead. I ſhall not however, with the infamous Scriblers of the Age, take an Occaſion from ſuch a Circumſtance, to run into Declamations againſt Prieſtcraft, but rather look upon it even in this Light as a Religious Artifice, to raiſe in the Minds of Men an Eſteem for the Memory of their Forefathers, and a Deſire to recommend themſelves to that of Poſterity; as alſo to excite in them an Ambition of imitating the Virtues of the Deceaſed, and to keep alive in their Thoughts the Senſe of the Soul's Immortality. In a Word, we may ſay in Defence of the ſevere Opinions relating to the Shades of unburied Perſons, what hath been ſaid by ſome of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of ſuch who die without being initiated into our Religion, That ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, they can do no Hurt to the Dead, and will have a good Effect upon the Living, in making them cautious of neglecting ſuch neceſſary Solemnities.

Charon is no ſooner appeas'd, and the Triple-headed Dog laid aſleep, but *Æneas* makes his Entrance into the Dominions of *Pluto*. There are Three Kinds of Perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the Borders; and I can give no Reaſon for their being ſtationed there in ſo particular a Manner, but becauſe they none of them ſeem to

to have had a proper Right to a Place among the Dead, as not having run out the whole Thread of their Days, and finiſhed the Term of Life that had been allotted them upon Earth. The firſt of theſe are the Souls of Infants, who are ſnatched away by untimely Ends: The Second, are of thoſe who are put to Death wrongfully, and by an unjuſt Sentence; and the Third, of thoſe who grew weary of their Lives, and laid violent Hands upon themſelves. As for the Second of theſe, *Virgil* adds with great Beauty, That *Minos*, the Judge of the Dead, is employed in giving them a Rehearing, and aſſigning them their ſeveral Quarters ſuitable to the Parts they acted in Life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of thoſe unhappy Men who deſtroyed themſelves, breaks out into a fine Exclamation; *Oh! how gladly*, ſays he, *would they now endure Life with all its Miſeries! But the Deſtinies forbid their Return to Earth, and the Waters of Styx ſurround them with Nine Streams that are unpaſſable.* It is very remarkable, that *Virgil*, notwithſtanding Self-murther was ſo frequent among the Heathens, and had been practiſed by ſome of the greateſt Men in the very Age before him, hath here repreſented it as ſo heinous a Crime. But in this Particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his great Maſter *Plato*, who ſays on this Subject, That a Man is placed in his Station of Life like a Soldier in his proper Poſt, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There is another Point in the Platonick Philoſophy, which *Virgil* has made the Ground-work of the greateſt Part in the Piece we are now examining, having with wonderful Art and Beauty materializ'd (if I may ſo call it) a Scheme of abſtracted Notions, and cloathed the moſt nice refined Conceptions of Philoſophy in Senſible Ima-

ges, and Poetical Repreſentations. The Platoniſts tell us, That the Soul, during her Reſidence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, ſo as to become a beneficient, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being: A Subſtance inflam'd with Luſt, Avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brighten'd with pure, generous and humble Diſpoſitions: That theſe and the like Habits of Virtue and Vice growing into the very Eſſence of the Soul, ſurvive and gather Strength in her after her Diſſolution; That the Torments of a vicious Soul in a future State ariſe principally from thoſe importunate Paſſions which are not capable of being gratified without a Body; and that on the contrary, the Happineſs of virtuous Minds very much conſiſts in their being employed in ſublime Speculations, innocent Diverſions, ſociable Affections, and all the Extaſies of Paſſion and Rapture which are agreeable to reaſonable Natures, and of which they gained a Reliſh in this Life.

Upon this Foundation, the Poet raiſes that beautiful Deſcription of the ſecret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceaſed Lovers.

Not far from hence, ſays he, lies a great Waſt of Plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In theſe there grows a Forreſt of Myrtle, divided into many ſhady Retirements and covered Walks, and inhabited by the Souls of thoſe who pined away with Love. The Paſſion, ſays he, continues with them after Death. He then gives a Liſt of this languiſhing Tribe, in which his own *Dido* makes the principal Figure, and is deſcrib'd as living in this ſoft Romantick Scene, with the Shade of her firſt Husband *Sychæus*.

The Poet in the next Place mentions another Plain that was peopled with the Ghoſts of Warriors,

riors, as ſtill delighting in each other's Company, and pleaſed with the Exerciſe of Arms. He there repreſents the *Græcian* Generals and common Soldiers who periſhed in the Siege of *Troy* as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the Approach of *Æneas*, which renewed in them thoſe Impreſſions of Fear they had before received in Battle with the *Trojans*. He afterwards likewiſe, upon the ſame Notion, gives a View of the *Trojan* Heroes who lived in former Ages, amidſt a viſionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowry Meadows, ſhining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their Pleaſures upon Earth, and now make up their Happineſs in *Elyſium*. For the ſame Reaſon alſo, he mentions others as ſinging Pæans, and Songs of Triumph, amidſt a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The Chief of the Conſort was the Poet *Muſæus*, who ſtood incloſed with a Circle of Admirers, and roſe by the Head and Shoulders above the Throng of Shades that ſurrounded him. The Habitations of unhappy Spirits, to ſhew the Duration of their Torments, and the deſperate Condition they are in, are repreſented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a Lake of Fire, ſtrengthened with Towers of Iron, encompaſſed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of Adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their Foundations. The Noiſe of Stripes, the Clank of Chains, and the Groans of the Tortured, ſtrike the pious *Æneas* with a kind of Horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Claſſes: The firſt and blackeſt Catalogue conſiſts of ſuch as were guilty of Outrages againſt the Gods; and the next, of ſuch who were convicted of Injuſtice between Man and Man: The greateſt Number of whom, ſays the Poet, are thoſe who followed the Dictates of Avarice.

It was an Opinion of the Platoniſts. That the Souls of Men having contracted in the Body great Stains and Pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were ſeveral Purgations and Cleanſings neceſſary to be paſſed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this Thought likewiſe a Cloathing of Poetry, deſcribes ſome Spirits as bleaching in the Winds, others as cleanſing under great Falls of Waters, and others as purging in Fire to recover the primitive Beauty and Purity of their Natures.

It was likewiſe an Opinion of the ſame Sect of Philoſophers, That the Souls of all Men exiſt in a ſeparate State, long before their Union with their Bodies; and that upon their Immerſion into Fleſh, they forget every Thing which paſſed in the State of Pre-exiſtence; ſo that what we here call Knowledge, is nothing elſe but Memory, or the Recovery of thoſe Things which we knew before.

In purſuance of this Scheme, *Virgil* gives us a View of ſeveral Souls, who to prepare themſelves for living upon Earth, flock about the Banks of the River *Lethe*, and ſwill themſelves with the Waters of Oblivion.

The ſame Scheme gives him an Opportunity of making a noble Compliment to his Countrymen, where *Anchiſes* is repreſented taking a Survey of the long Train of Heroes that are to deſcend from him, and giving his Son *Æneas* an Account of all the Glories of his Race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonick Year, which is but juſt touched upon in this Book; and as I have conſulted no Authors Thoughts in this Explication, ſhall be very well pleaſed, if it can make the nobleſt Piece of the moſt accompliſhed Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 155.

—— Aliena Negotia curat
Excuſſus propriis —— Hor.

From *Tueſday April* 4. to *Thurſday April* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THere lived ſome Years ſince within my Neighbourhood a very grave Perſon, an Upholſterer, who ſeemed a Man of more than ordinary Application to Buſineſs. He was a very early Riſer, and was often abroad Two or Three Hours before any of his Neighbours. He had a particular Carefulneſs in the knitting of his Brows, and a kind of Impatience in all his Motions, that plainly diſcovered he was always intent on Matters of Importance. Upon my Enquiry into his Life and Converſation, I found him to be the greateſt Newſmonger in our Quarter; that he roſe before Day to read the *Poſt-Man*; and that he would take Two or Three Turns to the other End of the Town before his Neighbours were up, to ſee if there were any *Dutch* Mails come in. He had a Wife and ſeveral Children; but was much more inquiſitive to know what paſſed in *Poland* than in his own Family, and was in greater Pain and Anxiety of Mind for King *Auguſtus*'s Welfare than that of his neareſt Relations. He looked extremely thin in a Dearth of News, and never enjoyed himſelf in a Weſterly Wind. This indefatigable kind of Life was the Ruin of his Shop; for about the Time that his Favourite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and diſappeared.

This Man and his Affairs had been long out of my Mind, till about Three Days ago, as I was walking in St. *James*'s Park, I heard ſome body at a Diſtance hemming after me: And who ſhould it be but my old Neighbour the Upholſterer? I ſaw he was reduced to extreme Poverty, by certain ſhabby Superfluities in his Dreſs: For notwithſtanding that it was a very ſultry Day for the Time of the Year, he wore a looſe great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-Wig out of Curl; to which he had added the Ornament of a Pair of black Garters buckled under the Knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his preſent Circumſtances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a Whiſper, Whether the laſt Letters brought any Accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldeſt Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, ſays he, tell me ſincerely, What are your Thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? For tho' his Wife and Children were ſtarving, I found his chief Concern at preſent was for this great Monarch. I told him That I looked upon him as one of the firſt Heroes of the Age. But pray, ſays he, do you think there is any Thing in the Story of his Wound? And finding me ſurpriſed at the Queſtion, Nay, ſays he, I only propoſe it to you. I anſwered, That I thought there was no Reaſon to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, ſays he, more than in any other Part of the Body? Becauſe, ſays I, the Bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary Dialogue was no ſooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long Diſſertation upon the Affairs of the *North*; and after having ſpent ſome Time on them, he told me, He was in a great Perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *Engliſh-Poſt*, and had been juſt now examining what the other Papers

ſay

ſay upon the ſame Subject. The *Daily Courant*, ſays he, has theſe Words, *We have Advices from very good Hands, That a certain Prince has ſome Matters of great Importance under Conſideration.* This is very myſterious; *but the Poſt-Boy* leaves us more in the Dark, for he tells us, *That there are private Intimations of Meaſures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to Light.* Now the *Poſt Man*, ſays he, who uſes to be very clear, refers to the ſame News in theſe Words; *The late Conduct of a certain Prince affords great Matter of Speculation.* This certain Prince, ſays the Upholſterer, whom they are all ſo cautious of naming, I take to be--- Upon which, tho' there was no Body near us, he whiſpered ſomething in my Ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper End of the *Mall*, where were Three or Four very odd Fellows ſitting together upon the Bench. Theſe I found were all of them Politicians, who uſed to Sun themſelves in that Place every Day about Dinner-Time. Obſerving them to be Curioſities in their Kind, and my Friend's Acquaintance, I ſat down among them.

The chief Politician of the Bench was a great Aſſerter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a ſeeming Concern, That by ſome News he had lately read from *Muſcovy*, it appeared to him that there was a Storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in Time do Hurt to the Naval Forces of this Nation. To this he added, That for his Part, he could not wiſh to ſee the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, That he looked upon thoſe extraordinary Revolutions which had lately happened in theſe Parts of the World, to have riſen chiefly from Two Perſons who were not much talked of; and thoſe, ſays he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the

the Dutcheſs of *Mirandola*. He back'd his Aſſertions with ſo many broken Hints, and ſuch a Show of Depth and Wiſdom, that we gave our ſelves up to his Opinions.

The Diſcourſe at length fell upon a Point which ſeldom eſcapes a Knot of true-born *Engliſhmen*, Whether in Caſe of a Religious War, the Proteſtants would not be too ſtrong for the Papiſts? This we unanimouſly determined on the Proteſtant Side. One who ſat on my Right Hand, and, as I found by his Diſcourſe, had been in the *Weſt-Indies*, aſſured us, That it would be a very eaſie Matter for the Proteſtants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, That whenever ſuch a War does break out, it muſt turn to the Good of the *Leeward* Iſlands. Upon this, one who ſat at the End of the Bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the Company, ſaid, that in caſe the Papiſts ſhould drive the Proteſtants from theſe Parts of *Europe*, when the worſt came to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muſcovy* ſtand Neuter.

He further told us for our Comfort, That there were vaſt Tracts of Land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Proteſtants nor Papiſts, and of greater Extent than all the *Roman* Catholick Dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully diſcuſſed this Point, my Friend the Upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the Preſent Negotiations of Peace, in which he depoſed Princes, ſettled the Bounds of Kingdoms, and Ballanced the Power of *Europe*, with great Juſtice and Impartiality.

I at length took my Leave of the Company, and was going away; but had not been gone Thirty Yards, before the Upholſterer hemm'd again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a Whiſper, I expected to hear ſome ſecret

Piece of News, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but inſtead of that, he deſired me in my Ear to lend him Half a Crown. In Compaſſion to ſo needy a Stateſman, and to diſſipate the Confuſion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleaſed, I would give him Five Shillings, to receive Five Pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Conſtantinople*, which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the Impoſſibility of ſuch an Event, as the Affairs of *Europe* now ſtand.

This Paper I deſign for the particular Benefit of thoſe worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-houſe than in their Shops, and whoſe Thoughts are ſo taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Cuſtomers.

The TATLER. [N° 156.

—— *Sequiturq; Patrem non paſſibus æquis.* Virg

From *Thurſd. April* 6. to *Saturd. April* 8. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already deſcribed out of *Homer* the Voyage of *Ulyſſes* to the Infernal Shades, with the ſeveral Adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful Romance publiſhed not many Years ſince by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, we may ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* bound on the ſame Expedition, and after the ſame Manner making his Diſcoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The Story of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a Notion of that great Poet's Manner of Writing, more than any Tranſlation of him can poſſibly do. As it was written for the

the Inſtruction of a young Prince, who may one Day ſit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took Care to ſuit the ſeveral Parts of his Story, and particularly the Deſcription we are now entring upon, to the Character and Quality of his Pupil. For which Reaſon, he inſiſts very much on the Miſery of bad, and the Happineſs of good Kings, in the Account he hath given of Puniſhments and Rewards in the other World.

We may however obſerve, notwithſtanding the Endeavours of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain Tincture of Chriſtianity running through the whole Relation. The Prelate in ſeveral Places mixes himſelf with the Poet; ſo that his future State puts me in Mind of *Michael Angelo*'s Laſt Judgment, where *Charon* and his Boat are repreſented as bearing a Part in the dreadful Solemnities of that great Day.

Telemachus, after having paſſed through the dark Avenues of Death in the Retinue of *Mercury*, who every Day delivers up a certain Tale of Ghoſts to the Ferryman of Styx, is admitted into the Infernal Bark. Among the Companions of his Voyage, is the Shade of *Nabopharzon*, a King of *Babylon*, and Tyrant of all the *Eaſt*. Among the Ceremonies and Pomps of his Funeral, there were Four Slaves ſacrificed, according to the Cuſtom of the Country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having deſcribed this Tyrant in the moſt odious Colours of Pride. Inſolence, and Cruelty, tells us, That his Four Slaves, inſtead of ſerving him after Death, were perpetually inſulting him with Reproaches and Affronts for his paſt Uſage; That they ſpurn'd him as he lay upon the Ground, and forc'd him to ſhow his Face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the Confuſions of Guilt and Infamy; and in ſhort, that they kept him bound

bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the Dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the Bark, ſees all the Strand covered with an innumerable Multitude of Shades, who, upon his jumping aſhore, immediately vaniſhed. He then purſues his Courſe to the Palace of *Pluto*, who is deſcribed as ſeated on his Throne in terrible Majeſty, with *Proſerpine* by his Side. At the Foot of his Throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghaſtlineſs of his Viſage, and the Nature of the Apparitions that ſurrounded him, diſcovers himſelf to be Death. His Attendants are, Melancholy, Diſtruſt, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Deſpair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper Actions and Poſtures. The Author, with great Beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an Aſſembly of Phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the Living, by appearing in the Shape and Likeneſs of the Dead.

The young Hero in the next Place takes a Survey of the different Kinds of Criminals that lay in Torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The Firſt of theſe were ſuch as had been guilty of Impieties, which every one hath an Horror for: To which is added, a Catalogue of ſuch Offenders that ſcarce appear to be faulty in the Eyes of the Vulgar. Among theſe, ſays the Author, are malicious Criticks, that have endeavoured to caſt a Blemiſh upon the Perfections of others; with whom he likewiſe places ſuch as have often hurt the Reputation of the Innocent, by paſſing a raſh Judgment on their Actions, without knowing the Occaſion of them. Theſe Crimes, ſays he, are more ſeverely puniſhed after Death, becauſe they generally meet with Impunity upon Earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a Survey of ſeveral other Wretches in the ſame Circumſtances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are puniſhed. There are very fine Strokes of Imagination in the Deſcription which he gives of this unhappy Multitude. He tells us, That on one Side of them there ſtood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their Ears inceſſant Repetitions of all the Crimes they had committed upon Earth, with the Aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardneſs of Heart, and all thoſe ſecret Affections of Mind that enter into the Compoſition of a Tyrant. At the ſame Time, ſhe holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one ſees himſelf repreſented in the natural Horror and Deformity of his Character. On the other Side of them ſtands another Fury, that with an inſulting Deriſion, repeats to them all the Praiſes that their Flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they ſat upon their reſpective Thrones. She too, ſays the Author, preſents a Mirror before their Eyes, in which every one ſees himſelf adorn'd with all thoſe Beauties and Perfections in which they had been drawn by the Vanity of their own Hearts, and the Flattery of others. To puniſh them for the Wantonneſs of the Cruelty which they formerly exerciſed, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the Fancy and Caprice of ſeveral Slaves, who have here an Opportunity of tyrannizing in their Turns.

The Author having given us a Deſcription of theſe ghaſtly Spectres, who, ſays he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the Diſtillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them Drop by Drop, and is never to be exhauſted, leads us into a pleaſing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odours of a Thouſand different Plants. Theſe Groves are repreſented as riſing among a great many

many flowry Meadows, and watered with Streams that diffuſe a perpetual Freſhneſs, in the midſt of an eternal Day, and a never-fading Spring. This, ſays the Author, was the Habitation of thoſe good Princes who were Friends of the Gods, and Parents of the People. Among theſe, *Telemachus* converſes with the Shade of one of his Anceſtors, who makes a moſt agreeable Relation of the Joys of *Elyſium*, and the Nature of its Inhabitants. The Reſidence of *Seſoſtris* among theſe happy Shades, with his Character and preſent Employment, is drawn in a very lively Manner, and with a great Elevation of Thought.

The Deſcription of that pure and gentle Light which overflows theſe happy Regions, and cloaths the Spirits of theſe virtuous Perſons, hath ſomething in it of that Enthuſiaſm which this Author was Accuſed of by his Enemies in the Church of *Rome*; but however it may look in Religion, it makes a very beautiful Figure in Poetry.

The Rays of the Sun, ſays he, are Darkneſs in Compariſon with this Light, which rather deſerves the Name of Glory, than that of Light. It pierces the thickeſt Bodies, in the ſame Manner as the Sun Beams paſs through Chryſtal: It ſtrengthens the Sight inſtead of dazzling it; and nouriſhes in the moſt inward Receſſes of the Mind, a perpetual Serenity that is not to be expreſs'd. It enters and incorporates it ſelf with the very Subſtance of the Soul: The Spirits of the Bleſſed feel it in all their Senſes, and in all their Perceptions. It produces a certain Source of Peace and Joy that ariſes in them for ever, running through all the Faculties, and refreſhing all the Deſires of the Soul. External Pleaſures and Delights, with all their Charms and Allurements, are regarded with the utmoſt Indif-

difference and Neglect by theſe happy Spirits who have this great Principle of Pleaſure within them, drawing the whole Mind to its ſelf, calling off their Attention from the moſt delightful Objects, and giving them all the Tranſports of Inebriation, without the Confuſion and the Folly of it.

I have here only mentioned ſome Maſter-Touches of this admirable Piece, becauſe the Original it ſelf is underſtood by the greater Part of my Readers. I muſt confeſs, I take a particular Delight in theſe Proſpects of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggeſtions of a fine Imagination, or the more ſevere Concluſions of Philoſophy; as a Man loves to hear all the Diſcoveries or Conjectures relating to a Foreign Country which he is, at ſome Time, to inhabit. Proſpects of this Nature lighten the Burden of any preſent Evil, and refreſh us under the worſt and loweſt Circumſtances of Mortality. They extinguiſh in us both the Fear and Envy of Humane Grandeur. Inſolence ſhrinks its Head, Power diſappears; Pain, Poverty, and Death, fly before them. In ſhort, the Mind that is habituated to the lively Senſe of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the moſt terrifying to the Generality of Mankind, and rejoice in what is the moſt afflicting.

The TATLER. [N° 157.

Facile eſt inventis addere

From *Saturd. April* 8. to *Tueſd. April* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I Was laſt Night in an Aſſembly of very Fine Women. How I came among them, is of no great Importance to the Reader. I ſhall only let him know, that I was betrayed into ſo good Company by the Device of an old Friend, who had promiſed to give ſome of his Female Acquaintance a Sight of Mr. *Bickerſtaff*. Upon hearing my Name mentioned, a Lady who ſat by me told me, they had brought together a Female Conſort for my Entertainment. You muſt know, ſays ſhe, that we all of us look upon our ſelves to be Muſical Inſtruments, though we do not yet know of what Kind, which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us Leave to play before you. This was followed by a general Laugh, which I always look upon as a neceſſary Flouriſh in the Opening of a Female Conſort. They then ſtruck up together, and play'd a whole Hour upon Two Grounds, *viz.* the *Trial*, and the *Opera*. I could not but obſerve, that ſeveral of their Notes were more ſoft, and ſeveral more ſharp, than any that ever I heard in a Male Conſort; though I muſt confeſs, there was not any Regard to Time, nor any of thoſe Reſts and Pauſes which are frequent in the Harmony of the other Sex. Beſides, that the Muſick was generally full, and no particular Inſtrument permitted to play long by its ſelf.

I ſeemed ſo very well pleaſed with what every one ſaid, and ſmiled with ſo much Complaiſance

at

at all their pretty Fancies, that though I did not put one Word into their Diſcourſe, I have the Vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable Company. I then told 'em, That if I were to draw the Picture of ſo many charming Muſicians, it ſhould be like one I had ſeen of the Muſes, with their ſeveral Inſtruments in their Hands. upon which the Lady Kettle-Drum toſſed back her Head, and cry'd, A very pretty Simile! The Conſort again revived; in which, with Nods, Smiles, and Approbations, I bore the Part rather of one who beats the Time, than of a Performer.

I was no ſooner retired to my Lodgings, but I ran over in my Thoughts the ſeveral Characters of this fair Aſſembly, which I ſhall give ſome Account of, becauſe they are various in their Kind, and may each of them ſtand as a Sample of a whole Species.

The Perſon who pleaſed me moſt was a Flute, an Inſtrument that, without any great Compaſs, hath ſomething exquiſitely ſweet and ſoft in its Sound: It lull's and ſoothes the Ear, and fills it with ſuch a gentle Kind of Melody, as keeps the Mind awake without ſtartling it, and raiſes a moſt agreeable Paſſion between Tranſport and Indolence. In ſhort, the Muſick of the Flute is the Converſation of a mild and amiable Woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, or at the ſame Time any Thing mean or trivial.

I muſt here obſerve, that the Hautboy is the moſt perfect of the Flute-Species, which, with all the Sweetneſs of the Sound, hath a great Strength and Variety of Notes; though at the ſame Time I muſt obſerve, that the Hautboy in one Sex is as ſcarce as the Harpſicord in the other.

By the ſide of the Flute there ſat a Flageolet, for ſo I muſt call a certain young Lady, who fancying her ſelf a Wit, deſpiſed the Muſick of the Flute as low and inſipid, and would be entertaining

taining the Company with tart ill-natured Obſervations, pert Fancies, and little Turns, which ſhe imagined to be full of Life and Spirit. The Flageolet therefore doth not differ from the Flute ſo much in the Compaſs of its Notes, as in the Shrilneſs and Sharpneſs of the Sound. We muſt however take Notice, that the Flageolets among their own Sex are more valued and eſteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquet in the Conſort, that with a great many skittiſh Notes, affected Squeaks, and ſtudied Inconſiſtences, diſtinguiſh'd her ſelf from the reſt of the Company. She did not ſpeak a Word during the whole *Trial*; but I thought ſhe would never have done upon the *Opera*. One while ſhe would break out upon, *That hideous King!* Then upon the charming Black-moor! Then, *Oh that dear Lion!* Then would hum over Two or Three Notes; then run to the Window to ſee what Coach was coming. The Coquet therefore I muſt diſtinguiſh by that Muſical Inſtrument which is commonly known by the Name of a Kit, that is more jiggiſh than the Fiddle it ſelf, and never ſounds but to a Dance.

The Fourth Perſon who bore a Part in the Converſation was a Prude, who ſtuck to the Trial, and was ſilent upon the whole Opera. The Gravity of her Cenſures, and Compoſure of her Voice, which were often attended with ſupercilious Caſts of the Eye and a ſeeming Contempt for the Lightneſs of the Converſation, put me in Mind of that ancient ſerious Matron-like Inſtrument the Virginal.

I muſt not paſs over in Silence a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe, by which I would ſignify a young Country Lady, who with a great deal of Mirth and Innocence diverted the Company very agreeably; and, if I am not miſtaken, by that Time the Wildneſs of her Notes is a little ſoftened,

and

and the Redundancy of her Muſick reſtrained by Converſation and good Company, will be improved into one of the moſt amiable Flutes about the Town. Your Romps and Boarding-School Girls fall likewiſe under this Denomination.

On the Right-Hand of the Hornpipe ſat a *Welſh* Harp, an Inſtrument which very much delights in the Tunes of old Hiſtorical Ballads, and in celebrating the Renown'd Actions and Exploits of ancient *Britiſh* Heroes. By this Inſtrument I therefore would deſcribe a certain Lady, who is one of thoſe Female Hiſtorians that upon all Occaſions enters into Pedigrees and Deſcents, and finds her ſelf related, by ſome Off ſhoot or other, to almoſt every great Family in *England*: For which Reaſon ſhe jarrs and is out of Tune very often in Converſation, for the Company's Want of due Attention and Reſpect to her.

But the moſt ſonorous Part of our Conſort was a She-Drum, or (as the Vulgar call it) a Kettle-Drum, who accompanied her Diſcourſe with Motions of the Body, Toſſes of the Head, and Brandiſhes of the Fan. Her Muſick was loud, bold, and maſculine. Every Thump ſhe gave, alarmed the Company, and very often ſet ſome Body or other in it a Bluſhing.

The laſt I ſhall mention was a certain Romantick Inſtrument called a *Dulcimer*, who talked of nothing but ſhady Woods, flowry Meadows, purling Streams, Larks and Nightingals, with all the Beauties of the Spring, and the Pleaſures of a Country Life. This Inſtrument hath a fine melancholy Sweetneſs in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think moſt of the converſable Part of Womankind may be found under one of the foregoing Diviſions; but it muſt be confeſſed, that the Generality of that Sex, notwithſtanding they have naturally a great Genius for being talkative, are not Miſtreſſes of more than one Note; with which however,

however, by frequent Repetition, they make a greater Sound than thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the whole Gammut, as may be obſerved in your Larums or Houſhold Scolds, and in your Caſtanets or impertinent Tittle-Tattles, who have no other Variety in their Diſcourſe but that of talking ſlower or faſter.

Upon communicating this Scheme of Muſick to an old Friend of mine, who was formerly a Man of Gallantry and a Rover, he told me, That he believed he had been in Love with every Inſtrument in my Conſort. The firſt that ſmit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his Father's Houſe in the Country; but upon his failing to meet her at an Aſſize, according to Appointment, ſhe caſt him off. His next Paſſion was for a Kettle-Drum, whom he fell in Love with at a Play; but when he came acquainted with her, not finding the Softneſs of her Sex in her Converſation, he grew cool to her; though at the ſame Time he could not deny, but that ſhe behaved her ſelf very much like a Gentlewoman. His Third Miſtreſs was a Dulcimer, who he found took great Delight in ſighing and languiſhing, but would go no further than the Preface of Matrimony; ſo that ſhe would never let a Lover have any more of her than her Heart, which, after having won, he was forced to leave her, as deſpairing of any further Succeſs. I muſt confeſs, ſays my Friend, I have often conſidered her with a great deal of Admiration; and I find her Pleaſure is ſo much in this firſt Step of an Amour, that her Life will paſs away in Dream, Solitude, and Soliloquy, till her Decay of Charms makes her ſnatch at the worſt Man that ever pretended to her. In the next Place, ſays my Friend, I fell in Love with a Kit, who led me ſuch a Dance through all the Varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent Behaviour, that the World began to grow cenſorious, though without any Cauſe:

For

For which Reaſon, to recover our Reputations, we parted by Conſent. To mend my Hand, ſays he, I made my next Application to a Virginal, who gave me great Encouragement, after her cautious Manner, till ſome malicious Companion told her of my long Paſſion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a ſcandalous Fellow. At length, in Deſpair, (ſays he) I betook my ſelf to a *Welſh* Harp, who rejected me with Contempt, after having found that my Great Grandmother was a Brewer's Daughter. I found by the Sequel of my Friend's Diſcourſe, that he had never aſpired to a Hautboy; that he had been exaſperated by a Flageolet; and that to this very Day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the Whole, having throughly conſidered how abſolutely neceſſary it is, That Two Inſtruments, which are to play together for Life, ſhould be exactly tuned, and go in perfect Conſort with each other, I would propoſe Matches between the Muſick of both Sexes, according to the following Table of Marriage.

1. Drum and Kettle-Drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpſicord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flageolet.
5. Baſs-Viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welſh* Harp.
7. Hunting-Horn and Horn Pipe.
8. Bagpipe and Caſtenets.
9. Paſſing-Bell and Virginal.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *in Conſideration of his ancient Friendſhip and Acquaintance with Mr.* Betterton *and great Eſteem for his Merit, ſummons all his Diſciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toaſts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty Fellows, Muſicians or Scrapers, to make their Appearance at the Play-houſe in the* Hay-market *on* Thurſday *next; when there will be a Play acted for the Benefit of the ſaid Mr.* Betterton.

The

The TATLER. [N° 158.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. Ter.

From *Tueſd. April* 11. to *Thurſd. April* 13. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

Tom Folio is a Broker in Learning, employed to get together good Editions, and ſtock the Libraries of Great Men. There is not a Sale of Books begins till *Tom Folio* is ſeen at the Door. There is not an Auction where his Name is not heard, and that too in the very Nick of Time, in the Critical Moment, before the laſt deciſive Stroke of the Hammer. There is not a Subſcription goes forward in which *Tom* is not privy to the firſt rough Draught of the Propoſals; nor a Catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the Preſs. He is an univerſal Scholar, ſo far as the Title-Page of all Authors, knows the Manuſcripts in which they were diſcovered, the Editions through which they have paſſed, with the Praiſes or Cenſures which they have received from the ſeveral Members of the Learned World. He has a greater Eſteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a Panegyrick upon *Harry Stephans*. He thinks he gives you an Account of an Author, when he tells you the Subject he treats of, the Name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further Particulars, he cries up the Goodneſs of the Paper, extols the Diligence of the Corrector, and is tranſported with the Beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be ſound Learning and ſubſtantial Criticiſm. As for thoſe

who talk of the Fineneſs of Style, and the Juſtneſs of Thought, or deſcribe the Brightneſs of any particular Paſſages; nay, though they write themſelves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as Men of ſuperficial Learning, and flaſhy Parts.

I had Yeſterday Morning a Viſit from this Learned Idiot, (for that is the Light in which I conſider every Pedant) when I diſcovered in him ſome little Touches of the Coxcomb, which I had not before obſerved. Being very full of the Figure which he makes in the Republick of Letters, and wonderfully ſatisfied with his great Stock of Knowledge, he gave me broad Intimations, that he did not *believe* in all Points as his Forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a Thought of a certain Author upon a Paſſage of *Virgil*'s Account of the Dead, which I made the Subject of a late Paper. This Thought hath taken very much among Men of *Tom*'s Pitch and Underſtanding, though univerſally exploded by all that know how to conſtrue *Virgil*, or have any Reliſh of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* did not believe a future State of Rewards and Puniſhments, becauſe *Æneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the Dead, paſſed through the Gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that *Tom* had not Senſe enough to give up an Opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, That *Virgil* poſſibly had his Overnights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, you would have another Opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinſius*'s Edition. I have peruſed him my ſelf ſeveral times in that Edition, continued he; and after the ſtricteſt and moſt malicious Examination, could find but two Faults in him: One of them is in the *Æneids*, where there are two Comma's inſtead of a Parentheſis; and another

in

in the third *Georgick*, where you may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not *Virgil*'s Thoughts, but those of the Transcriber. I do not design it, says *Tom*, as a Reflection on *Virgil*: On the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts *reclaim* against such a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaff*, says he, what would a Man give to see one Simile of *Virgil* writ in his own Hand? I asked him which was the Simile he meant; but was answered, Any Simile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the secret History in the Commonwealth of Learning; of modern Pieces that had the Names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the Books that were now writing or printing in the several Parts of *Europe*; of many Amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a Thousand other Particulars, which I would not have my Memory burthen'd with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a Prodigy of Learning, he took his Leave. I know several of *Tom*'s Class who are professed Admirers of *Tasso*, without understanding a Word of *Italian*: and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor-Fide* in his Pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other Beauty but the Clearness of the Character.

There is another Kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio*'s Impertinencies, hath greater Superstructures and Embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same Degree as he is more learned. Of this Kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Criticks; and in short, all Men of deep Learning without common Sense. These Persons set a greater Value on themselves for having found out the Meaning of a Passage in *Greek*, than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the Passage it self not to have

any Beauty in it, at the ſame Time that they would be conſidered as the greateſt Men of the Age for having interpreted it. They will look with Contempt upon the moſt beautiful Poems that have been compoſed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themſelves up in their Studies for a Twelvemonth together, to correct, publiſh, and expound, ſuch Trifles of Antiquity as a modern Author would be contemn'd for. Men of the ſtricteſt Morals, ſevereſt Lives, and the graveſt Profeſſions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin*; give Editions of the moſt immoral Authors, and ſpin out whole Pages upon the various Readings of a lewd Expreſſion. All that can be ſaid in Excuſe for them, is, That their Works ſufficiently ſhow they have no Taſt of their Authors; and that what they do in this Kind, is out of their great Learning, and not out of any Levity or Laſciviouſneſs of Temper.

A Pedant of this Nature is wonderfully well deſcribed in Six Lines of *Boileau*, with which I ſhall conclude his Character.

Un Pèdant enyvrè de ſa vaine ſcience,
Tout heriſſé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans ſa tête entaſſez n'a ſouvent fait qu'un Sot,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, & que ſans Ariſtote
La Raiſon ne voit goute, & le bon Sens radote.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 159.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus. ——— ——— Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.

From *Thurſd. April* 13. to *Saturd. April* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

THE Wits of this Iſland, for above Fifty Years paſt, inſtead of correcting the Vices of the Age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common Topicks of Ridicule that every Stage-Scribler hath found his Account in; for whenever there is an Occaſion for a Clap, an impertinent Jeſt upon Matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. This hath been attended with very pernicious Conſequences. Many a Country 'Squire, upon his ſetting up for a Man of the Town, has gone home in the Gaiety of his Heart and beat his Wife. A kind Husband hath been looked upon as a Clown, and a good Wife as a Domeſtick Animal, unfit for the Company or Converſation of the *Beau Monde*. In ſhort, Separate Beds, Silent Tables, and Solitary Homes, have been introduced by your Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Age.

As I ſhall always make it my Buſineſs to ſtem the Torrents of Prejudice and Vice, I ſhall take particular Care to put an honeſt Father of a Family in Countenance, and endeavour to remove all the Evils out of that State of Life, which is either the moſt happy or moſt miſerable, that a Man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you pleaſe, conſider the Wits and well-bred Perſons of former Times. I have ſhown in another Paper, That *Pliny*, who was a Man of the great-

ſt Genius, as well as of the firſt Quality of his Age, did not think it below him to be a kind Huſband, and to treat his Wife as a Friend, Companion and Counſellor. I ſhall give the like Inſtance of another, who in all Reſpects was a much greater Man than *Pliny*, and hath written a whole Book of Letters to his Wife. They are not ſo full of Turns as thoſe tranſlated out of the former Author, who writes very much like a Modern, but are full of that beautiful Simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing Character of the beſt ancient Writers. The Author I am ſpeaking of, is *Cicero*; who, in the following Paſſages which I have taken out of his Letters, ſhows, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the Politeneſs of his Manners, or the Greatneſs of his Wiſdom, to ſtand upon Record in his Domeſtick Character.

Theſe Letters were written at a Time when he was baniſhed from his Country, by a Faction that then prevailed at *Rome*.

Cicero to *Terentia*.

'I Learn from the Letters of my Friends, as 'well as from common Report, that you give 'incredible Proofs of Virtue and Fortitude, and 'that you are indefatigable in all Kinds of good 'Offices. How unhappy a Man am I, that a 'Woman of your Virtue, Conſtancy, Honour, and 'good Nature, ſhould fall into ſo great Diſtreſſes 'upon my Account? And that my dear *Tulliola* 'ſhould be ſo much afflicted for the Sake of a 'Father, with whom ſhe had once ſo much Rea'ſon to be pleaſed! How can I mention little *Ci'cero*, whoſe firſt Knowledge of Things began 'with the Senſe of his own Miſery? If all this 'had happened by the Decrees of Fate, as you 'would kindly perſuade me, I could have born 'it. But, alas! it is all befallen me by my own

'Indiſ-

'Indiſcretion, who thought I was beloved by 'thoſe that envied me, and did not join with 'them who ſought my Friendſhip. —— At pre'ſent, ſince my Friends bid me hope, I ſhall take 'Care of my Health, that I may enjoy the Bene'fit of your affectionate Services. —— *Plancius* 'hopes we may ſome Time or other come toge'ther into *Italy*. If I ever live to ſee that Day; 'if I ever return to your dear Embraces; in 'ſhort, if I ever again recover you and my ſelf, 'I ſhall think our Conjugal Piety very well re'warded. —— As for what you write to me about 'ſelling your Eſtate, conſider, (my dear *Terentia*) 'conſider, alas! what would be the Event of it. 'If our preſent Fortune continues to oppreſs us, 'what will become of our poor Boy! My Tears 'flow ſo faſt, that I am not able to write any 'further; and I would not willingly make you 'weep with me. —— Let us take Care not to un'do the Child that is already undone: If we can 'leave him any Thing, a little Virtue will keep 'him from Want, and a little Fortune raiſe him 'in the World. Mind your Health, and let me 'know frequently what you are doing. —— Re'member me to *Tulliola* and *Cicero*.

II.

'DOn't fancy that I write longer Letters to 'any one than to your ſelf, unleſs when I 'chance to receive a longer Letter from another, 'which I am indiſpenſibly obliged to anſwer in 'every Particular. The Truth of it is, I have no 'Subject for a Letter at preſent; and as my Af'fairs now ſtand, there is nothing more painful 'to me than Writing. As for you and our dear '*Tulliola*, I cannot write to you without Abun'dance of Tears; for I ſee both of you miſerable, 'whom I always wiſhed to be happy, and whom 'I ought to have made ſo. —— I muſt acknow'ledge, you have done every Thing for me with 'the utmoſt Fortitude, and the utmoſt Affection;

' nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; ' though at the ſame Time it is a great Aggrava- ' tion of my ill Fortune, that the Afflictions I ſuf- ' fer can be relieved only by thoſe which you un- ' dergo for my Sake. For honeſt *Valerius* has ' written me a Letter, which I could not read ' without weeping very bitterly; wherein he ' gives me an Account of the publick Proceſſion ' which you have made for me at *Rome*. Alas! my ' deareſt Life, muſt then *Terentia*, the Darling of ' my Soul, whoſe Favour and Recommendations ' have been ſo often ſought by others; muſt my ' *Terentia* droop under the Weight of Sorrow, ' appear in the Habit of a Mourner, pour out ' Floods of Tears, and all this for my Sake; for ' my Sake who have undone my Family, by con- ' ſulting the Safety of others! —— As for what ' you write about ſelling your Houſe, I am very ' much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my ' Account may any way reduce you to Miſery and ' Want. If we can bring about our Deſign, we ' may indeed recover every Thing; but if For- ' tune perſiſts in perſecuting us, how can I think ' of your ſacrificing for me the poor Remainder ' of your Poſſeſſions? No, my deareſt Life, let ' me beg you to let thoſe bear my Expences who ' are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if ' you would ſhow your Love to me, do not in- ' jure your Health, which is already too much ' impaired. You preſent your ſelf before my ' Eyes Day and Night; I ſee you labouring amidſt ' innumerable Difficulties; I am afraid leſt you ' ſhould ſink under them; but I find in you all ' the Qualifications that are neceſſary to ſuppo t ' you: Be ſure therefore to cheriſh your Health, ' that you may compaſs the End of your Hopes ' and your Endeavours. —— Farewel my *Te-* ' *rentia*, my Heart's Deſire, farewel.

III.

'*Ariſtocritus* hath delivered to me Three of
'your Letters, which I have almoſt defaced
'with my Tears. Oh! my *Terentia*, I am con-
'ſumed with Grief, and feel the Weight of your
'Sufferings more than of my own. I am more
'miſerable than you are, notwithſtanding you are
'very much ſo; and that for this Reaſon, becauſe
'though our Calamity is common, it is my Fault
'that brought it upon us. I ought to have died
'rather than have been driven out of the City:
'I am therefore overwhelmed not only with
'Grief, but with Shame. I am aſhamed that I
'did not do my utmoſt for the beſt of Wives,
'and the deareſt of Children. You are ever pre-
'ſent before my Eyes in your Mourning, your
'Affliction, and your Sickneſs. Amidſt all which,
'there ſcarce appears to me the leaſt Glimmer-
'ring of Hope. —— However, as long as you
'hope, I will not deſpair. ——— I will do what
'you adviſe me. I have returned my Thanks to
'thoſe Friends whom you mentioned, and have
'let them know, That you have acquainted me
'with their good Offices. I am ſenſible of *Piſo*'s
'extraordinary Zeal and Endeavours to ſerve me.
'Oh! would the Gods grant that you and I
'might live together in the Enjoyment of ſuch a
'Son-in-Law, and of our dear Children. —— As
'for what you write of your coming to me if I
'deſire it, I would rather you ſhould be where
'you are, becauſe I know you are my principal
'Agent at *Rome*. If you ſucceed, I ſhall come to
'you: If not ——— But I need ſay no more.
'Be careful of your Health, and be aſſured, that
'nothing is, or ever was, ſo dear to me as your
'ſelf. Farewel my *Terentia*; I fancy that I ſee
'you, and therefore cannot command my Weak-
'neſs ſo far as to refrain from Tears.

IV.

"I Don't write to you as often as I might, because notwithſtanding I am afflicted at all "Times, I am quite overcome with Sorrow whilſt "I am writing to you, or reading any Letters "that I receive from you. —— If theſe Evils "are not to be removed, I muſt deſire to ſee you, "my deareſt Life, as ſoon as poſſible, and to die "in your Embraces; ſince neither the Gods, "whom you always religiouſly worſhipped; nor "the Men, whoſe Good I always promoted, have "rewarded us according to our Deſerts.--- What "a diſtreſſed Wretch am I? Should I ask a weak "Woman, oppreſſed with Cares and Sickneſs, to "come and live with me, or ſhall I not ask her? "Can I live without you? But I find I muſt. If "there be any Hopes of my Return, help it for-"ward, and promote it as much as you are able. "But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out "ſome Way or other of coming to me. This you "may be ſure of, that I ſhall not look upon my "ſelf as quite undone whilſt you are with me. "But what will become of *Tulliola*? You muſt "look to that; I muſt confeſs, I am entirely at a "Loſs about her. Whatever happens, we muſt "take Care of the Reputation and Marriage of "that dear unfortunate Girl. As for *Cicero*, he "ſhall live in my Boſom and in my Arms. I can-"not write any further, my Sorrows will not let "me. —— Support your ſelf, my dear *Terentia*, "as well as you are able. We have lived and "flouriſhed together amidſt the greateſt Honours: "It is not our Crimes, but our Virtues, that have "diſtreſſed us. —— Take more than ordinary "Care of your Health; I am more afflicted with "your Sorrows than my own. Farewel my *Te-"rentia*, thou deareſt, faithfuleſt, and beſt of "Wives.

Methinks

Methinks it is a Pleaſure to ſee this great Man in his Family, who makes ſo different a Figure in the *Forum* or Senate of *Rome*. Every one admires the Orator and the Conſul; but for my Part, I eſteem the Husband and the Father. His private Character, with all the little Weakneſſes of Humanity, is as amiable, as the Figure he makes in publick is awful and majeſtick. But at the ſame Time that I love to ſurprize ſo great an Author in his private Walks, and to ſurvey him in his moſt familiar Lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to our ſelves any Idea of mean Spiritedneſs from theſe natural Openings of his Heart, and diſburthening of his Thoughts to a Wife. He has written ſeveral other Letters to the ſame Perſon, but none with ſo great Paſſion as theſe of which I have given the foregoing Extracts.

It would be ill Nature not to acquaint the *Engliſh* Reader, that his Wife was ſucceſsful in her Sollicitations for this great Man, and ſaw her Husband return to the Honours of which he had been deprived, with all the Pomp and Acclamation that uſually attended the greateſt Triumph.

The TATLER. [N° 160.

From *Saturd. April* 15. to *Tueſd. April* 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment. April 17.

A Common Civility to an impertinent Fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeſeen Troubles; and if one doth not take particular Care, will be interpreted by him as an Overture of Friendſhip and Intimacy. This I was very ſenſible of this Morning. About two Hours before

fore Day, I heard a great Rapping at my Door, which continued ſome Time, till my Maid could get her ſelf ready to go down and ſee what was the Occaſion of it. She then brought me up Word, That there was a Gentleman who ſeemed very much in Haſte, and ſaid he muſt needs ſpeak with me. By the Deſcription ſhe gave me of him, and by his Voice, which I could hear as I lay in my Bed, I fancied him to be my old Acquaintance the Upholſterer, whom I met the other Day in St. *James's Park*. For which Reaſon, I bid her tell the Gentleman, whoever he was, That I was indiſpoſed, that I could ſee no Body, and that, if he had any Thing to ſay to me, I deſired he would leave it in Writing. My Maid, after having delivered her Meſſage, told me, That the Gentleman ſaid he would ſtay at the next Coffee-houſe till I was ſtirring, and bid her be ſure to tell me, That the *French* were driven from the *Scarp*, and that *Douay* was inveſted. He gave her the Name of another Town, which I found ſhe had dropped by the Way.

As much as I love to be informed of the Succeſs of my brave Countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a Victory before Day, and was therefore very much out of Humour at this unſeaſonable Viſit. I had no ſooner recovered my Temper, and was falling aſleep, but I was immediately ſtartled by a Second Rap; and upon my Maid's opening the Door, heard the ſame Voice ask her, If her Maſter was yet up? and at the ſame Time bid her tell me, That he was come on Purpoſe to talk whith me about a Piece of Home-News that every Body in Town will be full of in Two Hours hence. I ordered my Maid as ſoon as ſhe came into the Room, without hearing her Meſſage, to tell the Gentleman, That whatever his News is, I would rather hear it Two Hours hence than now; and that I perſiſted in my Reſolution not to ſpeak with any Body that Morning. The

Wench

Wench delivered my Anſwer preſently, and ſhut the Door. It was impoſſible for me to compoſe my ſelf to Sleep after Two ſuch unexpected Alarms; for which Reaſon I put on my Clothes in a very peeviſh Humour. I took ſeveral Turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of Anger and Contempt on theſe Volunteers in Politicks, that undergo all the Pain, Watchfulneſs, and Diſquiet of a Firſt Miniſter, without turning it to the Advantage either of themſelves or their Country; and yet it is ſurpriſing to conſider how numerous this Species of Men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his Reſt on the Affairs of *Europe*, and to ſee a Cluſter of Porters ſitting upon the Miniſtry. Our Streets ſwarm with Politicians, and there is ſcarce a Shop which is not held by a Stateſman. As I was muſing after this Manner, I heard the Upholſterer at the Door delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in a very great Hurry, to give it to her Maſter as ſoon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Was to wait upon you about a Week ago, 'to let you know, That the honeſt Gentlemen 'whom you converſed with upon the Bench at 'the End of the *Mall*, having heard that I had 'received Five Shillings of you, to give you a 'Hundred Pounds upon the Great *Turk*'s being 'driven out of *Europe*, deſired me to acquaint 'you, That every one of that Company would be 'willing to receive Five Shillings, to pay a Hundred Pounds on the ſame Conditions. Our laſt 'Advices from *Muſcovy* making this a fairer Bet 'than it was a Week ago, I do not queſtion but 'you will accept the Wager.

But

'But this is not my preſent Buſineſs. If you 'remember, I whiſpered a Word in your Ear as 'we were walking up the *Mall*, and you ſee what 'has happened ſince. If I had ſeen you this 'Morning, I would have told you in your Ear 'another Secret. I hope you will be recovered of 'your Indiſpoſition by to Morrow Morning, when 'I will wait on you at the ſame Hour as I did this; 'my private Circumſtances being ſuch, that I 'cannot well appear in this Quarter of the Town 'after it is Day.

'I have been ſo taken up with the late good 'News from *Holland*, and Expectation of further 'Particulars, as well as with other Tranſactions, 'of which I will tell you more to Morrow Morn-'ing, that I have not ſlept a Wink theſe three 'Nights.

'I have Reaſon to believe, that *Picardy* will 'ſoon follow the Example of *Artois*, in caſe the 'Enemy continue in their preſent Reſolution of 'flying away from us. I think I told you laſt 'Time we were together my Opinion about the '*Deulle*.

'The honeſt Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me 'tell you, they would be glad to ſee you often 'among them. We ſhall be there all the warm 'Hours of the Day, during the preſent Poſture of 'Affairs.

'This happy Opening of the Campaign will 'I hope, give us a very joyful Summer; and I 'propoſe to take many a pleaſant Walk with 'you, if you will ſometimes come into the *Park*; 'for that is the only Place in which I can be free 'from the Malice of my Enemies. Farewel till 'Three a Clock to Morrow Morning. I am,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

'*P. S.* The King of *Sweden* is ſtill at *Bender*.

I ſhould

I ſhould have fretted my ſelf to Death at this Promiſe of a ſecond Viſit, if I had not found in his Letter an Intimation of the good News which I have ſince heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my Door in ſuch a Manner as ſhe would do if I was really indiſpoſed. By which Means I hope to eſcape breaking my Morning's Reſt.

Since I have given this Letter to the Publick, I ſhall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my Correſpondents. The following is from a *Coquet*, who is very angry at my having diſpoſed of her in Marriage to a *Baſs-Viol*.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Thought you would never have deſcended 'from the Cenſor of *Great Britain*, to become 'a Match-Maker. But pray, Why ſo ſevere upon 'the *Kit*? Had I been a *Jews-Harp*, that is no-'thing but Tongue, you could not have uſed me 'worſe. Of all Things, a *Baſs-Viol* is my Aver-'ſion. Had you married me to a *Bagpipe*, or a '*Paſſing-Bell*, I ſhould have been better pleaſed. 'Dear Father *Iſaac*, either chuſe me a better Hus-'band, or I will live and die a *Dulcimer*. In Hopes 'of receiving Satisfaction from you, I am yours, 'whilſt

Iſabella Kit.

The Pertneſs which this Fair Lady hath ſhown in this Letter, was one Occaſion of my joining her to the *Baſs-Viol*, which is an Inſtrument that wants to be quickened by theſe little Vivacities; as the Sprightlineſs of the *Kit* ought to be checked and curbed by the Gravity of the *Baſs-Viol*.

My next Letter is from *Tom Folio*, who it ſeems takes it amiſs that I have publiſhed a Character of him ſo much to his Diſadvantage.

S I R,

SIR,

'I Suppoſe you meant *Tom Fool*, when you called me *Tom. Folio* in a late trifling Paper of 'yours; for I find, 'tis your Deſign to run down 'all uſeful and ſolid Learning. The Tobacco-Paper on which your own Writings are uſually 'printed, as well as the Incorrectneſs of the Preſs, 'and the Scurvy Letter, ſufficiently ſhow the Extent of your Knowledge. I queſtion not but you 'look upon *John Morphew* to be as great a Man 'as *Elziver*; and *Aldus*, to have been ſuch another as *Bernard Lintott*. If you would give me 'my Revenge, I would only deſire of you to let 'me publiſh an Account of your Library, which 'I dare ſay would furniſh out an extraordinary 'Catalogue.

Tom. Folio.

It hath always been my Way to baffle Reproach with Silence, tho' I cannot but obſerve the diſingenuous Proceedings of this Gentleman, who is not content to aſperſe my Writings, but hath wounded, through my Sides, thoſe eminent and worthy Citizens, Mr *John Morphew*, and Mr. *Bernard Lintott*.

The TATLER. [N° 161.

——— *Nunquam Libertas gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub Rege pio. ———

From *Tueſd. April* 18. to *Thurſday April* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I Was walking Two or Three Days ago in a very pleaſing Retirement, and amuſing my ſelf with the Reading of that ancient and beau-

ful

ful Allegory, called, *The Table of Cebes.* I was at laſt ſo tired with my Walk, that I ſat down to reſt my ſelf upon a Bench that ſtood in the Midſt of an agreeable Shade. The Muſick of the Birds, that filled all the Trees about me, lull'd me aſleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a Dream, that I impute in ſome Meaſure to the foregoing Author, who had made an Impreſſion upon my Imagination, and put me into his own way of Thinking.

I fancied my ſelf among the *Alpes*, and, as it is natural in a Dream, ſeemed every Moment to bound from one Summit to another, till at laſt, after having made this Airy Progreſs over the Tops of ſeveral Mountains, I arrived at the very Centre of thoſe broken Rocks and Precipices. I here, methought, ſaw a prodigious Circuit of Hills, that reached above the Clouds, and encompaſſed a large Space of Ground, which I had a great Curioſity to look into. I thereupon continued my former Way of travelling through a great Variety of Winter Scenes, till I had gained the Top of theſe white Mountains, which ſeemed another *Alpes* of Snow. I looked down from hence into a ſpacious Plain, which was ſurrounded on all Sides by this Mound of Hills, and which preſented me with the moſt agreeable Proſpect I had ever ſeen. There was a greater Variety of Colours in the Embroidery of the Meadows, a more lively Green in the Leaves and Graſs, a brighter Chryſtal in the Streams, than what I ever met with in any other Region. The Light it ſelf had ſomething more ſhining and glorious in it than that of which the Day is made in other Places. I was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at the Diſcovery of ſuch a Paradiſe amidſt the Wildneſs of thoſe cold, hoary Landskips which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy Region was inhabited by the Goddeſs of *Liberty*; whoſe Preſence ſoftned the Rigours of the Climate, enriched

riched the Barrenneſs of the Soil, and more than ſupplied the Abſence of the Sun. The Place was covered with a wonderful Profuſion of Flowers, that without being diſpoſed into regular Borders and Parterres, grew promiſcuouſly, and had a greater Beauty in their natural Luxuriancy and Diſorder, than they could have received from the Checks and Reſtraints of Art. There was a River that aroſe out of the South Side of the Mountain, that by an infinite Number of Turns and Windings, ſeemed to viſit every Plant, and cheriſh the ſeveral Beauties of the Spring, with which the Fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful Variety of Meanders, as unwilling to leave ſo charming a Place, it at laſt throws it ſelf into the Hollow of a Mountain, from whence it paſſes under a long Range of Rocks, and at length riſes in that Part of the *Alpes* where the Inhabitants think it the firſt Source of the *Rhone*. This River, after having made its Progreſs through thoſe free Nations, ſtagnates in a huge Lake at the leaving of them, and no ſooner enters into the Regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible Rapidity, and takes its ſhorteſt Way to the Sea.

I deſcended into the happy Fields that lay beneath me, and in the Midſt of them, beheld the Goddeſs ſitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to encloſe her but the Bounds of her own Dominions, and nothing over her Head but the Heavens. Every Glance of her Eye caſt a Track of Light where it fell, that revived the Spring, and made all Things ſmile about her. My Heart grew chearful at the Sight of her, and as ſhe looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and ſuch an inward Reſolution as I never felt before.

On the Left Hand of the Goddeſs ſat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her Head, and in her Hand a Wand, like

like that with which a *Roman* Citizen uſed to give his Slaves their Freedom. There was ſomething mean and vulgar, but at the ſame Time exceeding bold and daring, in her Air; her Eyes were full of Fire, but had in them ſuch Caſts of Fierceneſs and Cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her Shoulders ſhe wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great Confuſion of Figures. As it flew in the Wind, I could not diſcern the particular Deſign of them, but ſaw Wounds in the Bodies of ſome, and Agonies in the Faces of others; and over one Part of it could read in Letters of Blood, *The Ides of March.*

On the Right Hand of the Goddeſs was the Genius of Monarchy. She was cloathed in the whiteſt Ermin, and wore a Crown of the pureſt Gold upon her Head. In her Hand ſhe held a Scepter like that which is born by the *Britiſh* Monarchs. A Couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her Feet: Her Countenance had in it a very great Majeſty without any Mixture of Terror: Her Voice was like the Voice of an Angel, filled with ſo much Sweetneſs, and accompanied with ſuch an Air of Condeſcenſion, as tempered the Awfulneſs of her Appearance, and equally inſpired Love and Veneration into the Hearts of all that beheld her.

In the Train of the Goddeſs of *Liberty* were the ſeveral Arts and Sciences, who all of them flouriſhed underneath her Eye. One of them in particular made a greater Figure than any of the reſt, who held a Thunderbolt in her Hand, which had the Power of melting, piercing, or breaking every Thing that ſtood in its Way. The Name of this Goddeſs was *Eloquence.*

There were Two other dependent Goddeſſes, who made a very conſpicuous Figure in this bliſsful Region. The Firſt of them was ſeated upon an Hill, that had every Plant growing out of it,

which

which the Soil was in its own Nature capable of producing. The Other was ſeated in a little Iſland, that was covered with Groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-Trees; and in a Word, with the Products of every Foreign Clime. The Name of the Firſt was *Plenty*, of the Second *Commerce*. The Firſt leaned her Right Arm upon a Plough, and under her Left held a huge Horn, out of which ſhe poured out a whole Autumn of Fruits. The Other wore a roſtral Crown upon her Head, and kept her Eyes fixed upon a Compaſs.

I was wonderfully pleaſed in ranging through this delightful Place, and the more ſo, becauſe it was not incumbred with Fences and Enclosures; till at length, methoughts, I ſprung from the Ground, and pitched upon the Top of an Hill, that preſented ſeveral Objects to my Sight which I had not before taken Notice of. The Winds that paſs'd over this flowry Plain, and through the Tops of the Trees which were full of Bloſſoms, blew upon me in ſuch a continued Breeze of Sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my Situation. I here ſaw all the inner Declivities of that great Circuit of Mountains, whoſe Outſide was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge Forreſts of Fir-Trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other Parts of the *Alpes*. Theſe Trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great Flights from very diſtant Quarters of the World. Methoughts, I was pleaſed in my Dream to ſee what became of theſe Birds, when, upon leaving the Places to which they make an annual Viſit, they riſe in great Flocks ſo high till they are out of Sight; and for that Reaſon have been thought by ſome modern Philoſophers to take a Flight to the Moon. But my Eyes were ſoon diverted from this Proſpect, when I obſerved Two great Gaps that led thro' this Circuit of Mountains, where Guards

Guards and Watches were poſted Day and Night. Upon Examination I found, that there were Two formidable Enemies encamped before each of theſe Avenues, who kept the Place in a perpetual Alarm, and watched all Opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the Head of one of theſe Armies, dreſſed in an Eaſtern Habit, and graſping in her Hand an Iron Scepter. Behind her was *Barbarity*, with the Garb and Complexion of an *Æthiopian*; *Ignorance* with a Turbant upon her Head; and *Perſecution* holding up a bloody Flag, embroidered with Flower-de-Luces. Theſe were followed by *Oppreſſion*, *Poverty*, *Famine*, *Torture*, and a dreadful Train of Appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this Army, I could diſcover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the Inſtruments Art could invent to make humane Nature miſerable.

Before the other Avenue I ſaw *Licentiouſneſs*, dreſſed in a Garment not unlike the *Poliſh* Caſſock, and leading up an whole Army of Monſters, ſuch as *Clamour*, with a hoarſe Voice and a Hundred Tongues; *Confuſion*, with a miſhapen Body and a Thouſand Heads; *Impudence*, with a Forehead of Braſs; and *Rapine*, with Hands of Iron. The Tumult, Noiſe, and Uproar in this Quarter, were ſo very great, that they diſturbed my Imagination more than is conſiſtent with Sleep, and by that Means awaked me.

The TATLER. [N° 162.

Tertius è Cælo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. 2.

From *Thurſd. April* 20. to *Saturd. April* 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

IN my younger Years I uſed many Endeavours to get a Place at Court, and indeed continued my Purſuits till I arrived at my *Grand Climacterick*: But at length altogether deſpairing of Succeſs, whether it were for Want of Capacity, Friends, or due Application, I at laſt reſolved to erect a new Office, and for my Encouragement, to place my ſelf in it. For this Reaſon, I took upon me the Title and Dignity of *Cenſor* of *Great Britain*, reſerving to my ſelf all ſuch Perquiſites, Profits, and Emoluments, as ſhould ariſe out of the Diſcharge of the ſaid Office. Theſe in Truth have not been inconſiderable; for, beſides thoſe Weekly Contributions which I receive from *John Morphew*, and thoſe annual Subſcriptions which I propoſe to my ſelf from the moſt elegant Part of this great Iſland, I daily live in a very comfortable Affluence of Wine, Stale Beer, *Hungary* Water, Beef, Books, and Marrow-Bones, which I receive from many well-diſpoſed Citizens; not to mention the Forfeitures which accrue to me from the ſeveral Offenders that appear before me on Court Days.

Having now enjoyed this Office for the Space of a Twelvemonth, I ſhall do what all good Officers ought to do, take a Survey of my Behaviour, and conſider carefully, whether I have diſcharged my Duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am inveſted. For my Direction

ction in this Particular, I have made a narrow Search into the Nature of the old *Roman Cenſors*, whom I muſt always regard, not only as my Predeceſſors, but as my Patterns in this great Employment; and have ſeveral times asked my own Heart with great Impartiality, Whether *Cato* will not bear a more venerable Figure among Poſterity than *Bickerſtaff*?

I find the Duty of the *Roman Cenſor* was Two-fold. The Firſt Part of it conſiſted in making frequent Reviews of the People, in caſting up their Numbers, ranging them under their ſeveral Tribes, diſpoſing them into proper Claſſes, and ſubdividing them into their reſpective Centuries.

In Compliance with this Part of the Office, I have taken many curious Surveys of this great City. I have collected into particular Bodies the *Dappers* and the *Smarts*, the *Natural* and *Affected Rakes*, the *Pretty Fellows* and the *very Pretty Fellows*. I have likewiſe drawn out in ſeveral diſtinct Parties your *Pedants* and *Men of Fire*, your *Gameſters* and *Politicians*. I have ſeparated *Cits* from *Citizens*, *Free-Thinkers* from *Philoſophers*, *Wits* from *Snuff-Takers*, and *Duelliſts* from *Men of Honour*. I have likewiſe made a Calculation of *Eſquires*, not only conſidering the ſeveral diſtinct Swarms of them that are ſettled in the different Parts of this Town, but alſo that more rugged Species that inhabit the Fields and Woods, and are often found in Pot-houſes, and upon Hay-cocks.

I ſhall paſs the Soft Sex over in Silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable Order; as likewiſe the ſofter Tribe of Lovers, which will coſt me a great deal of Time, before I ſhall be able to caſt them into their ſeveral Centuries and Subdiviſions.

The Second Part of the *Roman Cenſor*'s Office was to look into the Manners of the People, and

to

to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Dreſs, or Building. This Duty likewiſe we have endeavoured to diſcharge, by thoſe wholeſome Precepts which I have given my Countrymen in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the ſevere Cenſures which I have paſſed upon Ragouts and Frigacies. There is not, as I am informed, a Pair of Red Heels to be ſeen within Ten Miles of *London*, which I may likewiſe aſcribe, without Vanity, to the becoming Zeal which I expreſſed in that Particular. I muſt own, my Succeſs with the Petticoat is not ſo great: But as I have not yet done with it, I hope I ſhall in a little Time put an effectual Stop to that growing Evil. As for the Article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately obſerved ſeveral Ware-houſes, nay private Shops, that ſtand upon *Corinthian* Pillars, and whole Rows of Tin Pots ſhowing themſelves, in order to their Sale, through a Saſh-Window.

I have likewiſe followed the Example of the *Roman* Cenſors, in puniſhing Offences according to the Quality of the Offender. It was uſual for them to expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the Senate-Houſe, by omitting his Name when they called over the Liſt of his Brethren. In the ſame Manner, to remove effectually ſeveral worthleſs Men who ſtand poſſeſſed of great Honours, I have made frequent Draughts of dead Men out of the vicious Part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholders, with the neceſſary Orders for their Interrmenr. As the *Roman Cenſors* uſed to puniſh the Knights or Gentlemen of *Rome*, by taking away their Horſes from them, I have ſeiſed the Canes of many Criminals of Figure, whom I had juſt Reaſon to animadvert upon. As for the Offenders among the Common People of *Rome*, they were generally chaſtiſed, by being thrown out of a higher Tribe,

Tribe, and placed in one which was not ſo honourable. My Reader cannot but think I have had an Eye to this Puniſhment, when I have degraded one Species of Men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Baſs-Viols, and Bagpipes; not to mention whole Packs of Delinquents whom I have ſhut up in Kennels, and the new Hoſpital which I am at preſent erecting, for the Reception of thoſe my Countrymen who give me but little Hopes of their Amendment, on the Borders of *Moor-Fields*. I ſhall only obſerve upon this laſt particular, That ſince ſome late Surveys I have taken of this Iſland, I ſhall think it neceſſary to enlarge the Plan of the Buildings which I deſign in this Quarter.

When my great Predeceſſor *Cato* the Elder ſtood for the Cenſorſhip of *Rome*, there were ſeveral other Competitors who offered themſelves; and to get an Intereſt among the People, gave them great Promiſes of a mild and gentle Treatment, which they would uſe towards them in that Office. *Cato* on the contrary told them, he preſented himſelf as a Candidate, becauſe he knew the Age was ſunk in Immorality and Corruption; and that if they would give him their Votes, he would promiſe them to make uſe of ſuch a Strictneſs and Severity of Diſcipline as ſhould recover them out of it. The *Roman* Hiſtorians, upon this Occaſion, very much celebrate the Publick-Spiritedneſs of that People, who choſe *Cato* for their Cenſor, notwithſtanding his Method of recommending himſelf. I may in ſome Meaſure extol my own Countrymen upon the ſame Account, who, without any Reſpect to Party, or any Application from myſelf, have made ſuch generous Subſcriptions for the Cenſor of *Great-Britain*, as will give a Magnificence to my old Age, and which I eſteem more than I would any Poſt in *Europe* of an Hundred

Times the Value. I ſhall only add, That upon looking into my Catalogue of Subſcribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the Front of my Lucubrations, I find the Names of the greateſt Beauties and Wits in the whole Iſland of *Great Britain*, which I only mention for the Benefit of any of them who have not yet ſubſcribed, it being my Deſign to cloſe the Subſcription in a very ſhort Time.

The TATLER. [N° 163.

Idem Inficeto eſt Inficetior Rure
Simul Poemata attigit ; neque idem unquam
Æque eſt beatus, ac Poema cum ſcribit :
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſe ipſe miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur ; neque eſt quiſquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Poſſis.——— Catul. de Suffeno.

From *Saturd. April* 22. to *Tueſd. April* 25. 1710.

Will's Coffee houſe, April 24.

I Yeſterday came hither about Two Hours before the Company generally make their Appearance, with a Deſign to read over all the News-Papers ; but upon my ſitting down, I was accoſted by *Ned Softly*, who ſaw me from a Corner in the other End of the Room, where I found he had been Writing ſomething. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he, I obſerve by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are juſt of a Humour ; for you muſt know, of all Impertinencies, there is nothing which I ſo much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my Life ; and never trouble my

my Head about our Armies, whether they win or loſe, or in what Part of the World they lie encamped. Without giving me Time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verſes out of his Pocket, telling me, That he had ſomething which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would deſire my Judgment upon every Line, for that we had Time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty Poet, and a great Admirer of eaſy Lines. *Waller* is his Favourite: And as that admirable Writer has the beſt and worſt Verſes of any among our great *Engliſh* Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad Ones without Book, which he repeats upon Occaſion, to ſhow his Reading, and garniſh his Converſation. *Ned* is indeed a true *Engliſh* Reader, incapable of reliſhing the great and maſterly Strokes of this Art; but wonderfully pleaſed with the little *Gothick* Ornaments of Epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are ſo frequent in the moſt admired of our *Engliſh* Poets, and practiſed by thoſe who want Genius and Strength to repreſent, after the Manner of the Ancients, Simplicity in its natural Beauty and Perfection.

Finding my ſelf unavoidably engaged in ſuch a Converſation, I was reſolved to turn my Pain into a Pleaſure, and to divert my ſelf as well as I could with ſo very odd a Fellow. You muſt underſtand, ſays *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who ſhowed me ſome Verſes of her own making, and is perhaps the beſt Poet of our Age. But you ſhall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows:

To Mira, *on her incomparable Poems.*

1.

When dreſs'd in Lawrel Wreaths you ſhine,
And tune your ſoft melodius Notes,
You ſeem a Siſter of the Nine,
Or Phœbus *ſelf in Petticoats.*

2.

I fancy, when your Song you ſing,
(Your Song you ſing with ſo much Art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's *Wing;*
For ah! it wounds me like a Dart.

Why, ſays I, this is a little Noſegay of Conceits, a very Lump of Salt: Every Verſe hath ſomething in it that piques; and then the Dart in the laſt Line is certainly as pretty a Sting in the Tail of an Epigram (for ſo I think your Criticks call it) as ever entered into the Thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſays he ſhaking me by the Hand, every Body knows you to be a Judge of theſe Things; and to tell you truly, I read over *Roſcommon*'s Tranſlation of *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry* Three ſeveral Times, before I ſat down to write the Sonnet which I have ſhown you. But you ſhall hear it again, and pray obſerve every Line of it, for not one of them ſhall paſs without your Approbation.

When dreſs'd in Lawrel Wreaths you ſhine.

That is, ſays he, when you have your Garland on; when you are Writing Verſes. To which I replied, I know your Meaning: A Metaphor! The ſame, ſaid he, and went on.

And tune your ſoft melodious Notes.

Pray obſerve the Gilding of that Verſe; there is ſcarce a Conſonant in it: I took Care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your Opinion of it

it. Truly, said I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; but mind the next.

You seem a Sister of the Nine.

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their Opinion, that there were Nine of them. I remember it very well, said I, but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus *self in Petticoats.*

Phœbus, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little Instances, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, show a Gentleman's Reading. Then to take off from the Air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the Muses have given to this first Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the Familiar; *in Petticoats!*

Or Phœbus *self in Petticoats.*

Let us now, says I, enter upon the Second Stanza. I find the First Line is still a Continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy, when your Song you sing,

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the Turn of Words in those Two Lines. I was a whole Hour in adjusting of them, and have still a Doubt upon me, Whether in the Second Line it should be, *Your Song you sing*; or, *You sing your Song?* You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your Song, you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much Art.)

OR,

I fancy, when your Song you sing,
You sing your Song with so much Art.

Truly, ſaid I, the Turn is ſo natural either Way, that you have made me almoſt giddy with it. Dear Sir, ſaid he, graſping me by the Hand, you have a great deal of Patience; but pray what do you think of the next Verſe?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think: ſays I; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Gooſe. That was my Meaning, ſays he; I think the Ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the laſt, which ſums up the whole Matter?

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty Figure in that Place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My Friend *Dick Eaſy*, continued he, aſſured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the Author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira*'s Pen like a Quill in one of the Lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that --- Oh! as to that, ſays I, it is but ſuppoſing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the ſame Thing. He was going to embrace me for the Hint; but half a Dozen Criticks coming into the Room, whoſe Faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his Pocket, and whiſpered me in the Ear, he would ſhow it me again as ſoon as his Man had written it over fair.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 164.

Qui ſibi promittit Cives, Urbem, ſibi Curæ
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & Delubra Deorum,
Quo Patre ſit natus, num ignorâ Mavre inhoneſtus,
Omnes Mortales curare & quærere cogit. Hor.

From *Tueſd. April* 25. to *Thurſd. April* 27. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many Pacquets of Letters which I have received from all Quarters of *Great Britain*, as well as from Foreign Countries, ſince my entring upon the Office of *Cenſor*, and indeed am very much ſurprized too ſee ſo great a Number of them, and pleaſed to think that I have ſo far encreaſed the Revenue of the *Poſt-Office*. As this Collection will grow daily, I have digeſted it into ſeveral Bundles, and made proper Endorſements on each particular Letter, it being my Deſign, when I lay down the Work that I am now engaged in, to erect a Paper Office, and give it to the Publick.

I could not but make ſeveral Obſervations upon reading over the Letters of my Correſpondents: As firſt of all, on the different Taſts that reign in the different Parts of this City. I find, by the Approbations which are given me, That I am ſeldom famous on the ſame Days on both Sides of *Temple-Bar*; and that when I am in the greateſt Repute within the Liberties, I dwindle at the Court End of the Town. Sometimes I ſink in both theſe Places at the ſame Time; but for my Comfort, my Name hath then been up in the Diſtricts of *Wapping* and *Rotherhithe*. Some of

my Correſpondents deſire me to be always ſerious, and others to be always merry. Some of them entreat me to go to Bed and fall into a Dream, and like me better when I am aſleep than when I am awake: Others adviſe me to ſit all Night upon the Stars, and be more frequent in my Aſtrological Obſervations; for that a Viſion is not properly a Lucubration. Some of my Readers thank me for filling my Paper with the Flowers of Antiquity, others deſire News from *Flanders*. Some approve my Criticiſms on the Dead, and others my Cenſures on the Living. For this Reaſon, I once reſolved in the new Edition of my Works, to range my ſeveral Papers under diſtinct Heads, according as their principal Deſign was to benefit and inſtruct the different Capacities of my Readers, and to follow the Example of ſome very great Authors, by writing at the Head of each Diſcourſe, *Ad Aulam*, *Ad Academiam*, *Ad Populum*, *Ad Clerum*.

There is no Particular in which my Correſpondents of all Ages, Conditions, Sexes, and Complexions, univerſally agree, except only in their Thirſt after Scandal. It is impoſſible to conceive how many have recommended their Neighbours to me upon this Account, or how unmercifully I have been abuſed by ſeveral unknown Hands, for not publiſhing the ſecret Hiſtories of Cuckoldom that I have received from almoſt every Street in Town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many Praiſes and Eulogiums which come Poſt to me from all the Corners of the Nation, were they not mixed with many Checks, Reprimands, Scurrilities, and Reproaches, which ſeveral of my good-natured Countrymen cannot forbear ſending me, though it often coſts them Two-pence or a Groat before they can convey them to my Hands: So that ſometimes

ſometimes when I am put into the beſt Humour in the World, after having read a Panegyrick upon my Performances, and looked upon my ſelf as a Benefactor to the *Britiſh* Nation, the next Letter perhaps I open, begins with, *You old Doting Scoundrel -- Are not you a ſad Dog--- Sirrah, you deſerve to have your Noſe ſlit.* And the like ingenious Conceits. Theſe little Mortifications are neceſſary to ſurpaſs that Pride and Vanity which naturally ariſe in the Mind of a received Author, and enable me to bear the Reputation which my courteous Readers beſtow upon me, without becoming a Coxcomb by it. It was for the ſame Reaſon, that when a *Roman* General entered the City in the Pomp of a Triumph, the Commonwealth allowed of ſeveral little Drawbacks to his Reputation, by conniving at ſuch of the Rabble as repeated Libels and Lampoons upon him within his Hearing, and by that Means engaged his Thoughts upon his Weakneſs and Imperfections, as well as on the Merits that advanced him to ſo great Honours. The Conqueror however was not the leſs eſteemed for being a Man in ſome Particulars, becauſe he appeared as a God in others.

There is another Circumſtance in which my Countrymen have dealt very perverſely with me; and that is, in Searching not only into my own Life, but alſo into the Lives of my Anceſtors. If there has been a Blot in my Family for theſe Ten Generations, it hath been diſcovered by ſome or other of my Correſpondents. In ſhort, I find the ancient Family of the *Bickerſtaff's* has ſuffered very much through the Malice and Prejudice of my Enemies. Some of them twit me in the Teeth with the Conduct of my Aunt *Margery*: Nay, there are ſome who have been ſo diſingenuous, as to throw *Maud* the Milk-Maid into my Diſh, notwithſtanding I my ſelf was the firſt who diſcovered that Alliance. I reap however

me Benefits from the Malice of theſe my Enemies, as they let me ſee my own Faults, and give me a View of my ſelf in the worſt Light; as they hinder me from being blown up by Flattery and Self-Conceit: as they make me keep a watchful Eye over my own Actions, and at the ſame Time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my Friends and Relations, or value my ſelf upon the Antiquity of my Family.

But the moſt formidable Part of my Correſpondents are thoſe whoſe Letters are filled with Threats and Menaces. I have been treated ſo often after this Manner, that not thinking it ſufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmoſt Perfection, and carry Piſtols about me, which I have always tuck'd within my Girdle; I ſeveral Months ſince made my Will, ſettled my Eſtate, and took Leave of my Friends, looking upon my ſelf as no better than a dead Man. Nay, I went ſo far as to write a long Letter to the moſt intimate Acquaintance I have in the World, under the Character of a departed Perſon, giving him an Account of what brought me to that untimely End, and of the Fortitude with which I met it. This Letter being too long for the preſent Paper, I intend to print it by it ſelf very ſuddenly; and at the ſame Time I muſt confeſs, I took my Hint of it from the Behaviour of an old Soldier in the Civil Wars, who was Corporal of a Company in a Regiment of Foot, about the ſame Time that I my ſelf was a Cadet in the King's Army.

This Gentleman was taken by the Enemy; and the Two Parties were upon ſuch Terms at that Time, that we did not treat each other as Priſoners of War, but as Traitors and Rebels. The poor Corporal being condemned to die, wrote a Letter to his Wife when under Sentence of Execution. He writ on the *Thurſday*, and was to be executed on the *Friday*: But conſidering that the

Letter would not come to his Wife's Hands till *Saturday*, the Day after Execution, and being at that Time more ſcrupulous than ordinary in ſpeaking exact Truth, he formed his Letter rather accoring to the Poſture of his Affairs when ſhe ſhould read it, than as they ſtood when he ſent it: Though it muſt be confeſſed, there is a certain Perplexity in the Style of it, which the Reader will eaſily pardon, conſidering his Circumſtances.

Dear Wife,

'HOping you are in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing, This is to let you know, 'that Yeſterday, between the Hours of Eleven 'and Twelve, I was hanged, drawn and quar-'tered. I died very penitently, and every Body 'thought my Caſe very hard. Remember me 'kindly to my poor Fatherleſs Children.

Yours till Death,

W. B.

It ſo happened, that this honeſt Fellow was relieved by a Party of his Friends, and had the Satisfaction to ſee all the Rebels hanged who had been his Enemies. I muſt not omit a Circumſtance which expoſed him to Raillery his whole Life after. Before the Arrival of the next Poſt, that would have ſet all Things clear, his Wife was married to a Second Husband, who lived in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of her; and the Corporal, who was a Man of plain Underſtanding, did not care to ſtir in the Matter, as knowing that ſhe had the News of his Death under his own Hand, which ſhe might have produced upon Occaſion.

The

The TATLER. [N° 165.

From *Thurſd. April* 27. to *Saturd. April* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my endeavour to diſtinguiſh between Realities and Appearances, and to ſeperate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it ſhall ever be my Study to make Diſcoveries of this Nature in Humane Life, and to ſettle the proper Diſtinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of Mankind, and thoſe falſe Colours and Reſemblances of them that ſhine alike in the Eyes of the Vulgar; ſo I ſhall be more particularly careful to ſearch into the various Merits and Pretences of the learned World. This is the more neceſſary, becauſe there ſeems to be a general Combination among the Pedants to extol one another's Labours, and cry up one another's Parts; while Men of Senſe, either through that Modeſty which is natural to them, or the Scorn they have for ſuch trifling Commendations, enjoy their Stock of Knowledge like a hidden Treaſure, with Satisfaction and Silence. Pedantry indeed in Learning is Like Hypocriſy in Religion, a Form of Knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the Eyes of the Common People, breaks out in Noiſe and Show, and finds its Reward not from any inward Pleaſure that attends it, but from the Praiſes and Approbations which it receives from Men.

Of this ſhallow Species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited Animal, than that which is generally known by the Name of a Critick. This, in the common Acceptation of the Word, is one that, without entering into the

the Senſe and Soul of an Author, has a few general Rules, which, like mechanical Inſtruments, he applies to the Works of every Writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is Maſter of a certain Set of Words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Flegm, Eaſy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every Part of his Diſcourſe, without any Thought or Meaning. The Marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a poſitive Voice and a Contempt for every Thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in Generals. He praiſes or diſpraiſes in the Lump. He ſhakes his Head very frequently at the Pedantry of Univerſities, and burſts into Laughter when you mention an Author that is not known at *Will*'s. He hath formed his Judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own Works, but from thoſe of *Rapin* and *Boſſu*. He knows his own Strength ſo well, that he never dares praiſe any Thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his Voucher.

With theſe extraordinary Talents and Accompliſhments, Sir *Timothy Tittle* puts Men in Vogue, or condemns them to Obſcurity, and ſits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in Publick. It is impoſſible to repreſent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulſions, which Sir *Timothy* expreſſes in every Feature of his Face, and Muſcle of his Body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a Week ago I was engaged at a Friend's of mine in an agreeable Converſation with his Wife and Daughters, when in the Height of our Mirth, Sir *Timothy*, who makes Love to my Friend's eldeſt Daughter, came in amongſt us puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of Breath. He immediately called for a Chair

Chair, and desired Leave to sit down, without any further Ceremony. I ask'd him, where he had been? Whether he was out of Order? He only replied, That he was quite spent, and fell a curling in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A Wicked Rogue* —— *An execrable Wretch* —— *Was there ever such a Monster* —— The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, Whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. *To lay the first Scene*, says he, *in St.* James's Park, *and the last in* Northamptonshire! Is that all, says I? Then I suppose you have been at the Rehearsal of a Play this Morning. *Been!* says he; I have been at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, in a Dining-Room, every where; the Rogue has led me such a Dance —— Tho' I could scarce forbear laughing at his Discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In short, Sir, says he, the Author has not observed a single Unity in his whole Play; the Scene shifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at such a Rate, that I am tired off my Legs. I could not but observe with some Pleasure, that the young Lady whom he made Love to, conceived a very just Aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in Trifles. And as she had that natural Sense which makes her a better Judge than a Thousand Criticks, she began to rally him upon this foolish Humour. For my Part, says she, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he, Is that your Opinion? I am sure you have a better Taste. It is a pretty Kind of Magick says she, the Poets have, to transport an Audience from Place to Place without the Help of a Coach and Horses. I could travel round the World at such a Rate. 'Tis such an Entertainment as an Enchantress finds

when

when ſhe fancies her ſelf in a Wood, or upon a Mountain, at a Feaſt, or a Solemnity; though at the ſame Time ſhe has never ſtirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, Says Sir *Timothy*, is by no means juſt. Pray, ſays ſhe, let my Similies paſs without a Criticiſm. I muſt confeſs, continued ſhe, (for I found ſhe was reſolved to exaſperate him) I laughed very heartily at the laſt new Comedy which you found ſo much Fault with. But Madam, ſays he, you ought not to have laughed! and I defy any one to ſhew me a ſingle Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! ſays ſhe: Pray who ſhould hinder me. Madam, ſays he, there are ſuch People in the World as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and ſeveral others, that ought to have ſpoiled your Mirth. I have heard, ſays the young Lady, That your great Criticks are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much Difference between the Works of one and the other, as there is between the Carriage of a Dancing Maſter and a Gentleman. I muſt confeſs, continued ſhe, I would not be troubled with ſo fine a Judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more Vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, ſays Sir *Timothy*, That is not my Fault, they ſhould learn the Art of Writing. For my Part, ſays the young Lady, I ſhould think the greateſt Art in your Writers of Comedies is to pleaſe. To pleaſe! ſays Sir *Timothy*, and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, ſays ſhe, that is my Opinion. Upon this, he compoſed his Countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his Leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my Friend's Houſe ſince this notable Conference, to the great Satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this Means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs, I could not but obſerve, with a great deal of Surprize, how this Gentleman, by his ill Nature, Folly, and Affectation, hath made himſelf capable of ſuffering ſo many imaginary Pains, and looking with ſuch a ſenſeleſs Severity upon the common Diverſions of Life.

The TATLER. [N° 166.

——— *Dicenda, Tacenda, Loquutus.* Hor.

From *Saturd. April* 29. to *Tueſd. May* 2. 1710.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 1.

THE World is ſo overgrown with Singularities in Behaviour, and Method of Living, that I have no ſooner laid before Mankind the Abſurdity of one Species of Men, but there ſtarts up to my View ſome new Sect of Impertinents that had before eſcaped Notice. This Afternoon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. *Sprightly*'s Porter, and deſiring Admittance upon an extraordinary Occaſion, it was my Fate to be ſpy'd by *Tom Modely* riding by in his Chariot. He did me the Honour to ſtop, and asked, What I did there of a *Monday?* I anſwered, That I had Buſineſs of Importance, which I wanted to communicate to the Lady of the Houſe. *Tom* is one of thoſe Fools who look upon Knowledge of the Faſhion to be the only Liberal Science; and was ſo rough as to tell me, That a well bred Man would as ſoon call upon a Lady (who keeps a Day) at Midnight, as on any Day but that on which ſhe profeſſes being at Home. There are Rules and Decorums which are never to be tranſgreſſed by thoſe

thoſe who underſtand the World; and he who offends in that Kind, ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he ſees the Perſon look out at her Window whom he enquires for. Nay, ſaid he, my Lady *Dimple* is ſo poſitive in this Rule, that ſhe takes it for a Piece of good Breeding and Diſtinction to deny her ſelf with her own Mouth. Mrs. *Comma*, the great Scholar, inſiſts upon it; and I my ſelf have heard her aſſert, That a Lord's Porter, or a Lady's Woman, cannot be ſaid to lie in that Caſe, becauſe they act by Inſtruction; and their Words are no more their own, than thoſe of a Puppet.

He was going on with this Ribaldry, when on a ſudden he looked on his Watch, and ſaid, he had Twenty Viſits to make, and drove away without further Ceremony. I was then at Leiſure to reflect upon the Taſtleſs Manner of Life, which a Set of idle Fellows lead in this Town, and ſpend Youth it ſelf with leſs Spirit, than other Men do their old Age. Theſe Expletives in Humane Society, tho' they are in themſelves wholly inſignificant, become of ſome Conſideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a Loſs how to define, or under what Character, Diſtinction, or Denomination, to place them, except you give me Leave to call them the Order of the *Inſipids*. This Order is in its Extent like that of the Jeſuits, and you ſee of them in every Way of Life, and in every Profeſſion. *Tom Modely* has long appeared to me at the Head of this Species. By being habitually in the beſt Company, he knows perfectly well when a Coat is well cut, or a Periwig well mounted. As ſoon as you enter the Place where he is, he tells the next Man to him who is your Taylor, and judges of you more from the Choice of your Periwig-maker than of your Friend. His Buſineſs in this World was to be well dreſſed; and the greateſt Circumſtance that is to be recor-

ded

ded in his Annals is, That he wears Twenty Shirts a Week. Thus, without ever ſpeaking Reaſon among the Men, or Paſſion among the Women, he is every where well received; and without any one Man's Eſteem, he has every Man's Indulgence.

This Order has produced great Numbers of tolerable Copiers in Painting, good Rhimers in Poetry, and harmleſs Projectors in Politicks. You may ſee them at firſt Sight grow acquainted by Sympathy, inſomuch that one who had not ſtudied Nature, and did not know the true Cauſe of their ſudden Familiarities, would think that they had ſome ſecret Intimation of each other, like the Free Maſons. The other Day at *Will*'s, I heard *Modely*, and a Critick of the ſame Order, ſhow their equal Talents with great Delight. The Learned Inſipid was commending *Racine*'s Turns; the Genteel Inſipid, *Devillier*'s Curls.

Theſe Creatures, when they are not forced into any particular Employment, for want of Ideas in their own Imaginations, are the conſtant Plague of all they meet with by Enquiries for News and Scandal, which makes them the Heroes of Viſiting Days, where they help the Deſign of the Meeting, which is to paſs away that odious Thing called Time, in Diſcourſes too trivial to raiſe any Reflections which may put well-bred Perſons to the Trouble of Thinking.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

I was looking out of my Parlour-Window this Morning, and receiving the Honours which *Margery*, the Milk-Maid to our Lane, was doing me, by dancing before my Door with the Plate of half her Cuſtomers on her Head, when Mr *Clayton*, the Author of *Arſinoe*, made me a Viſit, and deſired me to inſert the following Advertiſement in my enſuing Paper.

The

The Paſtoral Maſque compos'd by Mr. Clayton, *Author of* Arſinoe, *will be performed on* Wedneſday *the* 3*d Inſtant, in the great Room at* York-Buildings. *Tickets are to be had at* White's *Chocolate-houſe,* St. James's *Coffee-houſe in* St James's-ſtreet, *and* Young Man's *Coffee houſe.*

Note, *The Tickets delivered out for the* 27*th of* April, *will be taken then.*

When I granted his Requeſt, I made one to him, which was, That the Performers ſhould put their Inſtruments in Tune before the Audience came in; for that I thought the Reſentment of the Eaſtern Prince, who, according to the old Story, took *Tuning* for *Playing*, to be very juſt and natural. He was ſo civil, as not only to promiſe that Favour, but alſo to aſſure me, that he would order the Heels of the Performers to be muffled in Cotton, that the Artiſts in ſo polite an Age as ours, may not intermix with their Harmony a Cuſtom which ſo nearly reſembles the Stamping Dances of the *Weſt-Indians* or *Hottentots.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Baſs-Viol *of Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Acquaintance, whoſe Mind and Fortune do not very exactly agree, propoſes to ſet himſelf to Sale by Way of Lottery. Ten Thouſand Pounds is the Sum to be raiſed, at Three pence a Ticket, in Conſideration that there are more Women who are willing to be married than that can ſpare a greater Sum. He has already made over his Perſon to Truſtees for the ſaid Money to be forth-coming, and ready to take to Wife the fortunate Woman that wins him.*

N. B. *Tickets are given out by Mr.* Charles Lillie, *and Mr.* John Morphew. *Each Adventurer muſt be a Virgin, and ſubſcribe her Name to her Ticket.*

Whereas the ſeveral Church-Wardens of moſt of the Pariſhes within the Bills of Mortality, have in

a

an earneſt Manner applied themſelves by Way of Petition, and have alſo made a Preſentment, of the vain and looſe Deportment during Divine Service, of Perſons of too great Figure in all their ſaid Pariſhes, for their Reproof. And whereas it is therein ſet forth, That by Salutations given each other, Hints, Shrugs, Ogles, Playing of Fans, and fooling with Canes at their Mouths, and other wanton Geſticulations, their whole Congregation appears rather a Theatrical Audience, than an Houſe of Devotion. It is hereby ordered, That all Canes, Cravats, Boſom-Laces, Muffs, Fans, Snuff-Boxes, and all other Inſtruments made uſe of to give Perſons unbecoming Airs, ſhall be immediately forfeited and ſold; and of the Sum ariſing from the Sale thereof, a Ninth Part ſhall be paid to the Poor, and the reſt to the Overſeers.

The TATLER. [N° 167.

Segnius irritant Animos demiſſa per Aures,
Quam quæ ſunt Oculis ſubmiſſa fidelibus. —— Hor.

From *Tueſday May* 2. to *Thurſday May* 4. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAving received Notice, That the famous Actor Mr. *Betterton* was to be interred this Evening in the Cloyſters near *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, I was reſolved to walk thither, and ſee the laſt Office done to a Man whom I had always very much admired, and from whoſe Action I had received more ſtrong Impreſſions of what is great and noble in Humane Nature, than from the Arguments of the moſt ſolid Philoſophers, or the Deſcriptions of the moſt charming Poets I had ever read.

read. As the rude and untaught Multitude are no Way wrought upon more effectually than by ſeeing publick Puniſhments and Executions; ſo Men of Letters and Education feel their Humanity moſt forcibly exerciſed, when they attend the Obſequies of Men who had arrived at any Perfection in Liberal Accompliſhments. Theatrical Action is to be eſteemed as ſuch, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an Art which cannot be attained by Art. Voice, Stature, Motion, and other Gifts, muſt be very bountifully beſtowed by Nature, or Labour and Induſtry will but puſh the unhappy Endeavourer, in that Way, the further off his Wiſhes.

Such an Actor as Mr. *Betterton* ought to be recorded with the fame Reſpect as *Roſcius* among the *Romans*. The greate[illegible] thought fit to quote his Judgment, a[illegible] his Life. *Roſcius* was the Exa[illegible] would form themſelves into prop[illegible] viour. His Action was ſo wel[illegible] ſentiments he expreſſed that the [illegible] thought they wante[illegible] to be virtu[illegible] graceful in their Appearances as *Roſcius*. [illegible] Imagination took a lovely Impreſſion of what was great and good; and they [illegible] never thought of ſetting up for the Arts of Imitation, became themſelves imitable Characters.

There is no Humane Inventions ſo aptly calculated for the forming a Free-Born People as that of a Theatre. *Tully* reports, That the celebrated Player of whom I am ſpeaking uſed frequently to ſay, *The Perfection of an Actor is only to become what he is doing.* Young Men, who are too unattentive to receive Lectures, are irreſiſtibly taken with Performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little Reliſh the Gentry of this Nation have at preſent for the juſt and noble Repreſentations in ſome of our Tragedies. The Opera's which are of late introduced

troduced, can leave no Trace behind them that can be of Service beyond the preſent Moment. To ſing and to dance, are Accompliſhments very few have any Thoughts of practiſing; but to ſpeak juſtly, and move gracefully, is what every Man thinks he does perform, or wiſhes he did.

I have hardly a Notion, that any Performer of Antiquity could ſurpaſs the Action of Mr. *Betterton* in any of the Occaſions in which he has appear'd on our Stage. The wonderful Agony which he appeared in, when he examined the Circumſtance of the Handkerchief in *Othello*; the Mixture of Love that intruded upon his Mind upon the innocent Anſwers *Deſdemona* makes, betrayed in his Geſture ſuch a Variety and Viciſſitude of Paſſions, as would admoniſh a Man to be afraid of his own Heart, and perfectly convince him, that it is to ſtab it, to admit that worſt of Daggers, Jealouſy. Whoever reads in his Cloſet this admirable Scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an Imagination as *Shakeſpear* himſelf, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken Sentences: But a Reader that has ſeen *Betterton* act it, obſerves there could not be a Word added; that longer Speech had been unnatural, nay impoſſible, in *Othello's* Circumſtances. The charming Paſſage in the ſame Tragedy, where he tells the Manner of winning the Affection of his Miſtreſs, was urged with ſo moving and graceful an Energy, that while I walked in the Cloyſters, I thought of him with the ſame Concern as if I waited for the Remains of a Perſon who had in real Life done all that I had ſeen him repreſent. The Gloom of the Place, and faint Lights before the Ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholly diſpoſition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that *Brutus* and *Caſſius* had any Difference; that *Hotſpur's* Gallantry was ſo unfortunate; and that the Mirth and good Humour of *Falſtaff*, could not exempt

exempt him from the Grave. Nay, this Occaſion in me, who look upon the Diſtinctions amongſt Men to be meerly Scenical, raiſed Reflections upon the Emptineſs of all Humane Perfection and Greatneſs in general; and I could not but regret, that the Sacred Heads which lie buried in the Neighbourhood of this little Portion of Earth in which my poor old Friend is depoſited, are returned to Duſt as well as he, and that there is no Difference in the Grave between the Imaginary and the real Monarch. This made me ſay of Humane Life it ſelf with *Mackbeth*:

To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the laſt Moment of recorded Time!
And all our Yeſterdays have lighthed Fools
To their eternal Night! Out, out ſhort Candle!
Life's but a Walking Shadow, a poor Player
That ſtruts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more.

The Mention I have here made of Mr. *Betterton*, for whom I had, as long as I have known any Thing, a very great Eſteem and Gratitude for the Pleaſure he gave me, can do him no Good; but it may poſſibly be of Service to the unhappy Woman he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great Tragedian was never in a Scene half ſo moving, as the Circumſtances of his Affairs created at his Departure. His Wife, after the Cohabitation of Forty Years in the ſtricteſt Amity, has long pined away with a Senſe of his Decay, as well in his Perſon as his little Fortune; and in Proportion to that, ſhe has her ſelf decayed both in her Health and Reaſon. Her Husband's Death added to her Age and Infirmities, would certainly have determined her Life, but that the Greatneſs of her Diſtreſs has been her Relief, by a preſent Depravation of her Senſes.

Senſes. This Abſence of Reaſon is her beſt Defence againſt Age, Sorrow, Poverty, and Sickneſs. I dwell upon this Account ſo diſtinctly, in Obedience to a certain great Spirit, who hides her Name, and has by Letter applied to me to recommend to her ſome Object of Compaſſion, from whom ſhe may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper Occaſion for exerting ſuch heroick Generoſity; and as there is an ingenuous Shame in thoſe who have known better Fortune to be reduced to receive Obligations, as well as a becoming Pain in the truly Generous to receive Thanks in this Caſe, both thoſe Delicacies are preſerved; for the Perſon obliged is as incapable of knowing her Benefactreſs, as her Benefactreſs is unwilling to be known by her.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it has been ſignified to the Cenſor, *That under the Pretence that he has incouraged the* Moving Picture, *and particularly admired the* Walking Statue, *ſome Perſons within the Liberties of* Weſtminſter *have vended Walking Pictures, inſomuch that the ſaid Pictures have within few Days after Sales by Auction returned to the Habitation of their firſt Proprietors; that Matter has been narrowly looked into, and Orders are given to* Pacolet *to take Notice of all who are concerned in ſuch Frauds, with Directions to draw their Pictures, that they may be hanged* in Effigie, in Terrorem *of all Auctions for the future.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 168.

From *Thurſd. May* 4. to *Saturd. May* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEver was Man ſo much teazed, or ſuffered half the Uneaſineſs, as I have done this Evening, between a Couple of Fellows with whom I was unfortunately engaged to ſup, where there were alſo ſeveral others in Company. One of them is the moſt invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly abſurd. Upon hearing my Name, the Man of Audacity, as he calls himſelf, began to aſſume an aukward Way of Reſerve. by Way of Ridicule upon me as a Cenſor, and ſaid, He muſt have a Care of his Behaviour, for there would Notes be writ upon all that ſhould paſs. The Man of Freedom and Eaſe (for ſuch the other thinks himſelf) asked me, Whether my Siſter *Jenny* was breeding or not? After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very ſmart, but well-bred Man, who ſtood his Ground very well, and let the Company ſee they ought, but could not be out of Countenance. I look upon ſuch a Defence as a real good Action; for while he received their Fire, there was a modeſt and worthy young Gentleman ſat ſecure by him and a Lady of the Family at the ſame Time, guarded againſt the nauſeous Familiarity of the one, and the more painful Mirth of the other. This Converſation, where there were a Thouſand Things ſaid not worth repeating, made me conſider with my ſelf, How 'tis that Men of theſe diſagreeable Characters often go great Lengths in the World, and ſeldom fail of outſtripping Men of Merit; nay, ſucceed ſo

well, that with a Load of Imperfections on their Heads, they go on in Oppoſition to general Diſeſteem, while they who are every Way their Superiors, languiſh away their Days, tho' poſſeſſed of the Approbation and Good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the Secret Springs of Action in the impudent and the Abſurd, we ſhall find, tho' they bear a great Reſemblance in their Behaviour, that they move upon very different Principles. The Impudent are preſſing, tho' they know they are diſagreeable; the Abſurd are importunate, becauſe they think they are acceptable, Impudence is a Vice, and Abſurdity a Folly. Sir *Francis Bacon* talks very agreeably upon the Subject of Impudence. He takes Notice, That the Orator being asked, What was the Firſt, Second, and Third Requiſite, to make a fine Speaker? Still anſwered, *Action*. This, ſaid he, is the very outward Form of ſpeaking, and yet it is what with the Generality has more Force than the moſt conſummate Abilities. Impudence is to the reſt of Mankind of the ſame Uſe which Action is to Orators.

The Truth is, the Groſs of Men are governed more by Appearances than Realities, and the Impudent Man in his Air and Behaviour undertakes for himſelf that he has Ability and Merit, while the Modeſt or Diffident gives himſelf up as one who is poſſeſſed of neither. For this Reaſon, Men of Front carry Things before 'em with little Oppoſition, and make ſo skilful an Uſe of their Talent, that they can grow out of Humour like Men of Conſequence, and be ſowr, and make their Diſſatisfaction do them the ſame Service as Deſert. This Way of Thinking has often furniſhed me with an Apology for great Men who confer Favours on the Impudent. In carrying on the Government of Mankind, they are not to conſider what Men they themſelves approve in

their Cloſets and private Converſations, but what Men will extend themſelves furtheſt, and more generally paſs upon the World for ſuch as their Patrons want in ſuch and ſuch Stations, and conſequently take ſo much Work off the Hands of thoſe who employ them.

Far be it that I ſhould attempt to leſſen the Acceptance which Men of this Character meet with in the World; but I humbly propoſe only, that they who have Merit of a different Kind, would accompliſh themſelves in ſome Degree with this Quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow theſe Gentlemen to preſs as forward as they pleaſe in the Advancement of their Intereſts and Fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in Converſation alſo: Let them do what they can with the Rich and the Great, as far as they are ſuffered, but let them not interrupt the Eaſy and Agreeable. They may be uſeful as Servants in Ambition, but never as Aſſociates in Pleaſure. However, as I would ſtill drive at ſomething inſtructive in every Lucubration, I muſt recommend it to all Men who feel in themſelves an Impulſe towards attempting laudable Actions, to acquire ſuch a Degree of Aſſurance, as never to loſe the Poſſeſſion of themſelves in publick or private, ſo far as to be incapable of acting with a due Decorum on any Occaſion they are call'd to. It is a mean Want of Fortitude in a good Man, not to be able to do a virtuous Action with as much Confidence as an impudent Fellow does an ill One. There is no Way of mending ſuch falſe Modeſty, but by laying it down for a Rule, That there is nothing ſhameful but what is criminal.

The Jeſuits, an Order whoſe Inſtitution is perfectly calculated for making a Progreſs in the World, take Care to accompliſh their Diſciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent Baſhfulneſs, and accuſtoming them to a ready Per-

formance of all indifferent Things. I remember in my Travels, when I was once at a publick Exercise in one of their Schools, a young Man made a most admirable Speech, with all the Beauty of Action, Cadence of Voice, and Force of Argument imaginable, in Defence of the Love of Glory. We were all enamoured with the Grace of the Youth, as he came down from the Desk, where he spoke, to present a Copy of his Speech to the Head of the Society. The Principal received it in a very obliging Manner, and bid him go to the Market-Place and fetch a Joint of Meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a Trice the Orator returned, full of the Sense of Glory in this Obedience, and with the best Shoulder of Mutton in the Market.

This Treatment capacitates them for every Scene of Life. I therefore recommend it to the Consideration of all who have the Instruction of Youth, Which of the Two is the more inexcusable, he who does every Thing by the meer Force of his Impudence, or who performs nothing through the Oppression of his Modesty? In a Word, it is a Weakness not to be able to attempt what a Man thinks he ought, and there is no Modesty but in Self-Denial.

P. S. Upon my coming Home I received the following Petition and Letter:

The humble Petition of Sarah Lately;

Sheweth,

'THat your Petitioner has been one of those 'Ladies who has had fine Things constantly spoken to her in general Terms, and 'lived, during her most blooming Years, in 'daily Expectation of Declarations of Marriage, 'but never had one made to her.

'That

'That she is now in her Grand Climacterick; 'which being above the Space of Four Virgini-'ties, according at 15 Years each,

'Your Petitioner most humbly prays, That 'in the Lottery for the *Bass-Viol* she may 'have Four Tickets, in Consideration that 'her Single Life has been occasioned by the 'Inconstancy of her Lovers, and not thro' 'the Cruelty or Forwardness of your Pe-'titioner.

And your Petitioner shall, &c.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *May* 3. 1710.

'ACcording to my Fancy, you took a much 'better Way to dispose of a *Bass Viol* in 'Yesterday's Paper than you did in your Table 'of Marriage. I desire the Benefit of a Lottery 'for my self too—— The Manner of it I leave 'to your own Description: Only if you can—— 'allow the Tickets at above Five Farthings a-'peice, Pray accept of one Ticket for your 'Trouble, and I wish you may be the fortunate 'Man that wins.

Your very Humble Servant till then,

Isabella Kit.

I must own the Request of the aged Petitioner to be founded upon a very undeserved Distress; and since she might, had she had Justice done her, been Mother of many Pretenders to this Prize, instead of being one her self, I do readily grant her Demand; but as for the Proposal of Mrs. *Isabella Kit*, I cannot project a Lottery for her, 'till I have Security she will surrender her self to the Winner.

The TATLER. [Nº 169.

O Rus! Quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum Libris, nunc Somno, & inertibus Horis,
Ducere ſollicitæ Jucunda Oblivia Vitæ? Hor.

From *Saturd. May* 6. to *Tueſd. May* 9. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

THE Summer Seaſon now approaching, ſeveral of our Family have invited me to paſs away a Month or Two in the Country, and indeed nothing could be more agreeable to me than ſuch a Receſs, did I not conſider that I am by Two Quarts a worſe Companion than when I was laſt among my Relations: And I am admoniſhed by ſome of our Club, who have lately viſited *Staffordſhire*, that they drink at a greater Rate than they did at that Time. As every Soil does not produce every Fruit or Tree, ſo every Vice is not the Growth of every Kind of Life; and I have, ever ſince I could think, been aſtoniſhed, that Drinking ſhould be the Vice of the Country. If it were poſſible to add to all our Senſes, as we do that of Sight, by Perſpectives, we ſhould methinks more particularly labour to improve them in the midſt of the Variety of beauteous Objects which Nature has produced to entertain us in the Country; and do we in that Place deſtroy the Uſe of what Organs we have? As for my Part, I cannot but lament the Deſtruction that has been made of the Wild Beaſts of the Field, when I ſee large Tracts of Earth poſſeſſed by Men who take no Advantage of

of their being rational, but lead meer Animal Lives, making it their whole Endeavour to kill in themſelves all they have above Beaſts; to wit, the Uſe of Reaſon, and Taſt of Society. It is frequently boaſted in the Writings of Orators and Poets, That it is to Eloquence and Poeſy we owe that we are drawn out of Woods and Solitudes into Towns and Cities, and from a wild and ſavage Being become acquainted with the Laws of Humanity and Civility. If we are obliged to theſe Arts for ſo great Service, I could wiſh they were employed to give us a Second Turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in Society, (a Bleſſing which no other Creatures know) ſo they would perſwade us, now they have ſetled us, to lay out all our Thoughts in ſurpaſſing each other in thoſe Faculties in which only we excel other Creatures. But it is at preſent ſo far otherwiſe, that the Contention ſeems to be, who ſhall be moſt eminent in Performances wherein Beaſts enjoy greater Abilities than we have. I'll undertake, were the Butler and Swineherd, at any true Eſquire's in *Great Britain*, to keep and compare Accounts of what Waſh is drank up in ſo many Hours in the Parlour and the Pigſty, it would appear, the Gentleman of the Houſe gives much more to his Friends than his Hogs.

This, with many other Evils, ariſes from the Error in Men's Judgments, and not making true Diſtinctions between Perſons and Things. It is uſually thought, That a few Sheets of Parchment, made before a Male and Female of wealthy Houſes come together, give the Heirs and Deſcendants of that Marriage Poſſeſſion of Lands and Tenements; but the Truth is, there is no Man who can be ſaid to be Proprietor of an Eſtate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it ſhall never be allowed, that the Land is not a Waſte, when the Maſter is uncultivated. There-

fore, to avoid Confuſion, it is to be noted, that a Peaſant with a great Eſtate is but an Incumbent, and that he muſt be a Gentleman to be a A Landlord. A Landlord enjoys what he has with his Heart, an Incumbent with his Stomach. Gluttony, Drunkenneſs, and Riot, are the Entertainments of an Incumbent; Benevolence, Civility, Social and Humane Virtues, the Accompliſhments of a Landlord. Who, that has any Paſſion for his native Country, does not think it worſe than conquered, when ſo large Diverſions of it are in the Hands of Salvages, that know no uſe of Property but to be Tyrants; or Liberty, but to be unmannerly? A Gentleman in a Country Life enjoys Paradiſe with a Temper fit for it; a Clown is curſed in it with all the cutting and unruly Paſſions Man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no Character more deſervedly eſteemed than that of a Country Gentleman, who underſtands the Station in which Heaven and Nature have plac'd him. He is Father to his Tenants, and Patron to his Neighbours, and is more ſuperior to thoſe of lower Fortune by his Benevolence than his Poſſeſſions. He juſtly divides his Time between Solitude and Company, ſo as to uſe the one for the other. His Life is ſpent in the good Offices of an Advocate, a Referee, a Companion, a Mediator, and a Friend. His Counſel and Knowledge are a Guard to the Simplicity and Innocence of thoſe of lower Talents, and the Entertainment and Happineſs of thoſe of equal. When a Man in a Country Life has this Turn, as it is to be hoped Thouſands have, he lives in a more happy Condition than any is deſcribed in the Paſtoral Deſcriptions of Poets, [illegible] vain-glorious Solitudes recorded by Philo-

[illegible] Man it would ſeem prodigious, that the very Situation in a Country Life does not

not incline Men to a Scorn of the mean Gratifications ſome take in it. To ſtand by a Stream, naturally lulls the Mind into Compoſure and Reverence; to walk in Shades, diverſifies that Pleaſure; and a bright Sunſhine makes a Man conſider all Nature in Gladneſs, and himſelf the happieſt Being in it, as he is the moſt conſcious of her Gifts and Enjoyments. It would be the moſt impertinent Piece of Pedantry imaginable to form our Pleaſures by Imitation of others. I will not therefore mention *Scipio* and *Lælius*, who are generally produced on this Subject as Authorities for the Charms of a Rural Life. He that does not feel the Force of agreeable Views and Situations in his own Mind, will hardly arrive at the Satisfactions they bring from the Reflexions of others. However, they who have a Taſt that Way, are more particularly inflamed with Deſire when they ſee others in the Enjoyment of it, eſpecially when Men carry into the Country a Knowledge of the World as well as of Nature. The Leiſure of ſuch Perſons is endear'd and refin'd by Reflexion upon Cares and Inquietudes. The Abſence of paſt Labours doubles preſent Pleaſures, which is ſtill augmented, if the Perſon in Solitude has the Happineſs of being addicted to Letters. My Couſin *Frank Bickerſtaff* gives me a very good Notion of this ſort of Felicity in the following Letter.

SIR,

'I Write this to communicate to you the Happineſs I have in the Neighbourhood and Converſation of the noble Lord, whoſe Health you enquired after in your laſt. I have bought that little Hovel which borders upon his Royalty; but am ſo far from being oppreſſed by his Greatneſs, that I who know no Envy, and he who is above Pride, mutually recommend our

ſelves to each other by the Difference of our Fortunes. He eſteems me for being ſo well pleaſed with a little, and I admire him for enjoying ſo handſomely a great deal. He has not the little Taſt of obſerving the Colour of a Tulip, or the Edging of a Leaf of Box, but rejoices in open Views, the Regularity of this Plantation and the Wildneſs of another as well as the Fall of a River, the Riſing of a Promontory, and all other Objects fit to entertain a Mind like his, that has been long verſed in great and publick Amuſements. The Make of the Soul is as much ſeen in Leiſure as in Buſineſs. He has long lived in Courts, and been admired in Aſſemblies, ſo that he has added to Experience a moſt charming Eloquence; by which he communicates to me the Idea's of my own Mind upon the Objects we meet with, ſo agreeably, that with his Company in the Fields, I at once enjoy the Country, and a Landskip of it. He is now altering the Courſe of Canals and Rivulets, in which he has an Eye to his Neighbour's Satisfaction, as well as his own. He often makes me Preſents by turning the Water into my Grounds, and ſends me Fiſh by their own Streams. To avoid my Thanks, he makes Nature the Inſtrument of his Bounty, and does all good Offices ſo much with the Air of a Companion, that his Frankneſs hides his own Condeſcenſion, as well as my Gratitude. Leave the World to it ſelf, and come ſee us.

Your Affectionate Couſin,

Francis Bickerſtaff.

The TATLER. [Nº 170.

Fortuna ſævo læta negotio,
Et Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos Honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna. Hor.

From *Tueſd. May* 9. to *Thurſd. May* 11. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAving this Morning ſpent ſome time in reading on the Subject of the Viciſſitude of humane Life, I laid aſide my Book, and began to ruminate on the Diſcourſe which raiſed in me thoſe Reflections. I believed it a very good Office to the World, to ſit down and ſhow others the Road in which I am experienced by my Wandrings and Errors. This is *Seneca*'s Way of Thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true Happineſs and Tranquillity to fix our Minds upon any Thing which is in the Power of Fortune. It is excuſable only in Animals who have not the Uſe of Reaſon, to be catched by Hooks and Baits. Wealth, Glory, and Power, which the ordinary People look up at with Admiration, the Learned and Wiſe know to be only ſo many Snares laid to enſlave them. There is nothing further to be ſought for with Earneſtneſs, than what will cloath and feed us. If we pamper our ſelves in our Diet, or give our Imaginations a Looſe in our Deſires, the Body will no longer obey the Mind. Let us think no further than to defend our ſelves againſt Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold. We are to remember, that every Thing elſe is deſpicable, and not worth our Care. To want little is true Grandeur, and very

few

few Things are great to a great Mind. Thoſe who form their Thoughts in this Manner, and abſtract themſelves from the World, are out of the Way of Fortune, and can look with Contempt both on her Favours and her Frowns. At the ſame Time, they who ſeparate themſelves from the immediate Commerce with the buſy Part of Mankind, are ſtill beneficial to them, while by their Studies and Writings they recommend to them the ſmall Value which ought to be put upon what they purſue with ſo much Labour and Diſquiet. Whilſt ſuch Men are thought the moſt idle, they are the moſt uſefully employed. They have all Things, both Humane and Divine, under Conſideration. To be perfectly free from the Inſults of Fortune, we ſhould arm our ſelves with their Reflections. We ſhould learn, That none but intellectual Poſſeſſions are what we can properly call our own. All Things from without are but borrowed. What Fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever ſhe gives, ſhe can take away.

It is a common Imputation to *Seneca*, that tho' he declaimed with ſo much Strength of Reaſon, and a Stoical Contempt of Riches and Power, he was at the ſame Time one of the richeſt and moſt powerful Men in *Rome*. I know no Inſtance of his being inſolent in that Fortune, and can therefore read his Thoughts on thoſe Subjects with the more Deference. I will not give Philoſophy ſo poor a Lo k, as to ſay it cannot Live in Courts; but I am of Opinion, that it is there in the greateſt Eminence, when amidſt the Affluence of all the World can beſtow, and the Addreſſes of a Crowd who follow him for that Reaſon, a Man can think both of himſelf and thoſe about him abſtracted from theſe Circumſtances. Such a Philoſopher is as much above an Anchorite, as a wiſe Matron, who paſſes through the World with Innocence, is preferable to the Nun who locks her ſelf up from it.

Full

Full of theſe Thoughts I left my Lodgings, and took a Walk to the Court End of the Town; and the Hurry and Buſy Faces I met with about *Whitehall*, made me form to my ſelf Ideas of the different Proſpects of all I ſaw, from the Turn and Caſt of their Countenances. All, methought, had the ſame Thing in View, but proſecuted their Hopes with a different Air: Some ſhowed an unbecoming Eagerneſs, ſome a ſurly Impatience, ſome a Winning Deference, but the Generality a ſervile Complaiſance.

I could not but obſerve, as I roved about the Offices, That all who were ſtill but in Expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained their Wiſhes, immediately began to ſay, there was no ſuch Being. Each believed it an Act of blind Chance that any other Man was preferred, but owed only to Service and Merit what he had obtained himſelf. It is the Fault of ſtudious Men to appear in publick with too contemplative a Carriage; and I began to obſerve, that my Figure, Age, and Dreſs, made me particular: For which Reaſon I thought it better to remove a ſtudious Countenance from among buſy ones, and take a Turn with a Friend in the *Privy Garden*.

When my Friend was alone with me there, *Iſaac*, ſaid he, I know you came Abroad only to Moralize and make Obſervations, and I will carry you hard by, where you ſhall ſee all that you have your ſelf conſidered or read in Authors, or collected from Experience, concerning blind Fortune and irreſiſtible Deſtiny, illuſtrated in real Perſons and proper Mechaniſms. The Graces, the Muſes, the Fates, all the Beings which have a good or ill Influence upon Humane Life, are, you'l ſay, very juſtly figured in the Perſons of Women; and where I am carrying you, you'l ſee enough of that Sex together in an Employment which will have ſo important an Effect upon thoſe who are to receive their Manufacture, as will

make them be reſpectively called Deities or Furies, as their Labour ſhall prove diſadvantagious or ſucceſsful to their Votaries. Without waiting for my Anſwer, he carried me to an Apartment contiguous to the *Banqueting-Houſe*, where there were placed at Two long Tables a large Company of young Women, in decent and agreeable Habits, making up Tickets for the Lottery appointed by the Government. There walk'd between the Tables a Perſon who preſided over the Work. This Gentlewoman ſeemed an Emblem of Fortune, ſhe commanded as if unconcerned in their Buſineſs; and though every Thing was performed by her Direction, ſhe did not viſibly interpoſe in Particulars. She ſeemed in Pain at our near Approach to her, and moſt to approve us, when we made her no Advances. Her Height, her Mein, her Geſture, her Shape, and her Countenance, had ſomething that ſpoke both Familiarity and Dignity. She therefore appeared to me not only a Picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following Words:

MADAM,

'I Am very glad to ſee the Fate of the many who now languiſh in Expectation of what 'will be the Event of your Labours in the Hands 'of one who can act with ſo impartial an Indif-'ference. Pardon me, that have often ſeen you 'before, and have loſt you for Want of the Re-'ſpect due to you. Let me beg of you, who 'have both the furniſhing and turning of that 'Wheel of Lots, to be unlike the reſt of your 'Sex, repulſe the Forward and the Bold, and favour the Modeſt and the Humble. I know you 'fly the Importunate, but ſmile no more on the 'Careleſs. Add not to the Coffers of the Uſurer, 'but give the Power of Beſtowing to the Gene-'rous. Continue his Wants who cannot enjoy or

'com-

'communicate Plenty; but turn away his Pover-
'ty, who can bear it with more Eaſe than he can
'ſee it in another.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Philander *ſignified to* Clarinda *by Letter bearing Date* Thurſday 12 *a Clock, That he had loſt his Heart by a Shot from her Eyes, and deſired ſhe would condeſcend to meet him the ſame Day at Eight in the Evening at* Roſamond's *Pond, faithfully proteſting, that in caſe ſhe would not do him that Honour, ſhe might ſee the Body of the ſaid* Philander *the next Day floating on the ſaid Lake of Love, and that he deſired only Three Sighs upon View of his ſaid Body: It is deſired, if he has not made away with himſelf accordingly, that he would forthwith ſhow himſelf to the Coroner of the City of* Weſtminſter; *or* Clarinda, *being an old Offender, will be found guilty of wilful Murder.*

The TATLER. [N° 171.

Alter Rixatus de lana ſæpe caprina
Propugnat nugis Armatus. —— Hor.

From *Thurſd. May* 11. to *Saturd. May* 13. 1710.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, May 12.

IT has happened to be for ſome Days the Deliberation at the Learned Board in this Houſe, whence Honour and Title had its firſt Original. *Timoleon*, who is very particular in his Opinions, but is thought particular for no other Cauſe but that he acts againſt depraved Cuſtom, by the Rules of Nature and Reaſon, in a very handſome Diſcourſe gave the Company to underſtand,

ſtand, That in thoſe Ages which firſt degenerated from Simplicity of Life, and Natural Juſtice, the Wiſe among them thought it neceſſary to inſpire Men with the Love of Virtue, by giving them who adhered to the Intereſts of Innocence and Truth, ſome diſtinguiſhing Name to raiſe them above the common Level of Mankind. This Way of fixing Appellations of Credit upon eminent Merit, was what gave Being to Titles and Terms of Honour. Such a Name, continued he, without the Qualities which ſhould give a Man Pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to Jeſt and Ridicule. Should one ſee another cudgelled, or ſcurvily treated, Do you think a Man ſo uſed would take it kindly to be called *Hector*, or *Alexander*? Every Thing muſt bear a Proportion with the outward Value that is ſet upon it; or inſtead of being long had in Veneration, that very Term of Eſteem will become a Word of Reproach. When *Timoleon* had done ſpeaking, *Urbanus* purſued the ſame Purpoſe, by giving an Account of the Manner in which the *Indian* Kings, who were lately in *Great Britain*, did Honour to the Perſon where they lodged. They were Placed, ſaid he, in an handſome Apartment, at an Upholſterer's in *King-ſtreet, Covent-Garden*. The Man of the Houſe, it ſeems, had been very obſervant of them, and ready in their Service. Theſe juſt and generous Princes, who act according to the Dictates of natural Juſtice, thought it proper to confer ſome Dignity upon their Landlord before they left his Houſe. One of them had been ſick during his Reſidence there, and having never before been in a Bed, had a very great Veneration for him who made that Engine of Repoſe, ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary in his Diſtreſs. It was conſulted among the Four Prince's by what Name to dignify his great Merit and Services. The Emperor of the *Mohocks*, and the other Three Kings, ſtood up, and in that

Poſture

Poſture recounted the Civilities they had received, and particularly repeated the Care which was taken of their Sick Brother. This, in their Imagination, who are uſed to know the Injuries of Weather, and the Viciſſitudes of Cold and Heat, gave them very great Impreſſions of a skilful Upholſterer, whoſe Furniture was ſo well contrived for their Protection on ſuch Occaſions. It is with theſe leſs inſtructed (I will not ſay leſs knowing) People, the Manner of doing Honour, to impoſe ſome Name ſignificant of the Qualities of the Perſon they diſtinguiſh, and the good Offices received from him. It was therefore reſolved, to call their Landlord *Cadoroque*, which is the Name of the ſtrongeſt Fort in their Part of the World. When they had agreed upon the Name, they ſent for their Landlord, and as he entered into their Preſence, the Emperor of the *Mohocks* taking him by the Hand, called him *Cadoroque*. After which the other Three Princes repeated the ſame Word and Ceremony.

Timoleon appeared much ſatisfied with this Account, and having a Philoſophick Turn, began to argue againſt the Modes and Manners of thoſe Nations which we eſteem polite, and expreſs himſelf with Diſdain at our unuſual Method of calling ſuch as are Strangers to our Innovations, barbarous. I have, ſays he, ſo great a Deference for the Diſtinction given by theſe Princes, that *Cadoroque* ſhall be my Upholſterer. — He was going on, but the intended Diſcourſe was interrupted by *Minucio* who ſat near him, a ſmall Philoſopher, who is alſo ſomewhat of a Politician; one of thoſe who ſets up for Knowledge by Doubting, and has no other Way of making himſelf conſiderable, but by contradicting all he hears ſaid. He has, beſides much Doubt and Spirit of Contradiction, a conſtant Suſpicion as to State-Affairs. This accompliſh'd Gentleman, with a very awful Brow, and a Countenance full of Weight,

Weight, told *Timoleon*, That it was a great Misfortune Men of Letters ſeldom looked into the Bottom of Things. Will any Man, continued he, perſwade me, that this was not from the Beginning to the End a concerted Affair? Who can convince the World, that Four Kings ſhall come over here, and lie at the Two Crowns and Cuſhion, and one of them fall ſick, and the Place be called *King ſtreet*, all this by meer Accident? No, no: To a Man of very ſmall Penetration, it appears, that *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*, Emperor of the *Mohocks*, was prepared for this Adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any Gentleman in his Diſcourſe; but I muſt ſay, however, *Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton*, and *E Tow Oh Koam*, might be ſurpriſed in this Matter; nevertheleſs, *Ho Nee Yeth Taw No Row* knew it before he ſet Foot on the *Engliſh* Shore.

Timoleon looked ſtedfaſtly at him for ſome Time, then ſhaked his Head, paid for his Tea, and marched off. Several others who ſat round him, were in their Turns attacked by this ready Diſputant. A Gentleman who was at ſome Diſtance, happened in Diſcourſe to ſay it was Four Miles to *Hammerſmith*. I muſt beg your Pardon, ſays *Minucio*, when we ſay a Place is ſo far off, we do not mean exactly from the very Spot of Earth we are in, but from the Town where we are; ſo that you muſt begin your Account from the End of *Piccadilly*; and if you do ſo, I'll lay any Man Ten to One, it is not above Three good Miles off. Another, about *Minucio*'s Level of Underſtanding, began to take him up in this important Argument, and maintained, That conſidering the Way from *Pimlico* at the End of *St. James*'s *Park*, and the Croſſing from *Chelſea* by *Earl*'s *Court*, he would ſtand to it, that it was full Four Miles. But *Minucio* replied with great Vehemence, and ſeemed ſo much to have the better of the Diſpute, that this Adverſary quitted the Field,

Field, as well as the other. I ſat till I ſaw the Table almoſt all vaniſhed, where, for Want of Diſcourſe, *Minucio* asked me, How I did? To which I anſwered, Very well. That's very much, ſaid he; I aſſure you, you look paler than ordinary. Nay, thought I, if he won't allow me to know whether I am well or not, there's no ſtaying for me neither. Upon which I took my Leave, pondering as I went Home at this ſtrange Poverty of Imagination, which makes Men run into the Fault of giving Contradiction. They want in their Minds Entertainment for themſelves or their Company, and therefore build all they ſpeak upon what is ſtarted by others; and ſince they cannot improve that Foundation, they ſtrive to deſtroy it. The only Way of dealing with theſe People is to anſwer in Monoſyllables, or by Way of Queſtion. When one of them tells you a Thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no further than, Say you ſo, Sir? Indeed! Heyday! Or, Is it come to that! Theſe little Rules, which appear but ſilly in the Repetition, have brought me with great Tranquillity to this Age. And I have made it an Obſervation, that as Aſſent is more agreeable than Flattery, ſo Contradiction is more odious than Calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Aëreal Meſſenger has brought him a Report of what paſſed at the Auction of Pictures which was in* Sommerſet-*House Yard on* Monday *laſt, and finds there were no* Screens *preſent, but all tranſacted with great Juſtice.*

N. B. *All falſe Buyers at Auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this Day forward to be known in Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Writings by the Word* Screens.

The

The TATLER. [N° 172.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquam Homini satis
Cautum est in Horas. ——— Hor.

From *Saturd. May* 13. to *Tuesd. May* 16. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a Man is in a serious Mood, and ponders upon his own Make, with a Retrospect to the Actions of his Life, and the many fatal Miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned Passions, he is then apt to say to himself, That Experience has guarded him against such Errors for the future: But Nature often recurs in spite of his best Resolutions, and it is to the very End of our Days a Struggle between our Reason and our Temper, which shall have the Empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by Circumspection, and a constant Alarm against the first Onsets of Passion. As this is in general a necessary Care to make a Man's Life easy and agreeable to himself, so it is more particularly the Duty of such as are engaged in Friendship and more near Commerce with others. Those who have their Joys, have also their Griefs in Proportion, and none can extremely exalt or depress Friends, but Friends. The harsh Things which come from the rest of the World, are received and repulsed with that Spirit which every honest Man bears for his own Vindication; but Unkindness in Words or Actions among Friends, affect us at the first Instant in the inmost Recesses of our Souls. Indifferent People, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous Parts, maim us in our Legs or Arms; but the Friend can make

make no paſs but at the Heart it ſelf. On the other Side, the moſt impotent Aſſiſtance, the meer well Wiſhes of a Friend, gives a Man Conſtancy and Courage againſt the moſt prevailing Force of his Enemies. It is here only a Man enjoys and ſuffers to the Quick. For this Reaſon, the moſt gentle Behaviour is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain Friendſhip in any Degree above the common Level of Acquaintance. But there is a Relation of Life much more near than the moſt ſtrict and ſacred Friendſhip, that is to ſay, Marriage. This Union is of too cloſe and delicate a Nature to be eaſily conceived by thoſe who do not know that Condition by Experience. Here a Man ſhould, if poſſible, ſoften his Paſſions; if not for his own Eaſe, in Compliance to a Creature formed with a Mind of a quite different Make from his own. I am ſure, I do not mean it an Injury to Women, when I ſay there is a Sort of Sex in Souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this Subject; but I muſt go on to ſay, That the Soul of a Man and that of a Woman, are made very unlike, according to the Employments for which they are deſigned. The Ladies will pleaſe to obſerve, I ſay, our Minds have different, not ſuperior Qualities to theirs. The Virtues have reſpectfully a Maſculine and a Feminine Caſt. What we call in Men Wiſdom, is in Women Prudence. It is a Partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent Woman is in the ſame Claſs of Honour as a wiſe Man, and the Scandals in the Way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this State any Thing but a Burthen, and not hang a Weight upon our very Beings, it is very proper each of the Couple ſhould frequently remember, that there are many Things which grow out of their very Natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when conſidered as ſuch, but without that Reflection muſt give the quickeſt Pain and Vexation. To manage well a great

great Family, is as worthy an Inſtance of Capacity, as to execute a great Employment; and for the Generality, as Women perform the conſiderable Part of their Duties, as well as Men do theirs; ſo in their common Behaviour, thoſe of ordinary Genius are not more trivial than the common Rate of Men; and in my Opinion, the playing of a Fan is every whit as good an Entertainment as the beating a Snuff-Box.

But however I have rambled in this Libertine Manner of Writing by way of Eſſay, I now ſat down with an Intention to repreſent to my Readers, how pernicious, how ſudden, and how fatal Surprizes of Paſſion are to the Mind of Man; and that in the more intimate Commerces of Life they are moſt liable to ariſe, even in our moſt ſedate and indolent Hours. Occurrences of this Kind have had very terrible Effects; and when one reflects upon 'em, we cannot but tremble to conſider what we are capable of being wrought up to againſt all the Ties of Nature, Love, Honour, Reaſon, and Religion, tho' the Man who breaks thro' them all, had, an Hour before he did ſo, a lively and virtuous Senſe of their Dictates. When unhappy Cataſtrophe's make up Part of the Hiſtory of Princes, and Perſons who act in high Spheres, or are repreſented in the moving Language, and well wrought Scenes of Tragedians, they do not fail of ſtriking us with Terror; but then they affect us only in a tranſient Manner, and paſs thro' our Imaginations, as Incidents in which our Fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which Writers form for the Oſtentation of their own Force; or, at moſt, as Things fit rather to exerciſe the Powers of our Minds, than to create new Habits in them. Inſtead of ſuch high Paſſages, I was thinking it would be of great Uſe (if any Body could hit it) to lay before the World ſuch Adventures as befall Perſons not exalted above the common Level. This, methought, would better prevail upon

upon the ordinary Race of Men, who are ſo prepoſſeſſed with outward Appearances, that they miſtake Fortune for Nature, and believe nothing can relate to them that does not happen to ſuch as live and look like themſelves.

The unhappy End of a Gentleman whoſe Story an Acquaintance of mine was juſt now telling me, would be very proper for this End if it could be related with all the Circumſtances as I heard it this Evening; for it touched me ſo much, that I cannot forbear entring upon it.

Mr. *Euſtace*, a young Gentleman of a good Eſtate near *Dublin* in *Ireland*, married a Lady of Youth, Beauty, and Modeſty, and lived with her in general with much Eaſe and Tranquillity; but was in his ſecret Temper impatient of Rebuke: She is apt to fall into little Sallies of Paſſion, yet as ſuddenly recalled by her own Reflection on her Fault, and the Conſideration of her Husband's Temper. It happened, as he, his Wife, and her Siſter, were at Supper together about Two Months ago, that in the Midſt of a careleſs and familiar Converſation, the Siſters fell into a little Warmth and Contradiction. He, who was one of that Sort of Men who are never unconcerned at what paſſes before them, fell into an outragious Paſſion on the Side of the Siſter. The Perſon about whom they diſputed was ſo near, that they were under no Reſtraint from running into vain Repetitions of paſt Heats: On which Occaſion all the Aggravations of Anger and Diſtaſt boiled up, and were repeated with the Bitterneſs of exaſperated Lovers. The Wife obſerving her Husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interpoſing between Two People who from their Infancy had been angry and pleaſed with each other every Half Hour. But it deſcended deeper into his Thoughts, and they broke up with a ſullen Silence. The Wife immediately retired to her Chamber, whither her Husband ſoon after followed. When they were

in

in Bed, he ſoon diſſembled a Sleep, and ſhe, pleaſed that his Thoughts were compoſed, fell into a real one. Their Apartment was very diſtant from the reſt of their Family, in a lonely Country Houſe. He now ſaw his Opportunity, and with a Dagger he had brought to Bed with him, ſtabbed his Wife in the Side. She awaked in the higheſt Terrour; but immediaely imagined it was a Blow deſign'd for her Husband by Ruffians, began to graſp him, and ſtrove to awake and rouze him to defend himſelf. He ſtill pretended himſelf ſleeping, and gave her a Second Wound.

She now drew open the Curtains, and by the Help of Moon light ſaw his Hand lifted up to ſtab her. The Horror diſarmed her from further Struggling; and he enraged anew at being diſcovered, fixed his Poniard in her Boſom. As ſoon as he believed he had diſpatched her he attempted to eſcape out of the Window: But ſhe, ſtill alive, called to him not to hurt himſelf; for ſhe might live. He was ſo ſtung with the inſupportable Reflection upon her Goodneſs and his own Villany, that he jumped to the Bed, and wounded her all over with as much Rage as if every Blow was provoked by new Aggravations. In this Fury of Mind he fled away. His Wife had ſtill Strength to go to her Siſter's Apartment, and give her an Account of this wonderful Tragedy, but died the next Day. Some Weeks after, an Officer of Juſtice, in attempting to ſeize the Criminal, fired upon him, as did the Criminal upon the Officer. Both their Balls took Place, and both immediately expired.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 173.

——— *Sapientia prima eſt*
Stultitia caruiſſe. ——— Hor.

From *Tueſday. May* 16. to *Thurſday. May* 11. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 17.

WHEN I firſt began to learn to puſh this laſt Winter, my Maſter had a great deal of Work upon his Hands to make me unlearn the Poſtures and Motions which I had got by having in my younger Years practiſed Back-Sword, with a little Eye to the Single Falchion. Knock down, was the Word in the Civil Wars, and we generally added to this Skill the Knowledge of the *Corniſh* Hug, as well as the Grapple, to play with Hand and Foot. By this Means I was for defending my Head when the *French* Gentleman was making a full paſs at my Boſom, inſomuch that he told me I was fairly killed Seven Times in one Morning, without having done my Maſter any other Miſchief than one Knock on the Pate. This was a great Misfortune to me; and I believe I may ſay, without Vanity, I am the firſt who ever puſhed ſo erroneouſly; and yet conquered the Prejudice of Education ſo well, as to make my Paſſes ſo clear, and recover Hand and Foot with that Agility, as I do at this Day. The Truth of it is, the firſt Rudiments of Education are given very indiſcreetly by moſt Parents, as much with Relation to the more important Concerns of the Mind, as in the Geſtures of the Body. Whatever Children are deſigned for, and whatever Proſpects the Fortune or Intereſt of their Parents may give

them in their future Lives, they are all promiſcuouſly inſtructed the ſame Way; and *Horace* and *Virgil* muſt be thrummed by a Boy as well before he goes to an Apprentiſhip as to the Univerſity. This ridiculous Way of treating the Underaged of this Iſland has very often raiſed both my Spleen and Mirth, but I think never both at once ſo much as to Day. A good Mother of our Neighbourhood made me a Viſit with her Son and Heir, a Lad ſomewhat above Five Foot, and wants but little of the Height and Strength of a good Muſquetier in any Regiment in the Service. Her Buſineſs was to deſire I would examine him, for he was far gone in a Book, the firſt Letters of which ſhe often ſaw in my Papers. The Youth produced it, and I found it was my Friend *Horace*. It was very eaſy to turn to the Place the Boy was learning in, which was the Fifth Ode of the Firſt Book of *Pyrrha*. I read it over aloud, as well becauſe I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful Parts of that Author, as alſo to gain Time for conſidering a little how to keep up the Mother's Pleaſure in her Child which I thought Barbarity to interrupt. In the firſt Place I asked him, Who this ſame *Pyrrha* was? He anſwered very readily, She was the Wife of *Pyrrhus*, one of *Alexander*'s Captains. I lifted up my Hands. The Mother courteſies—— Nay, ſays ſhe, —— I knew you would ſtand in Admiration. —— I aſſure you, continued ſhe, for all he looks ſo tall, he is but very young. Pray ask him ſome more, never ſpare him. With that I took the Liberty to ask him, What was the Character of this Gentlewoman? He read the Three firſt Verſes:

Quis multa gracilis te Puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget Odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub Antro?

And

And very gravely told me, She lived at the Sign of the *Roſe* in a Cellar. I took Care to be very much aſtoniſhed at the Lad's Improvements; but withal adviſed her, as ſoon as poſſible, to take him from School, for he could learn no more there. This very ſilly Dialogue was a lively Image of the impertinent Method uſed in breeding Boys without Genius or Spirit, to the reading Things for which their Heads were never framed. But this is the natural Effect of a certain Vanity in the Minds of Parents, who are wonderfully delighted with the Thought of breeding their Children to Accompliſhments, which they believe nothing but Want of the ſame Care in their own Fathers prevented them from being Maſters of. Thus it is, that the Part of Life moſt fit for Improvement, is generally employed in a Method againſt the Bent of Nature; and a Lad of ſuch Parts as are fit for an Occupation, where there can be no Calls out of the beaten Path, is Two or Three Years of his Time wholly taken up in knowing how well *Ovid*'s Miſtreſs became ſuch a Dreſs; how ſuch a Nymph for her Cruelty was changed into ſuch an Animal; and how it is made generous in *Æneas* to put *Turnus* to Death Gallantries that can no more come within the Occurrences of the Lives of ordinary Men, than they can be reliſhed by their Imaginations. However, ſtill the Humour goes on from one Generation to another; and the Paſtry-Cook here in the Lane the other Night told me, He would not yet take away his Son from his Learning but has reſolved, as ſoon as he had a little Smattering in the Greek, to put him Apprentice to a Soap-boyler. Theſe wrong Beginnings determine our Succeſs in the World; and when our Thoughts are originally falſly biaſſed, their Agility and Force do but carry us the further out of our Way in Proportion to our Speed. But we are half Way our Journey when we have got into the right

Road. If all our Days were uſefully employed, and we did not ſet out impertinently, we ſhould not have ſo many groteſque Profeſſors in all the Arts of Life, but every Man would be in a proper and becoming Method of diſtinguiſhing or entertaining himſelf ſuitably to what Nature deſigned him. As they go on now, our Parents do not only force us upon what is againſt our Talents, but our Teachers are alſo as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever ſince ſuffered ſo much by the Charms of any Beauty, as I did before I had a Scene of Paſſion, for not apprehending that the Smile of *Lalage* was what pleaſed *Horace*; and I verily believe, the Stripes I ſuffered about *Digito male pertinaci*, has given that irreconcilable Averſion, which I ſhall carry to my Grave, againſt Coquets.

As for the elegant Writer of whom I am talking, his Excellencies are to be obſerved as they relate to the different Concerns of his Life; and he is always to be looked upon as a Lover, a Courtier, or a Man of Wit. His admirable Odes have numberleſs Inſtances of his Merit in each of theſe Characters. His Epiſtle and Satyrs are full of proper Notices for the Conduct of Life in a Court; and what we call good Breeding, moſt agreeably intermixed with his Morality. His Addreſſes to the Perſons who favoured him are ſo inimitably engaging, that *Auguſtus* complained of him for ſo ſeldom writing to him, and asked him, Whether he was afraid Poſterity ſhould read their Names together? Now for the Generality of Men to ſpend much Time in ſuch Writings, is as pleaſant a Folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the Crowd of Scholars may pretend, if their Way of Life, or their own Imaginatons, do not lead them to a Taſt of him, they may read, nay write, Fifty Volumes upon him, and be juſt as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great Painter ſay, There are certain Faces for certain

certain Painters, as well as certain Subjects for certain Poets. This is as true in the Choice of Studies; and no one will ever reliſh an Author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit Company for that Author had they lived at the ſame Time. All others are Mechanicks in Learning, and take the Sentiments of Writers like Waiting-Servants, who report what paſſed at their Maſters Table; but debaſe every Thought and Expreſſion, for want of the Air with which they were uttered.

The TATLER. [N° 174.

Quem mala Stultitia, aut quæcunq; Inſcitia Veri, Cæcum agit, inſanum Chryſippi Porticus, & Grex Autumat. Hor.

From *Thurſd. May* 18. to *Saturd. May* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 19.

THE Learned *Scotus*, to diſtinguiſh the Race of Mankind, gives every Individual of that Species what he calls a Seity, ſomething peculiar to himſelf, which makes him different from all other Perſons in the World. This Particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uſes his Talents, which always grow out into Faults, or improve into Virtues. In the Office I have undertaken, you are to obſerve, That I have hitherto preſented only the more inſignificant and lazy Part of Mankind under the Denomination of Dead Men, together with the Degrees towards Non-Exiſtence, in which others can neither be ſaid to live or be defunct, but are only Animals meerly dreſſed up like Men, and differ from each other but as Flies do by a little

Colouring or Fluttering of their Wings. Now as our Diſcourſes heretofore have chiefly regarded the Indolent Part of the Species, it remains that we do Juſtice alſo upon the impertinently Active and Enterprizing. Such as theſe I ſhall take particular Care to place in ſafe Cuſtody, and have uſed all poſſible Diligence to run up my Edifice in *Moorfields* for that Service.

We who are adept in Aſtrology, can impute it to ſeveral Cauſes of the Planets, That this Quarter of our great City is the Region of ſuch Perſons as either never had, or have loſt, the Uſe of Reaſon. It has indeed been Time out of Mind the Receptacle of Fools as well as Madmen. The Care and Information of the former I aſſign to other learned Men, who have for that End taken up their Habitation in thoſe Parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. *Trotter*, and my ingenious Friend Dr. *Langham*. Theſe oraculous Proficients are Day and Night employed in deep Searches, for the Direction of ſuch as run aſtray after their loſt Goods: But at preſent they are more particularly ſerviceable to their Country, in foretelling the Fate of ſuch as have Chances in the Publick Lottery. Dr. *Langham* ſhows a peculiar Generoſity on this Occaſion, taking only one Half-Crown for a Prediction, Eighteen Pence of which to be paid out of the Prizes; which Method the Doctor is willing to comply with in Favour of every Adventurer in the whole Lottery. Leaving therefore the whole Generation of ſuch Enquirers to ſuch *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards Peopling our Houſe, which we have erected with the greateſt Coſt and Care imaginable.

It is neceſſary in this Place to premiſe, That the Superiority and Force of Mind which is born with Men of great Genius; and which, when it falls in with a noble Imagination, is called Poetical Fury, does not come under my Conſideration; but

but the Pretence to ſuch an Impulſe without natural Warmth, ſhall be allowed a fit Object of this Charity; and all the Volumes written by ſuch Hands, ſhall be from Time to Time placed in proper Order upon the Rails of the unhouſed Bookſellers within the Diſtrict of the College, (who have long inhabited this Quarter) in the ſame Manner as they are already diſpoſed ſoon after their Publication. I promiſe my ſelf from theſe Writings my beſt Opiates for thoſe Patients, whoſe high Imaginations, and hot Spirits, have waked them into Diſtraction. Their boiling Tempers are not to be wrought upon by my Gruels and Julips, but muſt ever be employed, or appear to be ſo, or their Recovery will be impracticable. I ſhall therefore make uſe of ſuch Poets as preſerve ſo conſtant a Mediocrity, as never to elevate the Mind into Joy, or depreſs it into Sadneſs, yet at the ſame Time keep the Faculties of the Readers in Suſpence, tho' they introduce no Idea's of their own. By this Means, a diſordered Mind, like a broken Limb, will recover its Strength by the ſole Benefit of being out of Uſe, and lying without Motion. But as Reading is not an Entertainment that can take up the full Time of my Patients, I have now in Penſion a proportionable Number of Story-Tellers, who are by Turns to walk about the Galleries of the Houſe, and by their Narrations ſecond the Labours of my pretty good Poets. There are among theſe Story-Tellers ſome that have ſo earneſt Countenances, and weighty Brows, that they will draw a Madman, even when his Fit is juſt coming on, into a Whiſper, and by the Force of Shrugs, Nods, and buſy Geſtures, make him ſtand amazed ſo long as that we may have Time to give him his Broth without Danger.

But as Fortune has the Poſſeſſion of Men's Minds, a Phyſician may cure all the ſick People of ordinary Degree in the whole Town, and never come

into Reputation. I ſhall therefore begin with Perſons of Condition; and the firſt I ſhall undertake, ſhall be the Lady *Fidget*, the general Viſitant, and *Will Voluble*, the fine Talker. Theſe Perſons ſhall be firſt locked up, for the Peace of all whom the one viſits, and all whom the other talks to.

The Paſſion which firſt touched the Brain of both theſe Perſons, was Envy; and has had ſuch wondrous Effects, that to this, Lady *Fidget* owes that ſhe is ſo courteous; to this, *Will Voluble* that he is eloquent. *Fidget* has a reſtleſs Torment in hearing of any one's Proſperity, and cannot know any Quiet till ſhe viſits her, and is Eye-Witneſs of ſomething that leſſens it. Thus her Life is a continual Search after what does not concern her, and her Companions ſpeak kindly even of the Abſent and the Unfortunate, to teaze her. She was the firſt that viſited *Flavia* after the Small Pox, and has never ſeen her ſince becauſe ſhe is not altered. Call a young Woman handſome in her Company, and ſhe tells you, It is pity ſhe has no Fortune: Say ſhe is rich, and ſhe is as ſorry that ſhe is ſilly. With all this ill Nature, *Fidget* is her ſelf young, rich, and handſome; but loſes the Pleaſure of all thoſe Qualities, becauſe ſhe has them in common with others.

To make up her Miſery, ſhe is well-bred, ſhe hears Commendations till ſhe is ready to faint for Want of venting her ſelf in Contradictions. This Madneſs is not expreſſed by the Voice; but is uttered in the Eyes and Features: It's firſt Symptom is upon beholding an agreeable Object, a ſudden Approbation immediately checked with Diſlike.

This Lady I ſhall take the Liberty to conduct into a Bed of Straw and Darkneſs, and have ſome Hopes, that after long Abſence from the Light, the Pleaſure of ſeeing at all may reconcile her to what ſhe ſhall ſee, though it proves to be never ſo agreeable.

My

My Phyſical Remarks on the Diſtraction of Envy in other Perſons, and particularly in *Will Voluble*, is interrupted by a Viſit from Mr. *Kidney*, with Advices which will bring Matter of new Diſturbance to many poſſeſſed with this Sort of Diſorder, which I ſhall publiſh to bring out the Symptoms more kindly, and lay the Diſtemper more open to my View.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 19.

This Evening a Mail from *Holland* brought the following Advices:

From the Camp before Douay, May 26. *N. S.* On the 23d the *French* aſſembled their Army, and encamped with their Right near *Bouchain*, and their Left near *Creuveuceur*. Upon this Motion of the Enemy, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* made a Movement with their Army on the 24th, and encamped from *Arlieux* to *Vitry* and *Iſez-Eſquerchien*, where they are ſo advantagiouſly poſted, that they not only cover the Siege, ſecure our Convoys of Proviſions, Forage, and Ammunition, from *Liſle* and *Tournay*, and the Canals and Dikes we have made to turn the Water of the *Scarp* and *La Cenſe* to *Bouchain*; but are in a Readineſs, by marching from the Right, to poſſeſs themſelves of the Field of Battle marked out betwixt *Vitry* and *Montigny*, or from the Left to gain the Lines of Circumvallation betwixt *Fierin* and *Dechy*: So that whatever Way the Enemy ſhall approach to attack us, whether by the Plains of *Lens*, or by *Bouchain* and *Valenciennes*, we have but a very ſmall Movement to make, to poſſeſs our ſelves of the Ground on which it will be moſt advantagious to receive them. The Enemy marched this Morning from their Left, and are encamped with their Right at *Oiſy*, and their Left towards *Arras*, and, according to our Advices, will paſs the *Scarp* to morrow, and enter on the Plains

of *Lens*, though ſeveral Regiments of Horſe, the *German* and *Liege* Troops, which are deſtined to compoſe Part of their Army, have not yet joined them. If they paſs the *Scarp*, we ſhall do the like at the ſame Time, to poſſeſs our ſelves with all poſſible Advantage of the Field of Battle: But if they continue where they are, we ſhall not remove, becauſe in our preſent Station we ſufficiently cover from all Inſults both our Siege and Convoys.

Monſieur *Villars* cannot yet go without Crutches, and 'tis beleived will have much Difficulty to ride. He and the Duke of *Berwick* are to command the *French* Army, the reſt of the Mareſchals being only to aſſiſt in Council.

Laſt Night we entirely perfected Four Bridges over the *Avant Foſſe* at both Attacks; and our Saps are ſo far advanced, that in Three or Four Days Batteries will be raiſed on the Glacis, to batter in Breach both the Outworks and Ramparts of the Town.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 27th, *N. S.* ſay, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, who ſet out for *Gertruydenberg* on the 23d, to renew the Conferences with the *French* Miniſters, returned on the 26th, and had communicated to the States General, the new Overtures that were made on the Part of *France*, which it is believed, if they are in Earneſt, may produce a general Treaty.

The

The TATLER. [No 175.

From *Saturd. May* 20. to *Tueſd. May* 23. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 22.

IN the Diſtribution of the Apartments in the New *Bedlam*, proper Regard is had to the different Sexes, and the Lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other Neceſſaries, as I have thought fit to appoint Story-Tellers to ſooth the Men, ſo I have allowed Tale-Bearers to indulge the Intervals of my Female Patients, But before I enter upon diſpoſing of the Main of the great Body that wants my Aſſiſtance, it is neceſſary to conſider the Humane Race abſtracted from all other Diſtinctions and Conſiderations except that of Sex. This will lead us to a nearer View of their Excellencies and Imperfections, which are to be accounted the one or the other, as they are ſuitable to the Deſign for which the Perſons ſo defective or accompliſhed came into the World.

To make this Enquiry aright, we muſt ſpeak of the Life of People of Condition, and the proportionable Applications to thoſe below them will be eaſily made, ſo as to value the whole Species by the ſame Rule. We will begin with the Woman, and behold her as a Virgin in her Father's Houſe. This State of her Life is infinitely more delightful than that of her Brother at the ſame Age. While ſhe is entertained with learning melodious Airs at her Spinet, is led round a Room in the moſt complaiſant Manner to a Fiddle, or is entertained with Applauſes of her Beauty and Perfection in the ordinary Converſation ſhe meets with; the young Man is under the Dictates of a rigid Schoolmaſter or Inſtructor,

con-

contradicted in every Word he ſpeaks, and curbed in all the Inclinations he diſcovers. Mrs. *Elizabeth* is the Object of Deſire and Admiration, looked upon with Delight, courted with all the Powers of Eloquence and Addreſs, approached with a certain Worſhip, and defended with a certain Loyalty. This is her Caſe as to the World: In her Domeſtick Characters, ſhe is the Companion, the Friend, and Confident of her Mother, and the Object of a Pleaſure, ſomething like the Love between Angels, to her Father. Her Youth, her Beauty, her Air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable Tranſport beyond any other Joy in this Life, with as much Purity as can be met with in the next.

Her Brother *William*, at the ſame Years, is but in the Rudiments of thoſe Acquiſitions which muſt gain him Eſteem in the World. His Heart beats for Applauſe among Men, yet is he fearful of every Step towards it. If he propoſes to himſelf to make a Figure in the World, his Youth is damped with a Proſpect of Difficulties, Dangers, and Diſhonours; and an Oppoſition in all generous Attempts, whether they regard his Love or his Ambition.

In the next Stage of Life ſhe has little elſe to do, but (what ſhe is accompliſhed for by the meer Gifts of Nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her Husband, tender to her Children, and affable to her Servants: But a Man, when he enters into this Way, is but in the firſt Scene, far from the Accompliſhment of his Deſigns. He is now in all Things to act for others as well as himſelf. He is to have Induſtry and Frugality in his private Affairs, and Integrity and Addreſſes in publick. To theſe Qualities, he muſt add a Courage and Reſolution to ſupport his other Abilities, leſt he be interrupted in the Proſecution of his juſt Endeavours, in which the Honour and Intereſt

tereſt of Poſterity are as much concerned as his own perſonal Welfare.

This little Sketch may in ſome Meaſure give an Idea of the different Parts which the Sexes have to act, and the advantagious as well as inconvenient Terms on which they are to enter upon their ſeveral Parts of Life. This may alſo be ſome Rule to us in the Examination of their Conduct. In ſhort, I ſhall take it for a Maxim, That a Woman who reſigns the Purpoſe of being pleaſing, and the Man who gives up the Thoughts of being wiſe, do equally quit their Claim to the true Cauſes of Living; and are to be allowed the Diet and Diſcipline of my charitable Structure to reduce them to Reaſon.

On the other Side, the Woman who hopes to pleaſe by Methods which ſhould make her odious, and the Man who would be thought wiſe by a Behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into Cuſtody for their falſe Induſtry, as juſtly as they ought for their Negligence.

N. B. *Mr.* Bickerſtaff *is taken extremely ill with the Tooth-Ach, and cannot proceed in this Diſcourſe.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 22.

Advices from *Flanders* of the 30th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having Intelligence of the Enemy's paſſing the *Scarp* on the 29th in the Evening, and their March towards the Plains of *Lens*, had put the Confederate Army in Motion, which was advancing towards the Camp, on the North Side of that River, between *Vitry* and *Henin-Lietard*. The Confederates, ſince the Approach of the Enemy, have added ſeveral new Redoubts to their Camp, and drawn the Cannon out of the Lines of Circumvallation in a Readineſs for the Batteries.

It

It is not believed, notwithſtanding theſe Appearances, that the Enemy will hazard a Battle for the Relief of *Douay*; the Siege of which Place is carried on with all the Succeſs that can be expected, conſidering the Difficulties they meet with occaſioned by the Inundations. On the 28th at Night we made a Lodgment on the Saliant Angle of the Glacis of the Second Counterſcarp, and our Approaches are ſo far advanced, that it is believed the Town will be obliged to ſurrender before the 8th of the next Month.

The TATLER. [N° 176.

Nullum Numen abeſt ſi ſit Prudentia. Juv.

From *Tueſd. May* 23. to *Thurſd. May* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THIS Evening, after a little Eaſe from the raging Pain cauſed by ſo ſmall an Organ as an aking Tooth, under wich I had behaved my ſelf ſo ill as to have broke Two Pipes and my Spectacles, I began to reflect with Admiration on thoſe Heroick Spirits, which in the Conduct of their Lives ſeem to live ſo much above the Condition of our Make, as not only under the Agonies of Pain to forbear any intemperate Word or Geſture, but alſo in their general and ordinary Behaviour to reſiſt the Impulſes of their very Blood and Conſtitution. This Watch over a Man's ſelf, and the Command of his Temper, I take to be the greateſt of Humane Perfections, and is the Effect of a ſtrong and reſolute Mind. It is not only the moſt expedient Practice for carry-

carrying on our own Deſigns, but is alſo very deſervedly the moſt amiable Quality in the Sight of others. It is a winning Deference to Mankind, which creates an immediate Imitation of it ſelf wherever it appears, and prevails upon all (who have to do with a Perſon endued with it) either through Shame or Emulation. I do not know how to expreſs this Habit of Mind, except you will let me call it Equanimity. It is a Virtue which is neceſſary at every Hour, in every Place, and in all Converſations, and is the Effect of a regular and exact Prudence. He that will look back upon all the Acquaintance he has had in his whole Life, will find, he has ſeen more Men capable of the greateſt Employments and Performances, than ſuch as could in the general Bent of their Carriage act otherwiſe than according to their own Complexion and Humour. But the Indulgence of our ſelves in wholly giving Way to our natural Propenſity, is ſo unjuſt and improper a Licence, that when People take it up, there is very little Difference, with Relation to their Friends and Families, whether they are good or ill-natured Men: For he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the Sweetneſs of his Temper, is as guilty as he that offends thro' the Perverſeneſs of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what Men are in themſelves, but what they are in their Actions. *Eucrates* is the beſt-natured of all Men; but that natural Softneſs has Effects quite contrary to it ſelf, and for Want of due Bounds to his Benevolence, while he has a Will to be a Friend to all, he has the Power of being ſuch to none. His conſtant Inclination to pleaſe, makes him never fail of doing ſo; tho' (without being capable of Falſhood) he is a Friend only to thoſe who are preſent; for the ſame Humour which makes him the beſt Companion, renders him the worſt Correſpondent. It is a melancholy Thing

to

to conſider, that the moſt engaging Sort of Men in Converſation are frequently the moſt tyrannical in Power, and leaſt to be depended upon in Friendſhip. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own Diſpoſition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good Luck if he is not the worſt, though in himſelf the beſt Man living. For this Reaſon, we are no more wholly to indulge our good, than our ill Diſpoſitions. I remember a crafty old Cit, one Day ſpeaking of a well-natured young Fellow who ſet up with a good Stock in *Lombard-ſtreet*, "I will, ſays he, lay "no more Money in his Hands, for he never de"nied me any Thing. This was a very baſe, but with him a prudential Reaſon for breaking off Commerce: And this Acquaintance of mine carried this Way of Judging ſo far, that he has often told me, he never cared to deal with a Man he liked, for that our Affections muſt never enter into our Buſineſs.

When we look round us in this populous City, and conſider how Credit and Eſteem are lodged, you find Men have a great Share of the former, without the leaſt Portion of the latter. He who knows himſelf for a Beaſt of Prey, looks upon others in the ſame Light, and we are ſo apt to judge of others by our ſelves, that the Man who has no Mercy, is as careful as poſſible never to want it. Hence it is, that in many Inſtances Men gain Credit by the very contrary Methods by which they do Eſteem; for wary Traders think every Affection of the Mind a Key to their Caſh.

But what led me into this Diſcourſe, was my Impatience of Pain; and I have, to my great Diſgrace, ſeen an Inſtance of the contrary Carriage in ſo high a Degree, that I am out of Countenance that I ever read *Seneca*. When I look upon the Conduct of others in ſuch Occurrences, as well as behold their Equanimity in the general

general Tenour of their Life, it very much abates the Self-Love, which is ſeldom well governed by any Sort of Men, and leaſt of all by us Authors.

The Fortitude of a Man who brings his Will to the Obedience of his Reaſon, is conſpicuous, and carries with it a Dignity in the loweſt State imaginable. Poor *Martius*, who now lies languiſhing in the moſt violent Fever, diſcovers in the fainteſt Moments of his Diſtemper ſuch a Greatneſs of Mind, that a perfect Stranger who ſhould now behold him, would indeed ſee an Object of Pity, but at the ſame Time that it was lately an Object of Veneration. His gallant Spirit reſigns, but reſigns with an Air that ſpeaks a Reſolution which could yield to nothing but Fate it ſelf. This is Conqueſt in the Philoſophick Senſe; but the Empire over our ſelves is, methinks, no leſs laudable in common Life, where the whole Tenour of a Man's Carriage is in Subſervience to his own Reaſon, and Conformity both to the good Senſe and Inclination of other Men.

Ariſtæus is in my Opinion a perfect Maſter of himſelf in all Circumſtances. He has all the Spirit that Man can have, and yet is as regular in his Behaviour as a meer Machine. He is ſenſible of every Paſſion, but ruffled by none. In Converſation, he frequently ſeems to be leſs knowing to be more obliging, and chuſes to be on a Level with others, rather than oppreſs with the Superiority of his Genius. In Friendſhip, he is kind without Profeſſion. In Buſineſs, expeditious without Oſtentation. With the greateſt Softneſs and Benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in Spight of all Importunity, even that of his own good Nature. He is ever clear in his Judgment; but in Complaiſance to his Company, ſpeaks with Doubt, and never ſhows Confidence in Argument, but to ſupport the Senſe of ano-

another. Were ſuch an Equality of Mind the general Endeavour of all Men, How ſweet would be the Pleaſures of Converſation? He that is loud would then underſtand, that we ought to call a Conſtable, and know, that ſpoiling good Company is the moſt heinous Way of breaking the Peace. We ſhould then be relieved from theſe Zealots in Society, who take upon them to be angry for all the Company, and quarrel with the Waiters to ſhow they have no Reſpect for any Body elſe in the Room. To be in a Rage before you, is in a Kind being angry with you. You may as well ſtand naked before Company, as to uſe ſuch Familiarities; and to be careleſs of what you ſay, is the moſt clowniſh Way of being undreſſed.

Sheer-Lane, May 24.

When I came Home this Evening, I found the following Letters; and becauſe I think one a very good Anſwer to the other, as well as that it is the Affair of a young Lady, it muſt be imimediately diſmiſſed.

SIR,

'I Have a good Fortune, partly paternal, and partly acquired. My younger Years I ſpent in Buſineſs; but Age coming on, and having no more Children than one Daughter, I reſolved to be a Slave no longer: And accordingly I have diſpoſed of my Effects, placed my Money in the Funds, bought a pretty Seat in a pleaſant Country, am making a Garden, and have ſet up a Pack of little Beagles. I live in the Midſt of a good many well-bred Neighbours, and ſeveral well-tempered Clergy-men. Againſt a rainy Day I have a little Library; and againſt the Gout in my Stomach, a little good Claret. With all this I am the miſerableſt Man in the World; not that

'I've

'I've loſt the Reliſh of any of theſe Pleaſures, 'but am diſtracted with ſuch a Multiplicity 'of entertaining Objects, that I am loſt in the 'Variety. I am in ſuch a Hurry of Idleneſs, 'that I do not know with what Diverſion to 'begin. Therefore, Sir, I muſt beg the Fa-'vour of you, when your more weighty Af-'fairs will permit, to put me in ſome Me-'thod of doing Nothing; for I find *Pliny* 'makes a great Difference betwixt *Nihil agere* 'and *Agere nihil*; and I fancy, if you would 'explain him, you would do a very great 'Kindneſs to many in *Great Britain*, as well 'as to

Your humble Servant,

J. B.

SIR,

'THE Encloſed is written by my Father 'in one of his pleaſant Humours. He 'bids me ſeal it up, and ſend you a Word 'or two from my ſelf, which he won't de-'ſire to ſee till he hears of it from you. De-'ſire him before he begins his Method of do-'ing Nothing, to have Nothing to do; that 'is to ſay, let him marry off his Daughter. 'I am

Your gentle Reader,

S. B.

The

The TATLER. [N° 177.

—— *Male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*
Hor.

From *Thurſd. May* 25. to *Saturd. May* 27. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 26.

THE ingenious Mr. *Penkethman*, the Comedian, has lately left here a Paper or Ticket, to which is affixed a ſmall Silver Medal, which is to entitle the Bearer to ſee One and twenty Plays at his Theatre for a Guinea. *Greenwich* is the Place where, it ſeems, he has erected his Houſe; and his Time of Action is to be ſo contrived, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the Tide. Beſides, that the Bearer of this Ticket may carry down with him a particular Set of Company to the Play, ſtriking off for each Perſon ſo introduced one of his Twenty one Times of Admittance. In this Warrant of his, he has made me an high Compliment in a facetious Diſtich, by Way of Dedication of his Endeavours, and deſires I would recommend them to the World. I muſt needs ſay, I have not for ſome Time ſeen a properer Choice than he has made of a Patron: Who more fit to publiſh his Work than a Noveliſt? Who to recommend it than a Cenſor? This Honour done me, has made me turn my Thoughts upon the Nature of Dedications in general, and the Abuſe of that Cuſtom, as well by a long Practice of my Predeceſſors, as the continued Folly of my contemporary Authors.

In

In ancient Times, it was the Cuſtom to addreſs their Works to ſome eminent for their Merit to Mankind, or particular Patronage of the Writers themſelves, or Knowledge in the Matter of which they treated. Under theſe Regards, it was a memorable Honour to both Parties, and a very agreeable Record of their Commerce with each other. Theſe Applications were never ſtuffed with impertinent Praiſes, but were the native Product of their Eſteem, which was implicitly received, or generally known to be due to the Patron of the Work: But vain Flouriſhes came into the World, with other barbarous Embelliſhments; and the Enumeration of Titles, and great Actions, in the Patrons themſelves, or their Sires, are as foreign to the Matter in hand as the Ornaments are in a *Gothick* Building. This is clapping together Perſons which have no Manner of Alliance, and can for that Reaſon have no other Effect than making both Parties juſtly ridiculous. What Pretence is there in Nature for me to write to a great Man, and tell him, My Lord, becauſe your Grace is a Duke, your Grace's Father before you was an Earl, his Lordſhip's Father was a Baron, and his Lordſhip's Father both a wiſe and a rich Man; I *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* am obliged, and could not poſſibly forbear addreſſing to you the following Treatiſe. Though this is the plain Expoſition of all I could poſſibly ſay to him with a good Conſcience, yet the ſilly Cuſtom has ſo univerſally prevailed, that my Lord Duke and I muſt neceſſarily be particular Friends from this Time forward, or elſe I have juſt Room for being diſobliged, and may turn my Panegyrick into a Libel. But to carry this Affair ſtill more Home; were it granted that Praiſes in Dedications were proper Topicks, What is it that gives a Man Authority to commend, or what makes it a Favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no Praiſe valuable but from the

the Praiſe-worthy. Were it otherwiſe, Blame might be as much in the ſame Hands. Were the Good and Evil of Fame laid upon a Level among Mankind, the Judge on the Bench, and the Criminal at the Bar, would differ only in their Stations; and if one's Word is to paſs as much as the other's, their Reputation would be much alike to the Jury. *Pliny* ſpeaking of the Death of *Martial*, expreſſes himſelf with great Gratitude to him for the Honours done him in the Writings of that Author; but he begins it with an Account of his Character, which only made the Applauſe valuable. He indeed in the ſame Epiſtle ſays, It is a Sign we have left off doing Things which deſerve Praiſe, when we think Commendation impertinent. This is aſſerted with a juſt Regard to the Perſons whoſe good Opinion we wiſh for; otherwiſe Reputation would be valued according to the Number of Voices a Man has for it, which are not always to be inſured on the more virtuous Side. But however we pretend to model theſe nice Affairs, true Glory will never attend any Thing but Truth; and there is ſomething ſo peculiar in it, that the very ſelf-ſame Action done by different Men cannot merit the ſame Degree of Applauſe. The *Roman*, who was ſurprized in the Enemy's Camp before he had accompliſhed his Deſign, and thruſt his bare Arm into a flaming Pile, telling the General, There were many as determined as himſelf who (againſt Senſe of Danger) had conſpired his Death, wrought in the very Enemy an Admiration of his Fortitude, and a Diſmiſſion with Applauſe. But the condemned Slave who repreſented him in the Theatre, and conſumed his Arm in the ſame Manner, with the ſame Reſolution, did not raiſe in the Spectators a great Idea of his Virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an Action no Way differing from that of the real *Scævola*, but in the Motive to it.

Thus

Thus true Glorys inſeperable from true Merit, and whatever you call Men, they are no more than what they are in themſelves; but a Romantick Senſe has crept into the Minds of the Generality, who will ever miſtake Words and Appearances for Perſons and Things.

The Simplicity of the Ancients was as conſpicuous in the Addreſs of their Writings, as in any other Monuments they have left behind them. *Cæſar* and *Auguſtus* were much more high Words of Reſpect, when added to Occaſions fit for their Characters to appear in, than any Appellations which have ever been ſince thought of. The latter of theſe great Men had a very pleaſant Way of dealing with Applications of this Kind. When he received Pieces of Poetry which he thought had Worth in them, he rewarded the Writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the Compliment made him with ſome Verſes of his own.

This latter Method I have at preſent Occaſion to imitate. A Female Author has dedicated a Piece to me, wherein ſhe would make my Name (as ſhe has others) the Introduction of whatever is to follow in her Book; and has ſpoke ſome Panegyrical Things which I know not how to return, for Want of better Acquaintance with the Lady, and conſequently being out of Capacity of giving her Praiſe or Blame. All therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing Rules, is to lay the Picture of a good and evil Woman before her Eyes, which are but meer Words if they do not concern her. Now you are to obſerve, the Way in a Dedication is to make all the reſt of the World as little like the Perſon we addreſs to as poſſible, according to the following Epiſtle:

MADAM,

But, M ——

——*Memorabile nullum*
Fœminea in Pœna eſt. ——

The

The TATLER. [N° 178.

From *Saturd.* *May* 27. to *Tueſd.* *May* 30. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, May 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful Hiſtory of the moſt ingenious *Don Quixot* of the *Mancha*, and conſider the Exerciſes and Manner of Life of that renowned Gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquiſite Genius and diſcerning Spirit of *Michael Cervantes*, who has not only painted his Adventurer with great Maſtery in the conſpicuous Parts of his Story, which relate to Love and Honour, but alſo intimated in his ordinary Life Oeconomy and Furniture, the infallible Symptoms he gave of his growing Phrenſy, before he declared himſelf a Knight-Errant. His Hall was furniſhed with old Launces, Halbards, and Morrions; his Food, Lentils; his Dreſs, amorous. He ſlept moderately, roſe early, and ſpent his Time in Hunting. When by Watchfulneſs and Exerciſe he was thus qualified for the Hardſhips of his intended Peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to ſtudy; and before he ſhould apply himſelf to the Practical Part, get into the Methods of making Love and War by reading Books of Knighthood. As for railing tender Paſſion in him *Cervantes* reports, That he was wonderfully delighted with a ſmooth intricate Sentence; and when they liſtned at his Study-Door, they could frequently hear him read aloud, *The Reaſon of the Unreaſonableneſs, which againſt my Reaſon is wrought, doth ſo weaken my Reaſon, as with all Reaſon I do juſtly complain on your Beauty.* Again, he would pauſe till he came to another charming Sentence,

and with the moſt pleaſing Accent imaginable be loud at a new Paragraph: *The high Heavens, which, with your Divinity, do fortify you divinely with the Stars, make you Deſervereſs of the Deſerts that your Greatneſs deſerves.* With theſe, and other ſuch Paſſages, (*ſay's my Author*) the poor Gentleman grew diſtracted, and was breaking his Brains Day and Night to underſtand and unravel their Senſe.

As much as the Caſe of this diſtempered Knight is received by all the Readers of his Hiſtory as the moſt incurable and ridiculous of all Phrenſies, it is very certain we have Crowds among us far gone in as viſible a Madneſs as his, though they are not obſerved to be in that Condition. As great and uſeful Diſcoveries are ſometimes made by accidental and ſmall Beginnings, I came to the Knowledge of the moſt Epidemick Ill of this Sort, by falling into a Coffee-houſe where I ſaw my Friend the Upholſterer, whoſe Crack towards Politicks I have heretofore mention'd. This Touch in the Brain of the *Britiſh* Subject, is as certainly owing to the reading News-Papers, as that of the *Spaniſh* Worthy above-mention'd to the reading Works of Chivalry. My Contemporaries the Noveliſts have, for the better ſpinning out Paragraphs, and working down to the End of their Columns, a moſt happy Art in Saying and Unſaying, giving Hints of Intelligence, and Interpretations of indifferent Actions, to the great Diſturbance of the Brains of ordinary Readers. This Way of going on in the Words, and making no Progreſs in the Senſe, is more particularly the Excellence of my moſt ingenious and renowned Fellow-Labourer, the *Poſt-Man*; and it is to this Talent in him that I impute the Loſs of my Upholſterer's Intellects. That unfortunate Tradeſman has for Years paſt been the chief Orator in ragged Aſſemblies, and the Reader in Alley Coffee-houſes. He was Yeſterday ſurroun-

ded by an Audience of that Sort, among whom I ſat unobſerved through the Favour of a Cloud of Tobacco, and ſaw him with the *Poſt-Man* in his Hand, and all the other Papers ſafe under his Left-Elbow. He was intermixing Remarks, and reading the *Paris* Article of *May* 30. which ſays, *That it is given out that an Expreſs arrived this Day, with Advice, that the Armies were ſo near in the Plain of* Lens, *that they commanded each other.* (Ay, ay, here we ſhall have Sport.) *And that it was highly probable the next Expreſs would bring us an Account of an Engagement.* (They are welcome as ſoon as they pleaſe.) *Tho' ſome others ſay, That the ſame will be put of till the* 2*d or* 3*d of* June, *becauſe the Mareſchal* Villars *expects ſome further Reinforcements from* Germany, *and other Parts, before that Time.* What-a-Pox does he put it off for? Does he think our Horſe is not marching up at the ſame Time? But let us ſee what he ſays further. *They hope, that Monſieur* Albergotti, *being encouraged by the Preſence of ſo great an Army, will make and extraordinary Defence.* Why then I find, *Albergotti* is one of thoſe that love to have a great many on their Side--- Nay, I'll ſay that for this Paper, he makes the moſt natural Inferences of any of them all. *The Elector of* Bavaria *being uneaſy to be without any Command, has deſired Leave to come to Court to communicate a certain Project to his Majeſty--- Whatever it be, it is ſaid, that Prince is ſuddenly expected, and then we ſhall have a more certain Account of his Project, if this Report has any Foundation.* Nay, this Paper never impoſes upon us, he goes upon ſure Grounds; for he won't be poſitive the Elector has a Project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you ſee, whether the Report has any Foundation.

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this Way of Writing falls in with the Imagina-

tion

tion of the cooler and duller Part of Her Majeſty's Subjects. The being kept up with one Line contradicting another, and the whole, after many Sentences of Conjecture, vaniſhing in a Doubt whether there is any Thing at all in what the Perſon has been reading of, puts an ordinary Head into a Vertigo, which his natural Dulneſs would have ſecured him from. Next to the Labours of the *Poſt-Man*, the Upholſterer took from under his Elbow honeſt *Icabod Dawks*'s Letter, and there, among other Speculations, the Hiſtorian takes upon him to ſay, *That it is diſcourſed that there will be a Battel in* Flanders *before the Armies ſeparate, and many will have it to be to Morrow, the great Battle of* Ramelies *being fought on a* Whit-Sunday. A Gentleman who was a Wag in this Company laughed at the Expreſſion, and ſaid, By Mr. *Dawks*'s Favour, I warrant ye, if we meet them on *Whit-Sunday* or *Monday* we ſhall not ſtand upon the Day with them, whether it be before or after the Holidays. An Admirer of this Gentleman ſtood up, and told a Neighbour at a diſtant Table the Conceit, at which indeed we were all very merry. Theſe Reflections in the Writers of the Tranſactions of the Times, ſeize the Noddles of ſuch as were not born to have Thoughts of their own, and conſequently lay a Weight upon every Thing which they read in Print. But Mr. *Dawks* concluded this Paper with a courteous Sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole Company. *We wiſh*, ſays he, *all our Cuſtomers a merry* Whitſuntide, *and many of them.* Honeſt *Icabod* is as extraordinary a Man as any of our Fraternity, and as particular. His Style is a Dialect between the Familiarity of Talking and Writing, and his Letter ſuch as you cannot diſtinguiſh whether Print or Manuſcript, which gives us a Refreſhment of the Idea from what has been told us from the Preſs by others.

This wiſhing a good Tide had its Effect upon us, and he was commended for his Salutation, as ſhowing as well the Capacity of a Bell man as an Hiſtorian. My diſtempered old Acquaintance read in the next Place the Account of the Affairs abroad in the *Courant*; but the Matter was told ſo diſtinctly, that theſe Wanderers thought there was no News in it; this Paper differing from the reſt as an Hiſtory from a Romance. The Tautology, the Contradictions, the Doubts, and Wants of Confirmations, are what keep up imaginary Entertainments in Empty Heads, and produce Neglect of their own Affairs, Poverty, and Bankrupcy, in many of the Shop-Stateſmen; but turn the Imaginations of thoſe of a little higher Orb into Deliriums of Diſſatisfaction, which is ſeen in a continual Fret upon all that touches their Brains, but more particularly upon any Advantage obtained by their Country, where they are conſidered as Lunaticks, and therefore tolerated in their Ravings.

What I am now warning the People of is, That the News Papers of this Iſland are as pernicious to weak Heads in *England* as ever Books of Chivalry to *Spain*; and therefore ſhall do all that in me lies, with the utmoſt Care and Vigilance imaginable, to prevent theſe growing Evils. A flaming Inſtance of this Malady appeared in my old Acquaintance at this Time, who after he had done reading all his Papers, ended with a Thoughtful Air, *If we ſhould have a Peace, we ſhould then know for certain whether it was the King of* Sweden *that lately came to* Dunkirk. I whiſpered him, and deſired him to ſtep aſide a little with me. When I had Opportunity, I decoyed him into a Coach, in order for his more eaſy Conveyance to *Moorfields*. The Man went very quietly with me; and by that Time he had brought the *Swede* from the Defeat by the Czar to the *Boryſthenes*, we were paſſing by *Will's* Coffee-

fee-houſe, where the Man of the Houſe beckon'd to us. We made a full Stop, and could hear from above a very loud Voice ſwearing, with ſome Expreſſions towards Treaſon, That the Subject in *France* was as free as in *England*. His Diſtemper would not let him reflect, that his own Diſcourſe was an Argument of the contrary. They told him, One would ſpeak with him below. He came immediately to our Coach Side. I whiſpered him, That I had an Order to carry him to the *Baſtile*. He immediately obeyed with great Reſignation: For to this Sort of Lunatick, whoſe Brain is touched for the *French*, the Name of a Gaol in that Kingdom has a more agreeable Sound than that of a Paternal Seat in this their own Country. It happen'd a little unluckily bringing theſe Lunaticks together, for they immediately fell into a Debate concerning the Greatneſs of their reſpective Monarchs; one for the King of *Sweden*, the other for the Grand Monarch of *France*. This Gentleman from *Will*'s is now next Door to the Upholſterer, ſafe in his Apartment in my *Bedlam*, with proper Medicaments, and the *Mercure Gallant* to ſooth his Imagination that he is actually in *France*. If therefore he ſhould eſcape to *Covent-Garden* again, all Perſons are deſired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. *Morphew*, my Overſeer. At the ſame Time, I deſire all true Subjects to forbear Diſcourſe with him, any otherwiſe than when he begins to fight a Battle for *France*, to ſay, *Sir, I hope to ſee you in* England.

The TATLER. [Nº 179.

—— Oh! quis me gelidis ſub Montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti Ramorum protegas Umbra?

From *Tueſday May* 30. to *Thurſday June* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

IN this parched Seaſon, next to the Pleaſure of going into the Country, is that of hearing from it, and partaking the Joys of it in Deſcription, as in the following Letter:

SIR,

'I Believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long Epiſtle, ſince it relates to the Satisfaction of a Country Life, which I know you would lead, if you could. In the firſt Place I muſt confeſs to you, That I am one of the moſt luxurious Men living; and as I am ſuch, I take Care to make my Pleaſures laſting, by following none but ſuch as are innocent and refined, as well as, in ſome Meaſure, improving. You have in your Labours been ſo much concerned to repreſent the Actions and Paſſions of Mankind, that the whole Vegetable World has almoſt eſcaped your Obſervation: But ſure there are Gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deſerve to be recommended. For your better Information, I wiſh you could viſit your old Friend in *Cornwal*. You would be pleaſed to ſee the many Alterations I have made about my Houſe, and how much I have improved my Eſtate without raiſing the Rents of it.

'As

'As the Winter ingroſſes with us near a double Portion of the Year, (the Three delightful Viciſſitudes being crowded almoſt within the Space of Six Months) there is nothing upon which I have beſtowed ſo much Study and expence, as in contriving Means to ſoften the Severity of it, and, if poſſible, to eſtabliſh Twelve chearful Months about my Habitation. In order to this, the Charges I have been at in Building and furniſhing a Green-Houſe, will, perhaps, be thought ſomewhat extravagant by a great many Gentlemen whoſe Revenues exceed mine. But when I conſider, that all Men of any Life and Spirit have their Inclinations to gratify, and when I compute the Sums laid out by the Generality of the Men of Pleaſure (in the Number of which I always rank my ſelf) in riotous Eating and Drinking, in Equipage and Apparel, upon Wenching, Gaming, Racing and Hunting; I find upon the Ballance, that the indulging of my Humour comes at a Reaſonable Rate.

'Since I communicate to you all Incidents ſerious and trifling, even to the Death of a Butterfly, that fall out within the Compaſs of my little Empire, you will not, I hope, be ill pleaſed with the Draught I now ſend you of my little Winter Paradiſe, and with an Account of my Way of amuſing my ſelf and others in it.

'The younger *Pliny*, you know writes a long Letter to his Friend *Gallus*, in which he gives him a very particular Plan of the Situation, the Conveniencies, and the Agreeableneſs of his Villa. In my laſt, you may remember, I promiſed you ſomething of this Kind. Had *Pliny* lived in a Northern Climate, I doubt not but we ſhould have found a very compleat Orangery amongſt his Epiſtles; and I, probably, ſhould have copied his Model, inſtead of Build-

ing after my own Fancy, and you had been referred to him for the History of my late Exploits in Architecture: By which Means my Performances would have made a better Figure, at least in Writing, than they are like to make at present.

'The Area of my Green-house is a Hundred Paces long, Fifty broad, and the Roof Thirty Foot high. The Wall toward the North is of solid Stone. On the South Side, and at both the Ends, the Stone-work rises but Three Foot from the Ground, excepting the Pilasters, placed at convenient Distances to strengthen and beautify the Building. The intermediate Spaces are filled up with large Sashes of the strongest and most transparent Glass. The Middle Sash (which is wider than any of the other) serves for the Entrance, to which you mount by Six easy Steps, and descend on the Inside by as many. This opens and shuts with greater Ease, keeps the Wind out better, and is at the same Time more uniform than Folding-Doors.

'In the Middle of the Roof there runs a Cieling Thirty Foot broad from one End to the other. This is enliv'ned by a Masterly Pencil, with all the Variety of Rural Scenes and Prospects, which he has peopled with the whole Tribe of Silvan Deities. Their Characters and their Stories are so well expressed, that the whole seems a Collection of all the most beautiful Fables of the ancient Poets translated into Colours. The remaining Spaces of the Roof, Ten Foot on each Side of the Cieling, are of the cleerest Glass, to let in the Sky and Clouds from above. The Building points full East and *West*, so that I enjoy the Sun while he is above the Horizon. His Rays are improved through the Glass, and I receive through it what is desirable in a Winter-Sky, without the coarse Allay of the Season, which is a Kind of sifting

or

'or ſtraining the Weather. My Greens and 'Flowers are as ſenſible as I am of this Benefit: 'They flouriſh and look chearful as in the Spring, 'while their Fellow-Creatures abroad are ſtarved 'to Death. I muſt add, that a moderate Ex'pence of Fire, over and above the Contribu'tions I receive from the Sun, ſerves to keep 'this large Room in a due Temperature; it be'ing ſheltered from the cold Winds by a Hill on 'the North, and a Wood on the Eaſt.

'The Shell, you ſee, is both agreeable and con'venient; and now you ſhall judge, whether 'I have laid out the Floor to Advantage. There 'goes through the whole Length of it a ſpacious 'Walk of the fineſt Gravel, made to bind and 'unite ſo firmly, that it ſeems one continued 'Stone; with this Advantage, that it is eaſier to 'the Foot, and better for walking, than if it 'were what it ſeems to be. At each End of the 'Walk, on the one and on the other Side of it, 'lies a ſquare Plot of Graſs of the fineſt Turf, 'and brighteſt Verdure. What Ground remains 'on both Sides, between theſe little ſmooth 'Fields of Green, is flagged with large Quarries 'of white Marble, where the blue Veins trace 'out ſuch a Variety of irregular Windings thro' 'the clear Surface, that theſe bright Plains ſeem 'full of Rivulets and ſtreaming Meanders. This 'to my Eye, that delights in Simplicity, is inex'preſſibly more beautiful, than the checquered 'Floors, which are ſo generally admired by 'others. Upon the Right and upon the Left, 'along the Gravel Walk, I have ranged inter'changeably the Bay, the Myrtle, the Orange, 'and the Lemon Trees, intermixed with painted 'Hollies, Silver Firs, and Pyramids of Yew; all 'ſo diſpoſed, that every Tree receives an additio'nal Beauty from its Situation; beſides the Har'mony that riſes from the Diſpoſition of the 'whole, no Shade cuts too ſtrongly, or breaks in

'harſhly upon the other; but the Eye is cheared 'with a mild rather than gorgeous Diverſity of 'Greens.

'The Borders of the Four Graſs-Plots are gar-'niſhed with Pots of Flowers: Thoſe Delicacies 'of Nature recreate Two Senſes at once, and 'leave ſuch delightful and gentle Impreſſions 'upon the Brain, that I cannot help thinking 'them of equal Force with the ſofteſt Airs of 'Muſick, toward the ſmoothing of our Tem-'pers. In the Center of every Plot is a Statue. 'The Figures I have made Choice of, are a *Venus*, 'an *Adonis*, a *Diana*, and an *Apollo*; ſuch excel-'lent Copies, as to raiſe the ſame Delight as we 'ſhould draw from the Sight of the ancient 'Originals.

'The North Wall would have been but a tire-'ſome Waſte to the Eye, if I had not diverſified 'it with the moſt lively Ornaments, ſuitable to 'the Place. To this Intent, I have been at the 'Expence to lead over Arches from a neighbour-'ing Hill a plentiful Store of Spring-Water, 'which a beautiful *Naiade*, placed as high as is 'poſſible in the Center of the Wall, pours out 'from an Urn. This, by a Fall of above Twen-'ty Foot, makes a moſt delightful Caſcade into 'a Baſin, that opens wide within the Marble-'Floor on that Side. At a reaſonable Diſtance, 'on either Hand of the Caſcade, the Wall is 'hollowed into Two ſpreading Scallops, each of 'which receives a Couch of green Velvet, and 'forms at the ſame Time a Canopy over them. 'Next to them come Two large Aviaries, 'which are likewiſe let into the Stone. Theſe 'are ſucceeded by Two Grotto's, ſet off with all 'the pleaſing Rudeneſs of Shells and Moſs, and 'cragged Stones, imitating in Miniature Rocks 'and Precipices, the moſt dreadful and gigantick 'Works of Nature. After the Grotto's, you 'have Two Niches; the one inhabited by *Ceres*,

'with

'with her Sickle and Sheaf of Wheat; and the 'other by *Pomona*, who, with a Countenance 'full of good Cheer, pours a bounteous Autumn 'of Fruits out of her Horn. Laſt of all come 'Two Colonies of Bees, whoſe Stations lying 'Eaſt and Weſt, the one is ſaluted by the Ri-'ſing, the other by the Setting Sun. Theſe, all 'of them being placed at proportioned Intervals, 'furniſh out the whole Length of the Wall; 'and the Spaces that lie between are painted in 'Freſco, by the ſame Hand that has enriched 'my Cieling.

'Now, Sir, you ſee my whole Contrivance to 'elude the Rigour of the Year, to bring a Nor-'thern Climate nearer the Sun, and to exempt 'my ſelf from the common Fate of my Coun-'trymen. I muſt detain you a little longer, to 'tell you, That I never enter this delicious Re-'tirement, but my Spirits are revived, and a 'ſweet Complacency diffuſes it ſelf over my 'whole Mind. And how can it be otherwiſe, 'with a Conſcience void of Offence, where the 'Muſick of Falling Waters, the Symphony of 'Birds, the gentle Humming of Bees, the Breath 'of Flowers, the fine Imagery of Painting and 'Sculpture? In a Word, the Beauties and the 'Charms of Nature and of Art court all my 'Faculties; refreſh the Fibres of the Brain, and 'ſmooth every Avenue of Thought. What plea-'ſing Meditations, what agreeable Wanderings 'of the Mind, and what delicious Slumbers, 'have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up 'ſome Maſterly Writer to my Imagination, me-'thinks here his Beauties appear in the moſt ad-'vantagious Light, and the Rays of his Genius 'ſhoot upon me with greater Force and Bright-'neſs than ordinary. This Place likewiſe keeps 'the whole Family in good Humour, in a Seaſon 'wherein Gloomineſs of Temper prevails uni-'verſally in this Iſland. My Wife does often

'touch

'touch her Lute in one of the Grotto's, and my 'Daughter ſings to it, while the Ladies with 'you, amidſt all the Diverſions of the Town, 'and in the moſt affluent Fortunes, are fretting 'and repining beneath a louring Sky for they 'know not what. In this Green-Houſe we often 'dine, we drink Tea, we dance Country-Dances; 'and what is the chief Pleaſure of all, we enter-'tain our Neighbours in it, and by this Means 'contribute very much to mend the Climate Five 'or Six Miles about us. I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

T. S.

The TATLER. [N° 180.

Stultitiam patiuntur Opes. —— Hor.

From *Thurſd. June* 1. to *Saturd. June* 3. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 2.

I HAVE received a Letter which accuſes me of Partiality in the Adminiſtration of the Cenſorſhip, and ſays, That I have been very free with the lower Part of Mankind, but extremely cautious in Repreſentations of Matters which concern Men of Condition. This Correſpondent takes upon him alſo to ſay, the Upholſterer was not undone by turning Politician, but became Bankrupt by truſting his Goods to Perſons of Quality; and demands of me, that I ſhould do Juſtice upon ſuch as brought Poverty and Diſtreſs upon the World below them, while they

they themſelves were ſunk in Pleaſures and Luxury, ſupported at the Expence of thoſe very Perſons whom they treated with a Negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very heavy Accuſation, both of me, and ſuch as the Man aggrieved accuſes me of tolerating. For this Reaſon, I reſolved to take this Matter into Conſideration, and upon very little Meditation could call to my Memory many Inſtances which made this Complaint far from being groundleſs. The Root of this Evil does not always proceed from Injuſtice in the Men of Figure, but often from a falſe Grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with their own Buſineſs, not conſidering how mean a Part they act when their Names and Characters are ſubjected to the little Arts of their Servants and Dependants. The Overſeers of the Poor are a People who have no great Reputation for the Diſcharge of their Truſt, but are much leſs ſcandalous than the Overſeers of the Rich. Ask a young Fellow of a great Eſtate, Who was that odd Fellow ſpoke to him in a publick Place? He anſwers, One that does my Buſineſs. It is, with many, a natural Conſequence of being a Man of Fortune, that they are not to underſtand the Diſpoſal of it; and they long to come to their Eſtates, only to put themſelves under new Guardianſhip. Nay, I have known a young Fellow who was regularly bred an Attorney, and was a very expert one till he had an Eſtate fallen to him. The Moment that happened, he who could before prove the next Land he caſt his Eye upon his own; and was ſo ſharp, that a Man at firſt Sight would give him a ſmall Sum for a general Receipt, whether he owed him any Thing or not: Such a one, I ſay, have I ſeen, upon coming to an Eſtate, forget all his Diffidence of Mankind, and become the moſt manageable Thing breathing. He immediately wanted

wanted a ſtirring Man to take upon him his Affairs, to receive and pay, and do every Thing which he himſelf was now too fine a Gentleman to underſtand. It is pleaſant to conſider, That he who would have got an Eſtate had he not come to one, will certainly ſtarve becauſe one fell to him: But ſuch Contradictions are we to our ſelves, and any Change of Life is inſupportable to ſome Natures.

It is a miſtaken Senſe of Superiority, to believe a Figure or Equipage gives Men Precedence to their Neighbours. Nothing can create Reſpect from Mankind, but laying Obligations upon them; and it may very reaſonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due Ballance, according to the true State of the Account, many who believe themſelves in Poſſeſſion of a large Share of Dignity in the World, muſt give Place to their Inferiors. The greateſt of all Diſtinctions in Civil Life is that of Debtor and Creditor, and there needs no great Progreſs in Logick to know which, in that Caſe, is the advantagious Side. He who can ſay to another, Pray Maſter, or Pray my Lord, give me my own, can as juſtly tell him, It is a Phantaſtical Diſtinction you take upon you, to pretend to paſs upon the World for my Maſter or Lord, when at the ſame Time that I wear your Livery, you owe me Wages; or, while I wait at your Door, you are aſhamed to ſee me till you have paid my Bill.

The good old Way among the Gentry of *England* to maintain their Preeminence over the lower Rank, was by their Bounty, Munificence, and Hoſpitality; and it is a very unhappy Change, if at preſent, by themſelves or their Agents, the Luxury of the Gentry is ſupported by the Credit of the Trader. This is what my Correſpondent pretends to prove out of his own Books, and thoſe of his whole Neighbourhood. He has the Confidence to ſay, That there is a Mug-House

Houſe near *Long-Acre*, where you may every Evening hear an exact Account of Diſtreſſes of this Kind. One complains, That ſuch a Lady's Finery is the Occaſion that his own Wife and Daughter appear ſo long in the ſame Gown: Another, That all the Furniture of her Viſiting-Apartment are no more her's, than the Scenery of a Play are the proper Goods of the Actreſs. Nay, at the lower End of the ſame Table, you may hear a Butcher and Poulterer ſay, That at their proper Charge, all that Family has been maintained ſince they laſt came to Town.

The free Manner in which People of Faſhion are diſcourſed on at ſuch Meetings, is but a juſt Reproach for their Failures in this Kind; but the melancholy Relations of the great Neceſſities Tradeſmen are driven to, who ſupport their Credit in Spight of the faithleſs Promiſes which are made them, and the Abatement which they ſuffer when paid, by the Extortion of Upper Servants, is what would ſtop the moſt thoughtleſs Man in the Career of his Pleaſures, if rightly repreſented to him.

If this Matter be not very ſpeedily amended, I ſhall think fit to print exact Liſts of all Perſons who are not at their own Diſpoſal, though above the Age of Twenty one; and as the Trader is made Bankrupt for Abſence from his Abode, ſo ſhall the Gentleman for being at Home, if, when Mr. *Morphew* calls, he cannot give him an exact Account of what paſſes in his own Family. After this fair Warning, no one ought to think himſelf hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer Maſter of his Eſtate, Wife, or Family, than he continues to improve, cheriſh, and maintain them upon the Baſis of his own Property, without Incurſions upon his Neighbour in any of theſe Particulars.

According

According to that excellent Philoſopher *Epictetus*, we are all but acting Parts in a Play; and it is not a Diſtinction in it ſelf to be high or low, but to become the Parts we are to perform. I am by my Office Prompter on this Occaſion, and ſhall give thoſe who are a little out in their Parts ſuch ſoft Hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the Audience they were out: But if they run quite out of Character, they muſt be called off the Stage, and receive Parts more ſuitable to their Genius. Servile Complaiſance ſhall degrade a Man from his Honour and Quality, and Haughtineſs be yet more debaſed. Fortune ſhall no longer appropriate Diſtinctions, but Nature direct us in the Diſpoſition both of Reſpect and Diſcountenance. As there are Tempers made for Command, and others for Obedience; ſo there are Men born for acquiring Poſſeſſions, and others incapable of being other than meer Lodgers in the Houſes of their Anceſtors, and have it not in their very Compoſition to be Proprietors of any Thing. Theſe Men are moved only by the meer Effects of Impulſe: Their Good-Will and Diſeſteem are to be regarded equally, for neither is the Effect of their Judgment. This looſe Temper is that which makes a Man what *Salluſt* ſo well remarks to happen frequently in the ſame Perſon, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuſe of what is his own. This Sort of Men is uſually amiable to ordinary Eyes; but in the Sight of Reaſon, nothing is laudable but what is guided by Reaſon. The covetous Prodigal is of all others the worſt Man in Society: If he would but take Time to look into himſelf, he would find his Soul all over gaſhed with broken Vows, and Promiſes; and his Retroſpect on his Actions would not conſiſt of Reflections upon thoſe good Reſolutions after mature Thought, which are the true Life of a reaſonable Creature, but the nauſeous

nauſeous Memory of imperfect Pleaſures, idle Dreams, and occaſional Amuſements. To follow ſuch diſſatisfying Purſuits, is it poſſible to ſuffer the Ignominy of being unjuſt? I remember in *Tully*'s Epiſtle, in the Recommendation of a Man to an Affair which had no Manner of Relation to Money, it is ſaid, You may truſt him, for he is a frugal Man. It is certain, he who has not a Regard to ſtrict Juſtice in the Commerce of Life, can be capable of no good Action in any other Kind; but he who lives below his Income, lays up every Moment of Life Armour againſt a baſe World, that will cover all his Frailties while he is ſo fortified, and exaggerated them when he is naked and defenceleſs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Stage-Coach ſets out exactly at Six from Nando's *Coffee-houſe to Mr.* Tiptoe's *Dancing-School, and returns at Eleven every Evening, for* 16 d.

N. B. *Dancing-Shoes not exceeding Four Inches Height in the Heel, and Periwigs not exceeding Three Foot in Length, are carried in the Coach-Box* gratis.

The TATLER. [N° 181.

—— Dies, ni fallor, adeſt, quem ſemper acerbum, Semper honoratum; ſic, Dii, voluiſtis, habebo. Virg.

From *Saturday June* 3. to *Tueſday June* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THere are thoſe among Mankind, who can enjoy no Reliſh of their Being, except the World is made acquainted with all that relates to

to them, and think every Thing loſt that paſſes unobſerved; but others find a ſolid Delight in ſtealing by the Crowd, and modelling their Life after ſuch a Manner, as is as much above the Approbation as the Practice of the Vulgar. Life being too ſhort to give Inſtances great enough of true Friendſhip or Good-Will, ſome Sages have thought it pious to preſerve a Certain Reverence for the Manes of their deceaſed Friends, and have withdrawn themſelves from the reſt of the World at certain Seaſons, to commemorate in their own Thoughts ſuch of their Acquaintance who have gone before them out of this Life: And indeed, when we are advanced in Years, there is not a more pleaſing Entertainment, than to recollect in a Gloomy Moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to caſt a melancholy Thought or Two after thoſe with whom, perhaps, we have indulged our ſelves in whole Nights of Mirth and Jolity. With ſuch Inclinations in my Heart I went to my Cloſet yeſterday in the Evening, and reſolved to be ſorrowful; upon which Occaſion, I could not but look with Diſdain upon my ſelf, that though all the Reaſons which I had to lament the Loſs of many of my Friends are now as forcible as at the Moment of their Departure, yet did not my Heart ſwell with the ſame Sorrow which I felt at that Time; but I could, without Tears, reflect upon many pleaſing Adventures I have had with ſome who have long been blended with common Earth. Though it is by the Benefit of Nature that Length of Time thus blots out the Violence of Afflictions; yet with Tempers too much given to Pleaſure, it is almoſt neceſſary to revive the old Places of Grief in our Memory, and ponder Step by Step on paſt Life, to lead the Mind into that Sobriety of Thought which poiſes the Heart, and makes it beat with due Time, without being quickened with

with Deſire, or retarded with Deſpair, from its proper and equal Motion. When we wind up a Clock that is out of Order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately ſet the Hand to the preſent Inſtant, but we make it ſtrike the Round of all its Hours, before it can recover the Regularity of its Time. Such thought I, ſhall be my Method this Evening; and ſince it is that Day of the Year which I dedicate to the Memory of ſuch in another Life as I much delighted in when living, an Hour or Two ſhall be ſacred to Sorrow and their Memory, while I run over all the melancholy Circumſtances of this Kind which have occurred to me in my whole Life.

The firſt Senſe of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite Five Years of Age; but was rather amazed at what all the Houſe meant, than poſſeſſed with a real Underſtanding why no Body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother ſate weeping alone by it. I had my Battledore in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin, and calling Papa; for I know not how I had ſome ſlight Idea that he was locked up there. My Mother catched me in her Arms, and tranſported beyond all Patience of the ſilent Grief ſhe was before in, ſhe almoſt ſmothered me in her Embrace, and told me in a Flood of Tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidſt all the wildneſs of her Tranſport, which, methought, ſtruck me with an Inſtinct of Sorrow, which, before I was ſenſible of what it was to grieve, ſeized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakneſs of my Heart ever ſince. The Mind in Infancy is, methinks, like the Body in Em-

Embrio, and receives Impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by Reaſon, as any Mark with which a Child is born is to be taken away by any future Application. Hence it is, that Good-Nature in me is no Merit; but having been ſo frequently over-whelmed with her Tears before I knew the Cauſe of any Affliction, or could draw Defences from my own Judgment, I imbibed Commiſeration, Remorſe, and an unmanly Gentleneſs of Mind, which has ſince inſnared me into Ten thouſand Calamities, and from whence I can reap no Advantage, except it be, that in ſuch an Humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge my ſelf in the Softneſſes of Humanity, and enjoy that ſweet Anxiety which ariſes from the Memory of paſt Afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to remember Things which befel us in our diſtant Youth, than the Paſſages of later Days. For this Reaſon it is, that the Companions of my ſtrong and vigorous Years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this Office of Sorrow. Untimely or unhappy Deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament; ſo little are we able to make it indifferent when a Thing happens, though we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under Life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every Object that returns to our Imagination raiſes different Paſſions, according to the Circumſtance of their Departure. Who can have lived in an Army, and in a ſerious Hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable Men that might long have flouriſhed in the Arts of Peace, and not join with the Imprecations of the Fatherleſs and Widow on the Tyrant to whoſe Ambition they fell Sacrifices? But gallant Men, who are cut off by the Sword, move rather our Veneration than our Pity; and we gather Relief enough from their own Contempt of Death, to make

make it no Evil, which was approached with ſo much Chearfulneſs, and attended with ſo much Honour. But when we turn our Thoughts from the great Parts of Life on ſuch Occaſions, and inſtead of lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give Death to thoſe from whom they had the Fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our Thoughts wander from ſuch noble Objects, and conſider the Havock which is made among the Tender and the Innocent, Pity enters with an unmixed Softneſs, and poſſeſſes all our Souls at once.

Here (were there Words to expreſs ſuch Sentiments with proper Tenderneſs) I ſhould record the Beauty, Innocence, and untimely Death, of the firſt Object my Eyes ever beheld with Love. The beauteous Virgin! How ignorantly did ſhe charm, how carelelly excel? Oh Death! Thou haſt Right to the Bold, to the Ambitious, to the High, and to the Haughty; but why this Cruelty to the Humble, to the Meek, to the Undiſcerning, to the Thoughtleſs? Nor Age, nor Buſineſs, nor Diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear Image from my Imagination. In the ſame Week, I ſaw her dreſſed for a Ball, and in a Shrowd. How ill did the Habit of Death become the Pretty Trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling Earth --- A large Train of Diſaſters were coming on to my Memory, when my Servant knocked at my Cloſet Door, and interrupted me with a Letter, attended with a Hamper of Wine, of the ſame Sort with that which is to be put to Sale on *Thurſday* next at *Garraway's* Coffee-houſe. Upon the Receipt of it, I ſent for Three of my Friends. We are ſo intimate, that we can be Company in whatever State of Mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The Wine we found to be generous and warming, but with ſuch an Heat as moved us rather to be chearful than frolickſome. It revived

vived the Spirits without firing the Blood. We commended it till Two of the Clock this Morning, and having to Day met a little before Dinner, we found, that though we drank Two Bottles a Man, we had much more Reaſon to recollect than forget what had paſſed the Night before.

The TATLER. [N° 182.

Spectaret Populum Ludis attentius ipſis. Hor.

From *Tueſd. June* 6. to *Thurſd. June* 8. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, June 7.

THE Town grows ſo very empty, that the greater Number of my gay Characters are fled out of my Sight into the Country. My *Beaus* are now Shepherds, and my *Belles* Wood Nymphs. They are lolling over Rivulets, and covered with Shades, while we who remain in Town hurry through the Duſt about Impertinencies, without knowing the Happineſs of Leiſure and Retirement. To add to this Calamity, even the Actors are going to deſert us for a Seaſon, and we ſhall not ſhortly have ſo much as a Landskip or Froſt-Scene to refreſh our ſelves within the Midſt of our Fatigues. This may not perhaps be ſo ſenſible a Loſs to any other as to me; for I confeſs it is one of my greateſt Delights to ſit unobſerved and unknown in the Gallery, and entertain my ſelf either with what is perſonated on the Stage or obſerve what Appearances preſent themſelves in the Audience. If there were no other good Conſequences in a Playhouſe, than that ſo many Perſons of diffe-

rent Ranks and Conditions are placed there in their moſt pleaſing Aſpects, that Proſpect only would be very far from being below the Pleaſures of a wiſe Man. There is not one Perſon you can ſee, in whom, if you look with an Inclination to be pleaſed, you may not behold ſomething worthy or agreeable. Our Thoughts are in our Features; and the Viſage of thoſe in whom Love, Rage, Anger, Jealouſy or Envy, have their frequent Manſions, carries the Traces of thoſe Paſſions wherever the Amorous, the Cholerick, the Jealous, or the Envious, are pleaſed to make their Appearance. However, the Aſſembly at a Play is uſually made up of ſuch as have a Senſe of ſome Elegance in Pleaſure, by which Means the Audience is generally compoſed of thoſe who have gentle Affections, or at leaſt of ſuch as at that Time are in the beſt Humour you can ever find them. This has inſenſibly a good Effect upon our Spirits; and the Muſical Airs which are play'd to us, put the whole Company into a Participation of the ſame Pleaſure, and by Conſequence for that Time equal in Humour, in Fortune, and in Quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an Audience; but if we find added to this, the Beauties of proper Action, the Force of Eloquence, and the Gaiety of well-placed Lights and Scenes, it is being happy, and ſeeing others happy for Two Hours; a Duration of Bliſs not at all to be ſlighted by ſo ſhort-lived a Creature as Man. Why then ſhould not the Duty of the Player be had in much more Eſteem than it is at preſent? If the Merit of a Performance be to be valued according to the Talents which are neceſſary to it, the Qualifications of a Player ſhould raiſe him much above the Arts and Ways of Life which we call Mercenary or Mechanick. When we look round a full Houſe, and behold ſo few that can (though they ſet themſelves out to Show as much as the Per-

Perſons on the Stage do) come up to what they would appear even in dumb Show. How much does the Actor deſerve our Approbation, who adds to the Advantage of Looks and Motions the Tone of Voice, the Dignity, the Humility, the Sorrow, the Triumph ſuitable to the Character he perſonates?

It may poſſibly be imagined by ſevere Men, that I am too frequent in the Mention of the Theatrical Repreſentation; But who is not exceſſive in the Diſcourſe of what he extremely likes? *Eugenio* can lead you to a Gallery of fine Pictures, which Collection he is always increaſing: *Craſſus* through Woods and Forreſts, to which he deſigns to add the neighbouring Counties. Theſe are great and noble Inſtances of their Magnificence. The Players are my Pictures, and their Scenes my Territories. By communicating the Pleaſure I take in them, it may in ſome Meaſure add to Men's Gratifications this Way, as viewing the Choice and Wealth of *Eugenio* and *Craſſus* augments the Enjoyments of thoſe whom they entertain, with a Proſpect of ſuch Poſſeſſions as would not otherwiſe fall within the Reach of their Fortunes.

It is a very good Office one Man does another, when he tells him the Manner of his being pleaſed; and I have often thought, that a Comment upon the Capacities of the Players would very much improve the Delight that Way, and impart it to thoſe who otherwiſe have no Senſe of it.

The Firſt of the preſent Stage are *Wilks* and *Cibber*, perfect Actors in their different Kinds. *Wilks* has a ſingular Talent in repreſenting the Graces of Nature, *Cibber* the Deformity in the Affectation of them. Were I a Writer of Plays, I ſhould never employ either of them in Parts which had not their Bent this Way. This is ſeen in the inimitable Strain and Ruin of good

Humour which is kept up in the Character of *Wildair*, and in the nice and delicate Abuſe of Underſtanding in that of *Sir Novelty*. *Cibber*, in another Light, hits exquiſitely the flat Civility of an affected Gentleman-Uſher, and *Wilks* the eaſy Frankneſs of a Gentleman.

If you would obſerve the Force of the ſame Capacities in higher Life, Can any Thing be more ingenuous, than the Behaviour of Prince *Harry* when his Father checks him? Any Thing more exaſperating, than that of *Richard*, when he inſults his Superiors? To beſeech gracefully, to approach reſpectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the Places wherein *Wilks* may be made to ſhine with the utmoſt Beauty: To rally pleaſantly, to ſcorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what *Cibber* would perform with no leſs Excellence.

When Actors are conſidered with a View to their Talents, it is not only the Pleaſure of that Hour of Action which the Spectators gain from their Performance, but the Oppoſition of Right and Wrong on the Stage would have its Force in the Aſſiſtance of our Judgments on other Occaſions. I have at preſent under my Tutelage a young Poet, who, I deſign, ſhall entertain the Town the enſuing Winter. And as he does me the Honour to ſet me ſee his Comedy as he writes it, I ſhall endeavour to make Parts fit the Genio's of their ſeveral Actors, as exactly as their Habits can their Bodies: And becauſe the Two I have mentioned are to perform the principal Parts, I have prevailed with the Houſe to let the *Careleſs Husband* be acted on *Tueſday* next, that my young Author may have a View of a Play which is acted to Perfection, both by them and all concerned in it, as being born within the Walls of the Theatre, and written with an exact Knowledge of the Abilities of the

Performers. Mr. *Wilks* will do his beſt in this Play, becauſe it is for his own Benefit; and Mr. *Cibber*, becauſe he writ it. Beſides which, all the great Beauties we have left in Town, or within Call of it, will be preſent, becauſe it is the laſt Play this Seaſon. This Opportunity will, I hope, inflame my Pupil with ſuch generous Notions from ſeeing this fair Aſſembly as will be then preſent, that his Play may be compoſed of Sentiments and Characters proper to be preſented to ſuch an Audience. His Drama at preſent has only the Out-Lines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the Reverend Offices of Life, ſuch as Regard to Parents, Husbands, and honourable Lovers, preſerved with the utmoſt Care; and at the ſame Time that Agreeableneſs of Behaviour, with the Intermixture of pleaſing Paſſions as ariſe from Innocence and Virtue, interſperſed in ſuch a Manner, as that to be charming and agreeable ſhall appear the natural Conſequence of being virtuous. This great End is one of thoſe I propoſe to do in my Cenſorſhip; but if I find a thin Houſe, on an Occaſion when ſuch a Work is to be promoted, my Pupil ſhall return to his Commons at *Oxford*, and *Sheer-Lane* and the Theatres be no longer Correſpondents.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 183.

——*Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam*
Publica Privatis ſecernere.—— Hor.

From *Thurſd. June* 8. to *Saturd. June* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN Men look into their own Boſoms and conſider the generous Seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their Lives, and make their Virtue venerable to Futurity; How can they, without Tears, reflect on the univerſal Degeneracy from that publick Spirit, which ought to be the firſt and principal Motive of all their Actions? In the *Græcian* and *Roman* Nations, they were wiſe enough to keep up this great Incentive, and it was impoſſible to be in the Faſhion without being a Patriot. All Gallantry had its firſt Source from hence; and to want a Warmth for the Publick Welfare, was a Defect ſo ſcandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no Pretence to Honour or Manhood. What makes the Depravity among us in this Behalf the more vexatious and irkſome to reflect upon, is, that the Contempt of Life is carried as far amongſt us, as it could be in thoſe memorable People; and we want only a proper Application of the Qualities which are frequent among us to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a Man to be found who will not fight upon any Occaſion which he thinks may taint his own Honour. Were this Motive as ſtrong in every Thing that regards the Publick, as it is in this our private Caſe, no Man would

paſs his Life away without having diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome gallant Inſtance of his Zeal towards it in the reſpective Incidents of his Life and Profeſſion. But it is ſo far otherwiſe, that there cannot at preſent be a more ridiculous Animal than one who ſeems to regard the Good of others. He in Civil Life whoſe Thoughts turn upon Schemes which may be of general Benefit, without further Reflection, is call'd a Projector; and the Man whoſe Mind ſeems intent upon glorious Atchievements, a Knight Errant. The Ridicule among us runs ſtrong againſt laudable Actions, Nay, in the ordinary Courſe of Things, and the common Regards of Life, Negligence of the Publick is an Epidemick Vice. The Brewer in his Exerciſe, the Merchant in his Cuſtoms, and for ought we know the Soldier in his Muſter-Rolls, think never the worſe of themſelves for being guilty of their reſpective Frauds towards the Publick. This Evil is come to ſuch a phantaſtical Height, that he is a Man of a publick Spirit, and heroically affected to his Country, who can go ſo far as even to turn Uſurer with all he has in her Funds. There is not a Citizen in whoſe Imagination ſuch a one does not appear in the ſame Light of Glory, as *Codrus*, *Scævola*, or any other great Name in Old *Rome*. Were it not for the Heroes of ſo much *per Cent.* as have Regard enough for themſelves and their Nation to trade with her with their Wealth, the very Notion of publick Love would long e're now have vaniſhed from among us. But however general Cuſtom may hurry us away in the Stream of a common Error, there is no Evil, no Crime, ſo great as that of being cold in Matters which relate to the common Good. This is in nothing more conſpicuous than in a certain Willingneſs to receive any Thing that tends to the Diminution of ſuch as have been conſpicuous Inſtruments in our Service. Such Inclinations pro-

proceed from the moſt low and vile Corruption of which the Soul of Man is capable. This effaces not only the Practices, but the very Approbation of Honour and Virtue; and has had ſuch an Effect, that to ſpeak freely, the very Senſe of Publick Good has no longer a Part even in our Converſations. Can then the moſt generous Motive of Life, the Good of others, be ſo eaſily baniſh'd the Breaſt of Man? Is it poſſible to draw all our Paſſions inward? Shall the boiling Heat of Youth be ſunk in Pleaſures, the Ambition of Manhood in ſelfiſh Intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the Purſuit of great Minds, be ſo eaſily rooted out? When the univerſal Bent of a People ſeems diverted from the Senſe of their common Good and common Glory, it looks like a Fatality, and Criſis of impending Misfortune.

The generous Nations we juſt now mentioned underſtood this ſo very well, that there was hardly an Oration ever made which did not turn upon this general Senſe, That the Love of their Country was the firſt and moſt eſſential Quality in an honeſt Mind. *Demoſthenes*, in a Cauſe wherein his Fame, Reputation and Fortune, were embarked, puts his All upon this Iſſue; *Let the Athenians*, ſays he, *be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them.* This great and diſcerning Orator knew there was nothing elſe in Nature could bear him up againſt his Adverſaries, but this one Quality of having ſhown himſelf willing or able to ſerve his Country. This certainly is the Teſt of Merit; and the firſt Foundation for deſerving Good-Will, is having it your ſelf. The Adverſary of this Orator at that Time was *Æſchines*, a Man of wily Arts and Skill in the World, who could, as Occaſion ſerved, fall in with with a National Start of Paſſion, or Sullenneſs of Humour, (which a whole Nation is ſometimes taken with as well as a pri-

vate Man) and by that Means divert them from their common Senſe, into an Averſion for receiving any Thing in its true Light. But when *Demoſthenes* had awaked his Audience with that one Hint of judging by the general Tenor of his Life towards them, his Services bore down his Opponent before him, who fled to the Covert of his mean Arts till ſome more favourable Occaſion ſhould offer, againſt the ſuperior Merit of *Demoſthenes*,

It were to be wiſhed, that Love of their Country were the firſt Principle of Action in Men of Buſineſs, even for their own Sakes; for when the World begins to examine into their Conduct, the Generality, who have no Share in, or Hopes of any Part in Power or Riches, but what is the Effect of their own Labour or Property, will judge of them by no other Method, than that of how profitable their Adminiſtration has been to the Whole. They who are out of the Influence of Mens Fortune or Favour, will let them ſtand or fall by this one only Rule; and Men who can bear being try'd by it, are always Popular in their Fall: Thoſe who cannot ſuffer ſuch a Scrutiny, are contemptible in their Advancement.

But I am here running into Shreds of Maxims from reading *Tacitus* this Morning, which has driven me from my Recommendation of publick Spirit, which was the intended Purpoſe of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious Inſtance of it, than in the Character of *Regulus*. This ſame *Regulus* was taken Priſoner by the *Carthaginians*, and was ſent by them to *Rome*, in order to demand ſome *Punick* Noblemen who were Priſoners in Exchange for himſelf, and was bound by an Oath that he would return to *Carthage* if he failed in his Commiſſion. He propoſes this to the Senate, who were in Suſpence upon it; which *Regulus* obſerving, (without having the leaſt Notion of putting the Care of his

own

own Life in Competition with the publick Good) desired them to consider that he was old, and almost useless; that those demanded in Exchange were Men of daring Tempers, and great Merit in Military Affairs, and wondred they would make any Doubt of permitting him to go back to the short Tortures prepared for him at *Carthage*, where he should have the Advantage of ending a long Life both gloriously and usefully. This generous Advice was consented to, and he took his Leave of his Country and his weeping Friends to go to certain Death, with that chearful Composure, as a Man, after the Fatigue of Business in a Court or a City, retires to the next Village for the Air.

The TATLER. [N° 184.

Una de multis Face Nuptiali
Digna —— Hor.

From *Saturd. June* 10. to *Tuesd. June* 13. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 12.

THere are certain Occasions of Life which give propitious Omens of the future good Conduct of it, as well as others which explain our present inward State, according to our Behaviour in them. Of the latter Sort are Funerals; of the former, Weddings. The Manner of our Carriage when we lose a Friend, shows very much our Temper, in the Humility of our Words and Actions, and a general Sense of our destitute Condition, which runs through all our Deportment. This gives a solemn Testimony of the generous Affection we bore our Friends, when we

ſeem to diſreliſh every Thing now we can no more enjoy them, or ſee them partake in our Enjoyments. It is very proper and humane to put our ſelves as it were in their Livery after their Deceaſe, and wear a Habit unſuitable to Proſperity, while thoſe we loved and honoured are mouldring in the Grave. As this is laudable on the ſorrowful Side; ſo on the other, Incidents of Succeſs may no leſs juſtly be repreſented and acknowledged in our outward Figure and Carriage. Of all ſuch Occaſions, that great Change of a Single Life into Marriage is the moſt important, as it is the Source of all Relations, and from whence all other Friendſhip and Commerce do principally ariſe. The general Intent of both Sexes is to diſpoſe of themſelves happily and honorably in this State; and as all the good Qualities we have are exerted to make our Way into it, ſo the beſt Appearance, with Regard to their Minds, their Perſons, and their Fortunes, at the firſt Entrance into it, is a Due to each other in the married Pair, as well as a Compliment to the reſt of the World. It was an Inſtruction of a wiſe Law-giver, That unmarried Women ſhould wear ſuch looſe Habits, which, in the flowing of their Garb, ſhould incite their Beholders to a Deſire of their Perſons; and that the ordinary Motion of their Bodies might diſplay the Figure and Shape of their Limbs in ſuch a Manner, as at once to preſerve the ſtricteſt Decency, and raiſe the warmeſt Inclinations.

This was the Oeconomy of the Legiſlator for the Increaſe of People, and at the ſame Time for the Preſervation of the Genial Bed. She who was the Admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the Pleaſure of ſhining in the Eyes of many, as ſoon as ſhe took upon her the wedded Condition. However, there was a Feſtival of Life allowed the Newmarried, a Sort of intermediate State between Celi-

Celibacy and Matrimony, which continued certain Days. During that Time, Entertainments, Equipages, and other Circumſtances of Rejoicing, were encouraged, and they were permitted to exceed the common Mode of Living, that the Bride and Bridegroom might learn from ſuch Freedoms of Converſation to run into a general Conduct to each other, made out of their paſt and future State, ſo to temper the Cares of the Man and the Wife with the Gaieties of the Lover and Miſtreſs.

In thoſe wiſe Ages the Dignity of Life was kept up, and on the Celebration of ſuch Solemnities there were no impertinent Whiſpers and ſenſeleſs Interpretation put upon the unaffected Chearfulneſs or accidental Serioufneſs of the Bride; but Men turn'd their Thoughts upon the general Reflections, upon what Iſſue might probably be expected from ſuch a Couple in the ſucceeding Courſe of their Life, and felicitated them accordingly upon ſuch Proſpects.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot from any ancient Manuſcripts, Sculptures, or Medals, deduce the Rite of our celebrated Cuſtom of throwing the Stocking; but have a faint Memory of an Account a Friend gave me of an original Picture in the Palace of *Aldobrandini* in *Rome*. This ſeems to ſhow a Senſe of this Affair very different from what is uſual among us. It is a *Grecian* Wedding, and the Figures repreſented are a Perſon offering Sacrifice, a beautiful Damſel dancing, and another playing on the Harp. The Bride is placed in her Bed, the Bridegroom ſits at the Feet of it, with an Aſpect which intimates, his Thoughts were not only entertained with the Joys with which he was ſurrounded, but alſo with a noble Gratitude, and Divine Pleaſure in the Offering, which was then made to the Gods to invoke their influence on his new Condition. There appears in the Face of the Woman a Mixture of Fear,

Hope, and Modeſty; in the Bridegroom, a well-governed Rapture. As you ſee in great Spirits, Grief which diſcovers it ſelf the more by forbearing Tears and Complaints, you may obſerve alſo the higheſt Joy is too big for Utterance, the Tongue being of all the Organs the leaſt capable of expreſſing ſuch a Circumſtance. The Nuptial Torch, the Bower, the Marriage Song, are all Particulars which we meet with in the Alluſions of the ancient Writers; and in every one of them ſomething is to be obſerved, which denotes their Induſtry to aggrandize and adorn this Occaſion above all others.

With us all Order and Decency in this Point is perverted, by the inſipid Mirth of certain Animals we uſually call Wags. Theſe are a Species of all Men the moſt inſupportable. One cannot without ſome Reflection ſay, whether their flat Mirth provokes us more to Pity or to Scorn; but if one conſiders with how great Affectation they utter their frigid Conceits, Commiſeration immediately changes it ſelf into Contempt.

A Wag is the laſt Order even of Pretenders to Wit and good Humour. He has generally his Mind prepared to receive ſome Occaſion of Merriment, but is of himſelf too empty to draw any out of his own Set of Thoughts, and therefore laughs at the next Thing he meets, not becauſe it is ridiculous, but becauſe he is under a Neceſſity of Laughing. A Wag is one that never in its Life ſaw a beautiful Object, but ſees, what it does ſee, in the moſt low and moſt inconſiderable Light it can be placed. There is a certain Ability neceſſary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our Approbation, which little Minds want, and attempt to hide by a general Diſregard to every Thing they behold above what they are able to reliſh. Hence it is, that a Wag in an Aſſembly is ever gueſſing, how well ſuch a Lady ſlept laſt Night, and how much ſuch a young Fellow is

pleas'd

pleas'd with himſelf. The Wag's Gaiety conſiſts in a certain profeſſed ill Breeding, as if it were an Excuſe for committing a Fault, that a Man knows he does ſo, Tho' all publick Places are full of Perſons of this Order, yet, becauſe I will not allow Impertinence and Affectation to get the better of native Innocence and Simplicity of Manners, I have, in Spite of ſuch little Diſturbers of publick Entertainments, perſwaded my Brother *Tranquillus*, and his Wife my Siſter *Jenny*, in Favour of Mr. *Wilks*, to be at the Play to Morrow Evening.

They, as they have ſo much good Senſe as to act naturally, without Regard to the Obſervation of others, will not, I hope, be diſcompoſed if any of the Fry of Wags ſhould take upon them to make themſelves merry upon the Occaſion of their coming, as they intend, in their Wedding Clothes. My Brother is a plain, worthy, and honeſt Man, and as it is natural for Men of that Turn to be mightily taken with ſprightly and airy Women, my Siſter has a Vivacity which may perhaps give Hopes to Impertinents, but will be eſteemed the Effect of Innocence among wiſe Men. They deſign to ſit with me in the Box, which the Houſe have been ſo complaiſant to offer me whenever I think fit to come thither in my publick Character.

I do not in the leaſt doubt, but the true Figure of Conjugal Affection will appear in their Looks and Geſtures. My Siſter does not affect to be gorgeous in her Dreſs, and thinks the Happineſs of a Wife is more viſible in a chearful Look than a gay Apparel. It is a hard Task to ſpeak of Perſons ſo nearly related to one with Decency, but I may ſay, all who ſhall be at the Play will allow him to have the Mien of a worthy *Engliſh* Gentleman; her, that of a notable and deſerving Wife.

The

Notitiam primoſque Gradus Vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit Amor, Tædæ quoque forte coiſſent,
Sed vetuere Patres, quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant Mentibus ambo.
Ovid. de Pyr. & Thiſ.

From *Tueſday June* 13. to *Thurſday June* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

AS ſoon as I was up this Morning, my Man gave me the following Letter, which, ſince it leads to a Subject that may prove of common Uſe to the World, I ſhall take Notice of with as much Expedition as my Fair Petitioner could deſire.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'SInce you have ſo often declared your ſelf a Patron of the Diſtreſſed, I muſt acquaint you, that I am Daughter to a Country Gentleman of good Senſe, and may expect 3 or 4000 *l.* for my Fortune. I love and am beloved by *Philander*, a young Gentleman who has an Eſtate of 5000 *l. per Annum*, and is our near Neighbour in the Country every Summer. My Father, though he has been a long Time acquainted with it, conſtantly refuſes to comply with our mutual Inclinations: But what moſt of all torments me, is That if ever I ſpeak in Commendation of my Lover, he is much louder in his Praiſes than my ſelf; and profeſſes, that 'tis out of pure Love and Eſteem for *Philander*, as well as his Daughter, that he can never conſent we ſhould

'ſhould marry each other; when (as he terms
'it) we may both do ſo much better. It muſt
'indeed be confeſſed, that Two Gentlemen of
'conſiderable Fortunes, made their Addreſſes to
'me laſt Winter, and *Philander* (as I have ſince
'learn'd) was offered a young Heireſs with
'15000 *l.* but it ſeems we could neither of us
'think, that accepting thoſe Matches would be
'doing better than remaining conſtant to our firſt
'Paſſion. Your Thoughts upon the Whole may
'perhaps have ſome Weight with my Father, who
'is one of your Admirers, as is

Your humble Servant,

Silvia.

'*P. S.* You are deſired to be ſpeedy, ſince my
'Father daily preſſes me to accept of what he calls
'an Advantageous Offer.

There is no Calamity in Life that falls heavier upon humane Nature than a Diſappointment in Love, eſpecially when it happens between Two Perſons whoſe Hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this Diſtreſs which has given Occaſion to ſome of the fineſt Tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the World with Melancholly, Diſcontent, Phrenſy, Sickneſs, Deſpair, and Death. I have often admired at the Barbarity of Parents, who ſo frequently interpoſe their Authority in this grand Article of Life. I would fain ask *Silvia*'s Father, Whether he thinks he can beſtow a greater Favour on his Daughter, than to put her in a Way to live happily? Whether a Man of *Philander*'s Character, with 500 *l. per Annum*, is not more likely to contribute to that End, than many a young Fellow whom he may have in his Thoughts with ſo many Thouſands? Whether he can make Amends to his Daughter by any Increaſe of Riches, for the Loſs

of

of that Happineſs ſhe propoſes to her ſelf in her *Philander*? Or whether a Father ſhould compound with his Daughter to be miſerable, though ſhe were to get 20000 *l.* by the Bargain: I ſuppoſe he would have her reflect with Eſteem on his Memory after his Death: And does he think this a proper Method to make her do ſo, when, as often as ſhe thinks on the Loſs of her *Philander*, ſhe muſt at the ſame Time remember him as the cruel Cauſe of it? Any tranſient ill Humour is ſoon forgotten; but the Reflection of ſuch a Cruelty muſt continue to raiſe Reſentments as long as Life it ſelf; and by this one Piece of Barbarity, an indulgent Father loſes the Merit of all his paſt Kindneſſes. It is not impoſſible but ſhe may deceive her ſelf in the Happineſs which ſhe propoſes from *Philander*; but as in ſuch a Caſe ſhe can have no one to blame but her ſelf, ſhe will bear the Diſappointment with greater Patience; but if ſhe never makes the Experiment, however happy ſhe may be with another, ſhe will ſtill think ſhe might have been happier with *Philander*. There is a kind of Sympathy in Souls that fits them for each other; and we may be aſſured, when we ſee Two Perſons engaged in the Warmths of a mutual Affection, that there are certain Qualities in both their Minds which bear a Reſemblance to one another. A generous and conſtant Paſſion in an agreeable Lover, where there is not too great a Diſparity in other Circumſtances, is the greateſt Bleſſing that can befal the Perſon beloved; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I ſhall conclude this with a celebrated Inſtance of a Father's Indulgence in this Particular, which, though carried to an Extravagance, has ſomething in it ſo tender and amiable, as may juſtly reproach the Hardneſs of Temper that is to be met with in many a *Britiſh* Father.

Antiochus,

Antiochus, a Prince of great Hopes, fell paſſionately in Love with the young Queen *Stratonice*, who was his Mother-in-Law, and had bore a Son to the old King *Seleucus* his Father. The Prince finding it impoſſible to extinguiſh his Paſſion, fell ſick, and refuſed all Manner of Nouriſhment, being determined to put an End to that Life which was become inſupportable.

Eraſiſtratus the Phyſician ſoon found that Love was his Diſtemper; and obſerving the Alteration in his Pulſe and Countenance whenever *Stratonice* made him a Viſit, was ſoon ſatisfied that he was dying for his young Mother-in-Law. Knowing the old King's Tenderneſs for his Son, when he one Morning enquired of his Health, he told him, That the Prince's Diſtemper was Love; but that it was incurable, becauſe it was impoſſible for him to poſſeſs the Perſon whom he loved. The King, ſurpriſed at this Account, deſired to know how his Son's Paſſion could be incurable? Why Sir, replied *Eraſiſtratus*, becauſe he is in Love with the Perſon I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his paſt Favours to ſave the Life of his Son and Succeſſor. Sir, ſaid *Eraſiſtratus*, would your Majeſty but fancy your ſelf in my Place, you would ſee the Unreaſonableneſs of what you deſire? Heaven is my Witneſs, ſaid *Seleucus*, I could reſign even my *Stratonice* to ſave my *Antiochus*. At this the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which when the Phyſician ſaw, taking him by the Hand, Sir, ſays he, If theſe are you real Sentiments, the Prince's Life is out of Danger; it is *Stratonice* for whom he dies. *Seleucus* immediately gave Orders for ſolemnizing the Marriage; and the young Queen, to ſhow her Obedience, very generouſly exchanged the Father for the Son.

The TATLER. [N° 186.

Emitur ſola Virtute Poteſtas. Claud.

From *Thurſd. June* 15. to *Saturd. June* 17. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, June 16.

AS it has been the Endeavour of theſe our Labours to extirpate from among the polite or buſy Part of Mankind, all ſuch as are either prejudicial or inſignificant to Society; ſo it ought to be no leſs our Study to ſupply the Havock we have made by an exact Care of the growing Generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper Precepts to the Children of this Iſland, except we could take them out of their Nurſes Arms, we ſee an Amendment is almoſt impracticable; for we find the whole Species of our Youth and grown Men is incorrigibly prepoſſeſſed with Vanity, Pride, or Ambition, according to the reſpective Purſuits to which they turn themſelves: By which Means the World is infatuated with the Love of Appearance inſtead of Things. Thus the vain Man takes Praiſe for Honour, the proud Man Ceremony for Reſpect, the ambitious Man Power for Glory. Theſe three Characters are indeed of very near Reſemblance, but differently received by Mankind. Vanity makes Men ridiculous; Pride, odious; and Ambition, terrible. The Foundation of all which is, That they are grounded upon Falſhood: For if Men, inſtead of ſtudying to appear conſiderable, were in their own Hearts Poſſeſſors of the Requiſites for Eſteem, the Acceptance they otherwiſe unfortunately aim at would be as inſeparable from them, as Approbation

bation is from Truth it ſelf. By this Means they would have ſome Rule to walk by; and they may ever be aſſured, that a good Cauſe of Action will certainly receive a ſuitable Effect. It may be an uſeful Hint in ſuch Caſes for a Man to ask of himſelf, Whether he really is what he has a Mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himſelf much further Anxiety. What will the World ſay? is the common Queſtion in Matters of Difficulty; as if the Terror lay wholly in the Senſe which others, and not we our ſelves, ſhall have of our Actions. From this one Source ariſe all the Impoſtors in every Art and Profeſſion, in all Places, among all Perſons in Converſation, as well as in Buſineſs. Hence it is, that a vain Fellow takes twice as much Pains to be ridiculous, as would make him ſincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better faſhioned, better bred, or has any one more good Nature, than *Damaſippus*? But the whole Scope of his Looks and Actions tends ſo immediately to gain the good Opinion of all he converſes with, that he loſes it for that only Reaſon. As it is the Nature of Vanity to impoſe falſe Shews for Truths, ſo does it alſo turn Real Poſſeſſions into Imaginary Ones. *Damaſippus*, by aſſuming to himſelf what he has not robs himſelf of what he has.

There is nothing more neceſſary to eſtabliſh Reputation, than to ſuſpend the Enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the Senſe of Merit with Silence, muſt of Neceſſity deſtroy it: For Fame being the general Miſtreſs of Mankind, whoever gives it to himſelf, inſults all to whom he relates any Circumſtances to his own Advantage. He is conſidered as an open Raviſher of that Beauty, for whom all others pine in Silence. But ſome Minds are ſo incapable of any Temperance in this Particular, that on every Second in their Diſcourſe you may obſerve an Earneſtneſs in their Eyes, which ſhows they wait for your Approba-

tion,

tion, and perhaps the next Inſtant caſt an Eye on a Glaſs to ſee how they like themſelves. Walking the other Day in a Neighbouring Inn of Court, I ſaw a more happy and more graceful Orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A Youth, of about Nineteen Years of Age, was in an *Indian* Night-Gown and Laced-Cap pleading a Cauſe before a Glaſs: The young Fellow had a very good Air, and ſeemed to hold his Brief in his Hand rather to help Action, than that he wanted Notes for his further Information. When I firſt began to obſerve him, I feared he would ſoon be alarmed; but he was ſo zealous for his Client, and ſo favourably received by the Court, that he went on with great Fluency to inform the Bench, That he humbly hoped they would not let the Merit of the Cauſe ſuffer by the Youth and Inexperience of the Pleader; that in all Things he ſubmitted to their Candour; and modeſtly deſired they would not conclude, but that Strength of Argument and Force of Reaſon may be conſiſtent with Grace of Action and Comelineſs of Perſon.

To me, who ſee People every Day in the midſt of Crowds (whomſoever they ſeem to addreſs to) talk only to themſelves and of themſelves, this Orator was not ſo extravagant a Man as perhaps another would have thought him; but I took Part in his Succeſs, and was very glad to find he had in his Favour Judgment and Coſts without any Manner of Oppoſition.

The Effects of Pride and Vanity are of Conſequence only to the Proud and the Vain, and tend to no further Ill than what is Perſonal to themſelves, in preventing their Progreſs in any Thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating Envy inſtead of Emulation of ſuperior Virtue. Theſe ill Qualities are to be found only in ſuch as have ſo little Minds, as to circumſcribe their Thoughts and Deſigns within what properly relates to the Value

Value which they think due to their dear and amiable ſelves: But Ambition, which is the Third great Impediment to Honour and Virtue, is a Fault of ſuch as think themſelves born for moving in an higher Orb, and prefer being Powerful and Miſchievous to being Virtuous and Obſcure. The Parent of this Miſchief in Life, ſo far as to regulate it into Schemes, and make it poſſeſs a Man's whole Heart, without his believing himſelf a Dæmon, was *Machiavil.* He firſt taught, That a Man muſt neceſſarily appear weak to be honeſt. Hence it gains upon the Imagination, that a great is not ſo deſpicable as a little Villain; and Men are inſenſibly led to a Belief, that the Aggravation of Crimes is the Diminution of them. Hence the Impiety of thinking one Thing and ſpeaking another. In Purſuance of this empty and unſatisfying Dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themſelves all natural Sentiments of Love to Friends or Country, is the willing Practice of ſuch as are thirſty of Power, for any other Reaſon than that of being uſeful and acceptable to Mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff *has lately received a Letter out of* Ireland, *dated* June 9. *importing, That he is grown very dull, for the Poſtage of which Mr.* Morphew *charges One Shilling; and another without Date of Place or Time, for which he the ſaid* Morphew *charges Two pence: It is deſired, That for the future his courteous and uncourteous Readers will go a little further in expreſſing their good and ill Will, and pay for the Carriage of their Letters, otherwiſe the intended Pleaſure or Pain which is deſigned for Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *will be wholly diſappointed.*

The

The TATLER. [Nº 187.

——— *Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe & non potuiſſe refelli. Ovid.

From *Saturd. June* 17. to *Tueſd. June* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

Paſquin *of* Rome *to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff *of* London.

HIS Holineſs is gone to *Caſtel Gandolpho*, much diſcompoſed at ſome late Accounts from the Miſſionaries in your Iſland: For a Committee of Cardinals, which lately ſat for the reviving the Force of ſome obſolete Doctrines, and drawing up Amendments to certain Points of Faith, have repreſented the Church of *Rome* to be in great Danger, from a Treatiſe written by a learned *Engliſhman*, which carries Spiritual Power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His Book is called, *An Epiſtolary Diſcourſe, proving from the Scriptures and the Firſt Fathers. That the Soul is a Principle naturally Mortal: Wherein is proved, That none have the Power of giving this Divine immortalizing Spirit ſince the Apoſtles, but the Biſhops. By* Henry Dodwell, *A. M.* The Aſſertion appeared to our *Literati* ſo ſhort and effectual a Method of ſubjecting the Laiety, that it is feared Auricular Confeſſion and Abſolution will not be capable of keeping the Clergy of *Rome* in any Degree of Greatneſs, in Competition with ſuch Teachers whoſe Flocks ſhall

receive

'receive this Opinion. What gives the greater 'Jealouſy here is, that in the Catalogue of Trea-'tiſes which have been lately burnt within the '*Britiſh* Territories, there is no Mention made 'of this learned Work; which Circumſtance is 'a ſort of Implication, that the Tenet is not held 'Erroneous, but that the Doctrine is received 'amongſt you as Orthodox. The Youth of this 'Place are very much divided in Opinion, Whe-'ther a very memorable Quotation which the 'Author repeats out of *Tertullian*, be not rather 'of the Style and Manner of *Meurſius? In illo ipſo 'Voluptatis ultimæ æſtu quo genitale Virus expelli-'tur, Nonne aliquid de Anima quoq; ſentimus 'exire, atq; adeo marceſſimus & devigeſcimus cum 'Lucis Detrimento?* This Piece of *Latin* goes no 'further than to tell us how our Father got us, 'ſo that we are ſtill at a Loſs how we after-'wards commerce eternal; for *Creando Infundi-'tur, & infundendo creatur*, which is mentio-'ned ſoon after, may allude only to Fleſh and 'Blood as well as the former. Your Readers 'in this City, ſome of whom have very much 'approved the Warmth with which you have at-'tacked Free-Thinkers, Atheiſts, and other Ene-'mies to Religion and Virtue, are very much 'diſturbed that you have given them no Account 'of this remarkable Diſſertation: And I am em-'ployed by them to deſire you would with all 'poſſible Expedition ſend me over the Ceremony 'of the Creation of Souls, as well as a Liſt of all 'the Mortal and Immortal Men within the Do-'minions of *Great Britain*. When you have 'done me this Favour, I muſt trouble you for 'other Tokens of your Kindneſs, and particu-'larly I deſire you would let me have the Reli-'gious Handkerchief, which is of late ſo much 'worn in *England*, for I have promiſed to make 'a Preſent of it to a Courteſan of a *French* Mi-'niſter.

'Letters

'Letters from the Frontiers of *France* inform 'us, That a young Gentleman who was to have 'been created a Cardinal on the next Promo-'tion, has put off his Deſign of coming to *Rome* 'ſo ſoon as was intended, having, as it is ſaid, 'received Letters from *Great Britain*, wherein 'ſeveral Vertuoſi of that Iſland have deſired him 'to ſuſpend his Reſolutions towards a Monaſtick 'Life, till the *Britiſh* Grammarians ſhall publiſh 'their Explication of the Words *Indefeazible* and '*Revolution*. According as theſe Two hard Terms 'are made to fit the Mouths of the People, this 'Gentleman takes his Meaſures for his Journey 'hither.

'Your *New Bedlam* has been read and conſi-'dered by ſome of your Countrymen among us; 'and one Gentleman, who is now here as a Tra-'veller, ſays, your Deſign is impracticable, for 'that there can be no Place large enough to con-'tain the Number of your Lunaticks. He advi-'ſes you therefore to name the Ambient Sea for 'the Boundary of your Hoſpital. If what he 'ſays be true, I do not ſee how you can think of 'any other Encloſure; for according to his Diſ-'courſe, the whole People are taken with a Ver-'tigo; great and Popular Actions are received 'with Coldneſs and Diſcontent; ill News hoped 'for with Impatience; Heroes in your Service 'are treated with Calumny, while Criminals 'paſs through your Towns with Acclamations.

'This *Engliſhman* went on to ſay, you ſeemed 'at preſent to flag under a Satiety of Succeſs, as 'if you wanted Misfortune as a neceſſary Viciſſi-'tude. Yet, alas! though Men have but a cold 'Reliſh of Proſperity, quick is the Anguiſh of 'the contrary Fortune. He proceeded to make 'Compariſons of Times, Seaſons, and great In-'cidents. After which he grew too learned for 'my Underſtanding, and talked of *Hanno* the '*Carthaginian*, and his irreconcilable Hatred to

'the glorious Commander *Hannibal*. *Hannibal*, 'ſaid he, was able to march to *Rome* it ſelf, and 'brought that ambitious People, which deſigned 'no leſs than the Empire of the World, to ſue 'for Peace in the moſt abject and Servile Manner; 'when Faction at Home detracted from the Glory 'of his Actions, and after many Artifices, at laſt 'prevailed with the Senate to recal him from 'the midſt of his Victories, and in the very In-'ſtant when he was to reap the Benefit of all his 'Toils, by reducing the then common Enemy of 'all Nations, which had Liberty, to Reaſon. 'When *Hannibal* heard the Meſſage of the *Car-'thaginian* Senators who were ſent to recal him, 'he was moved with a generous and diſdainful 'Sorrow, and is reported to have ſaid, *Hannibal 'then muſt be conquered, not by the Arms of the* 'Romans, *whom he has often put to Flight, but by 'the Envy and Detraction of his Countrymen. 'Nor ſhall* Scipio *triumph ſo much in his Fall as* 'Hanno, *who will ſmile to have purchaſed the 'Ruin of* Hannibal, *though attended with the Fall 'of* Carthage.

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN.

Will's Coffee houſe, June 19.

There is a ſenſible Satisfaction in obſerving the Countenance and Action of the People on ſome Occaſions. To gratify my ſelf in this Pleaſure, I came hither with all Speed this Evening with an Account of the Surrender of *Douay*. As ſoon as the Battel-Criticks heard it, they immediately drew ſome Comfort, in that it muſt have coſt us a great deal of Men. Others were ſo negligent of the Glory of their Country, that they went on in their Diſcourſe on the full Houſe which is to be at *Othello* on *Thurſday*, and the Curioſity they ſhould go with to ſee *Wilks* play a Part ſo very

very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the Expectation that was raiſed in the gay Part of the Town on that Occaſion.

This univerſal Indolence and Inattention among us to Things that concern the Publick, made me look back with the higheſt Reverence on the glorious Inſtances in Antiquity, of a contrary Behaviour in the like Circumſtances. *Harry Engliſh*, upon obſerving the Room ſo little rouſed on the News, fell into the ſame Way of Thinking. How unlike, ſaid he, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, are we to the old *Romans*? There was not a Subject of their State but thought himſelf as much concerned in the Honour of his Country, as the firſt Officer of the Commonwealth. How do I admire the Meſſenger, who ran with a Thorn in his Foot to tell the News of a Victory to the Senate! He had not Leiſure for his private Pain, till he had expreſſed his publick Joy; nor could he ſuffer as a Man, till he had triumph'd as a *Roman*.

The TATLER. [N° 188.

Quæ Regio in Terris noſtri non Plena Laboris? Virg

From *Tueſd. June* 20. to *Thurſd. June* 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 21.

I Was this Morning looking over my Letters that I have lately received from my ſeveral Correſpondents; ſome of which referring to my late Papers, I have laid aſide, with an Intent to give my Reader a Sight of them. The Firſt criticiſes upon my Green-houſe, and is as follows:

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *South-Wales, June* 7.

'THis Letter comes to you from my Orangery, 'which I intend to reform as much as I can, 'according to your ingenious Model, and ſhall 'only beg of you to communicate to me your Se-'cret of preſerving Graſs plots in a cover'd Room, 'for in the Climate where my Country-Seat lies, 'they require Rain and Dews as well as Sun and 'freſh Air, and cannot live upon ſuch fine Food 'as your *Sifted Weather*. I muſt likewiſe deſire 'you to write over your Green-houſe the follow-'ing Motto;

Hic Ver perpetuum, atq; alienis Menſibus Æſtas.

'Inſtead of your

O! Quis me gelidis ſub Montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti Ramorum protegat umbrâ?

'Which, under Favour, is the panting of one in 'Summer after cool Shades, and not of one in 'Winter after a Summer-houſe. The reſt of your 'Plan is very beautiful; and that your Friend 'who has ſo well deſcribed it, may enjoy it many 'Winters, is the hearty Wiſh of.

His and your unknown, &c.

This Overſight of a Graſs plot in my Friend's Green-houſe, puts me in Mind of a like Inconſiſtency in a celebrated Picture, where *Moſes* is repreſented as ſtriking a Rock, and the Children of *Iſrael* quenching their Thirſt at the Waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful Landskip of Groves and Meadows, which could not flouriſh in a Place where Water was to have been found only by a Miracle.

The next Letter comes to me from a *Kentiſh* Yeoman, who is very angry with me for my Advice to Parents, occaſioned by the Amours of *Silvia* and *Philander*, as related in my Paper, N° 185.

'Squire *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Don't know by what Chance, one of your *Tatlers* is got into my Family, and has almoſt turned the Brains of my eldeſt Daughter *Winifred*, who has been ſo undutiful as to fall in Love of her own Head, and tells me a fooliſh Heathen Story that ſhe has read in your Paper to perſuade me to give my Conſent. I am too wiſe to let Children have their own Wills in a Buſineſs like Marriage. It is a Matter in which neither I my ſelf, nor any of my Kindred, were ever humoured. My Wife and I never pretended to love one another like your *Silvias* and *Philanders*; and yet if you ſaw our Fire Side, you would be ſatisfied we are not always a ſquabbling. For my Part, I think that where Man and Woman come together by their own good Liking, there is ſo much Fondling and Fooling, that it hinders young People from minding their Buſineſs, I muſt therefore deſire you to change your Note, and inſtead of adviſing us old Folks, who perhaps have more Wit than your ſelf, to let *Silvia* know, that ſhe ought to act like a dutiful Daughter, and marry the Man that ſhe does not care for. Our Great Grandmothers were all bid to marry firſt, and Love would come afterwards; and I don't ſee why their Daughters ſhould follow their own Inventions. I am reſolved *Winifred* ſhan't.

Yours, &c.

This Letter is a natural Picture of ordinary Contracts, and of the Sentiments of thoſe Minds that lie under a Kind of intellectual Ruſticity. This trifling Occaſion made me run over in my Imagination the many Scenes I have obſerved of the married Condition, wherein the Quinteſſence of Pleaſure and Pain are repreſented as they accompany that State, and no other. It is certain, there are

are a Thouſand Thouſand like the above-mentioned Yeoman and his Wife, who are never highly pleaſed or diſtaſted in their whole Lives: But when we conſider the more informed Part of Mankind, and look upon their Behaviour, it then appears that very little of their Time is indifferent, but generally ſpent in the moſt anxious Vexation, or the higheſt Satisfaction. *Shakeſpear* has admirably repreſented both the Aſpects of this State in the moſt excellent Tragedy of *Othello*. In the Character of *Deſdemona*, he runs through all the Sentiments of a virtuous Maid, and a tender Wife. She is captivated by his Virtue, and faithful to him, as well from that Motive, as Regard to her own Honour. *Othello* is a great and noble Spirit, miſled by the Villany of a falſe Friend to ſuſpect her Innocence, and reſents it accordingly. When after the many Inſtances of Paſſion the Wife is told her Husband is jealous, her Simplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and ſay, after ſuch Circumſtances as would drive another Woman into Diſtraction,

I think the Sun where he was born
Drew all ſuch Humours from him.

This Opinion of him is ſo juſt, that his noble and tender Heart bears it ſelf to Pieces before he can affront her with the Mention of his Jealouſy; and owns, this Suſpicion has blotted out all the Senſe of Glory and Happineſs which before it was poſſeſſed with, when he laments himſelf in the warm Alluſions of a Mind accuſtomed to Entertainments ſo very different from the Pangs of Jealouſy and Revenge. How moving is his Sorrow when he cries out as follows!

I had been happy, if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her Sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind! Farewel Content,

Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
That make Ambition Virtue! Oh Farewel!
Farewel the neighing Steed and the ſhrill Trump,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fife,
The Royal Banner and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumſtance, of glorious War!
And Oh ye Mortal Engines! whoſe rude Throats
Th'Immortal Jove's *dread Clamours counterfeit,*
Farewel! Othello's *Occupation's gone.*

I believe I may venture to ſay, There is not in any other Part of *Shakeſpear*'s Works more ſtrong and lively Pictures of Nature than in this. I ſhall therefore ſteal *incog.* to ſee it, out of Curioſity to obſerve how *Wilks* and *Cibber* touch thoſe Places where *Betterton* and *Sanford* ſo very highly excelled. But now I am got into a Diſcourſe of Acting, with which I am ſo profeſſedly pleaſed, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Note I have juſt received from the Two ingenious Friends, Mr *Penkethman*, and Mr. *Bullock*.

SIR,

'FInding by your Paper, N° 182, that you are 'drawing Parallels between the greateſt 'Actors of the Age; as you have already begun 'with Mr. *Wilks* and Mr. *Cibber*, we deſire you 'would do the ſame Juſtice to your humble Ser-'vants,

William Bullock, and *William Penkethman*.

For the Information of Poſterity, I ſhall comply with this Letter, and ſet theſe Two great Men in ſuch a Light as *Salluſt* has placed his *Cato* and *Cæſar*.

Mr. *William Bullock* and Mr. *William Penkethman* are of the ſame Age, Profeſſion, and Sex. They both diſtinguiſh themſelves in a very particular Manner under the Diſcipline of the Crab-Tree,

Tree, with this only Difference, That Mr. *Bullock* has the moſt agreeable Squawl, and Mr. *Penkethman* the more graceful Shrug. *Penkethman* devours a cold Chick with great Applauſe; *Bullock*'s Talent lies chiefly in Sparagraſs. *Penkethman* is very dext'rous at conveying himſelf under a Table; *Bullock* is no leſs active at jumping over a Stick. Mr. *Penkethman* has a great deal of Money, but Mr. *Bullock* is the taller Man.

The TATLER. [N° 189.

Eſt in Juvencis, eſt in Equis Patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam. Hor.

From *Thurſd. June* 22. to *Saturd. June* 24. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAving lately turned my Thoughts upon the Conſideration of the Behaviour of Parents to Children in the great Affair of Marriage, I took much Delight in turning over a Bundle of Letters which a Gentleman's Steward in the Country had ſent me ſome Time ago. This Parcel is a Collection of Letters written by the Children of the Family (to which he belongs) to their Father, and contain all the little Paſſages of their Lives, and the new Idea's they received as their Years advanced. There is in them an Account of their Diverſions as well as their Exerciſes; and what I thought very remarkable, is, That Two Sons of the Family, who now make conſiderable Figures in the World, gave Omens of that Sort of Character which they now bear, in the firſt Rudiments of Thought which they ſhow in their

Letters. Were one to point out a Method of Education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleaſing or improving than this; where the Children get an Habit of communicating their Thoughts and Inclinations to their beſt Friend with ſo much Freedom, that he can form Schemes for their future Life and Conduct from an Obſervation of their Tempers, and by that Means be early enough in chuſing their Way of Life, to make them forward in ſome Art or Science at an Age when others have not determined what Profeſſion to follow. As to the Perſons concerned in this Packet I am ſpeaking of, they have given great Proofs of the Force of this Conduct of their Father in the Effect it has had upon their Lives and Manners. The elder, who is a Scholar, ſhowed from his Infancy a Propenſity to polite Studies, and has made a ſuitable Progreſs in Literature; but his Learning is ſo well woven into his Mind, that from the Impreſſions of it, he ſeems rather to have contracted an Habit of Life, than Manner of Diſcourſe. To his Books he ſeems to owe a good Oeconomy in his Affairs, and a Complacency in his Manners, though in others that Way of Education has commonly a quite different Effect. The Epiſtles of the other Son are full of Accounts of what he thought moſt remarkable in his Reading. He ſends his Father for News the laſt noble Story he had read. I obſerve, he is particularly touched with the Conduct of *Codrus*, who plotted his own Death, becauſe the Oracle had ſaid, If he were not killed, the Enemy ſhould prevail over his Country. Many other Incidents in his little Letters give Omens of a Soul capable of generous Undertakings; and what makes it the more particular, is, That this Gentleman had, in the preſent War, the Honour and Happineſs of doing an Action for which only it was worth coming into the World. Their Father is the moſt intimate Friend they have, and they always conſult

ſult him rather than any other, when any Error has happened in their Conduct through Youth and Inadvertency. The Behaviour of this Gentleman to his Sons, has made his Life paſs away with the Pleaſures of a Second Youth; for as the Vexations which Men receive from their Children haſten the Approach of Age, and double the Force of Years; ſo the Comforts which they reap from them, are Balm to all other Sorrows, and diſappoint the Injuries of Time. Parents of Children repeat their Lives in their Offspring, and their Concern for them is ſo near, that they feel all their Sufferings and Enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper Perſons. But it is generally ſo far otherwiſe, that the common Race of 'Squires in this Kingdom uſe their Sons as Perſons that are waiting only for their Funerals, and Spies upon their Health and Happineſs; as indeed they are by their own making them ſuch. In Caſes where a Man takes the Liberty after this Manner to reprehend others, it is commonly ſaid, Let him look at Home. I am ſorry to own it; but there is one Branch of the Houſe of the *Bickerſtaffs*, who have been as erroneous in their Conduct this Way as any other Family whatſoever. The Head of this Branch is now in Town, and has brought up with him his Son and Daughter (who are all the Children he has) in order to be put ſome Way into the World, and ſee Faſhions. They are both very ill-bred Cubs, and having lived together from their Infancy without Knowledge of the Diſtinctions and Decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's Sex, they ſquabble like two Brothers. The Father is one of thoſe who knows no better than that all Pleaſure is Debauchery, and imagines, when he ſees a Man become his Eſtate, that he will certainly ſpend it. This Branch are a People who never had among them one Man eminent either for Good or Ill; however, have all along kept their Heads juſt

above Water, not by a prudent and regular Oeconomy, but by Expedients in the Matches they have made into their Houſe. When one of the Family has, in the Purſuit of Foxes, and in the Entertainment of Clowns, run out the Third Part of the Value of his Eſtate, ſuch a Spendthrift has dreſſed up his eldeſt Son, and married what they call a Good Fortune, who has ſupported the Father as a Tyrant over them, during his Life, in the ſame Houſe or Neighbourhood. The Son in Succeſſion has juſt taken the ſame Method to keep up his Dignity, till the Mortgages he has eat and drank himſelf into, have reduced him to the Neceſſity of ſacrificing his Son alſo, in Imitation of his Progenitor. This had been for many Generations the whole that had happened in the Family of *Sam. Bickerſtaff*, till the Time of my preſent Couſin *Samuel*, the Father of the young People we have juſt now ſpoken of.

Samuel Bickerſtaff Eſq; is ſo happy, as that by ſeveral Legacies from diſtant Relations, Deaths of Maiden Siſters, and other Inſtances of good Fortune, he has, beſides his real Eſtate, a great Sum of ready Mony. His Son at the ſame Time knows he has a good Fortune, which the Father cannot alienate, though he ſtrives to make him believe he depends only on his Will for Maintenance. *Tom* is now in his Nineteenth Year, Mrs. *Mary* in her Fifteenth. Couſin *Samuel*, who underſtands no one Point of good Behaviour as it regards all the reſt of the World, is an exact Critick in the Dreſs, the Motion, the Looks and Geſtures of his Children. What adds to their Miſery, is, That he is exceſſively fond of them, and the greateſt Part of their Time is ſpent in the Preſence of this nice Obſerver. Their Life is one continued Conſtraint. The Girl never turns her Head, but ſhe is warned not to follow the proud Minxes of the Town. The Boy is not to turn Fop, or be quarrelſom; at the ſame Time not to take

take an Affront. I had the good Fortune to dine with him to day, and heard his fatherly Table-Talk as we ſat at Dinner, which, if my Memory does not fail me, for the Benefit of the World, I ſhall ſet down as he ſpoke it, which was much as follows, and may be of great Uſe to thoſe Parents who ſeem to make it a Rule, That their Children's Turn to enjoy the World is not to commence, till they themſelves have left it.

Now, Tom, *I have bought you Chambers in the Inns of Court. I allow you to take a Walk once or twice a Day round the Garden. If you mind your Buſineſs, you need not ſtudy to be as great a Lawyer as* Coke *upon* Littleton. *I have that that will keep you; but be ſure you keep an exact Account of your Linen. Write down what you give out to your Landreſs, and what ſhe brings Home again. Go as little as poſſible to t'other End of the Town; but if you do, come Home early. I believe I was as ſharp as you for your Ears, and I had my Hat ſnatched off my Head coming Home late at a Stop by St.* Clement's *Church, and I don't know from that Day to this who took it. I do not care if you learn to fence a little, for I would not have you be made a Fool of. Let me have an Account of every Thing every Poſt; I am willing to be at that Charge, and I think you need not ſpare your Pains. As for you, Daughter* Molly, *don't mind one Word that is ſaid to you in* London, *for it is only for your Money.*

The End of the Third Volume.

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